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NEW STATE HOUSE.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
STATE OF OHIO:

FROM THE
*DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT VALLEY,
TO THE PRESENT TIME;*

INCLUDING
NARRATIVES OF EARLY EXPLORATIONS; THE STRUGGLES BETWEEN FRANCE
AND ENGLAND FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE VALLEY; THE WARS WITH
THE INDIANS; ORGANIZATION OF THE STATE; THE ADVENTURES
OF THE EARLY EMIGRANTS; LIFE IN THE SOLITUDES OF THE
WILDERNESS; BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ALL THE GOV-
ERNORS OF OHIO, AND OF MANY OTHERS OF HER
MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SONS; AND MOST OF THE
IMPORTANT EVENTS ATTENDING THE BIRTH,
GROWTH AND MATURITY OF A STATE
NOW TRULY IMPERIAL IN POPULA-
TION, WEALTH AND POWER.

By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT,

*Author of the Life of Napoleon; The History of Frederick the Great; Lives of the
Presidents, Etc., Etc.*

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

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Dedication.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF OHIO,

WHO HAVE

**RECEIVED FROM THEIR FATHERS THE RICH INHERITANCE OF ONE OF THE
FAIREST REALMS UPON WHICH THE SUN NOW SHINES, THIS VOL-
UME, WHICH IS INTENDED TO PERPETUATE THE MEMORY OF
THEIR HEROIC ACHIEVEMENTS, IS RESPECT-**

FULLY DEDICATED, BY

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

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PREFACE.

THE HISTORY of Ohio, not only necessarily includes the early history of the Northwestern Territory, but of the whole of that valley, of the beautiful river, whose extended realm is now divided into the States of West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, and Indiana. In this wild and wondrous story Michigan also occupies a conspicuous position

The State of Ohio extends two hundred and ten miles from north to south, and two hundred miles from east to west. It contains forty thousand square miles, which is equivalent to twenty-five million six hundred thousand acres. On the south it has a navigable frontier, through the windings of the majestic river, of four hundred and thirty miles. On the north it has a lake shore, two hundred miles in length, opening water communication with almost illimitable realms of the interior, through vast inland seas, and inviting commerce, through the St. Lawrence, with all the ports of the habitable globe.

Nearly three millions, of an intelligent, industrious, and moral community, people this fair domain. A more favored realm cannot be found on earth. Three-fourths of a century ago it was a howling wilderness. Now, in population, wealth and power, it is the third State of the American Union.

It is the object of the author, in this volume, to record the wonderful adventures by which this great achievement has been effected. It would be difficult to find a narrative more full of all the elements of thrilling interest. We follow the early explorers through the trails of the wilderness, which the moccasined foot of the Indian has trodden for uncounted centuries. We drift, with the missionary, in his birch canoe, paddled by his Indian guide, through hundreds of leagues of unknown rivers. We sit with the hardy adventurer, at midnight, by his camp-fire, as, far away in the wilderness, he listens to the wailings of the storm, the

howl of the wolf, and perhaps to the war whoop of the savage. We accompany the bold emigrant, in his long, long journey, over Alleghany ridges, and through forest glooms, to his lonely hut, where solitude and silence, in all their awfulness, reign. We are introduced to the plumed and painted savage, and, at one time, in his lodge, partake of his hospitality as a friend; and again we meet him and his fellow warriors, as they brandish tomahawk and scalping knife, in the horrid battle, making the forest resound with their demoniac yells.

It is through such scenes of tumult and suffering that Ohio has attained its present exalted position and power. And these are the scenes of heroic achievement and wondrous adventures which the writer of this volume would attempt to rescue from the oblivion in which the fast revolving years threaten to engulf them.

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

Fair Haven, Connecticut.

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HISTORY OF OHIO.

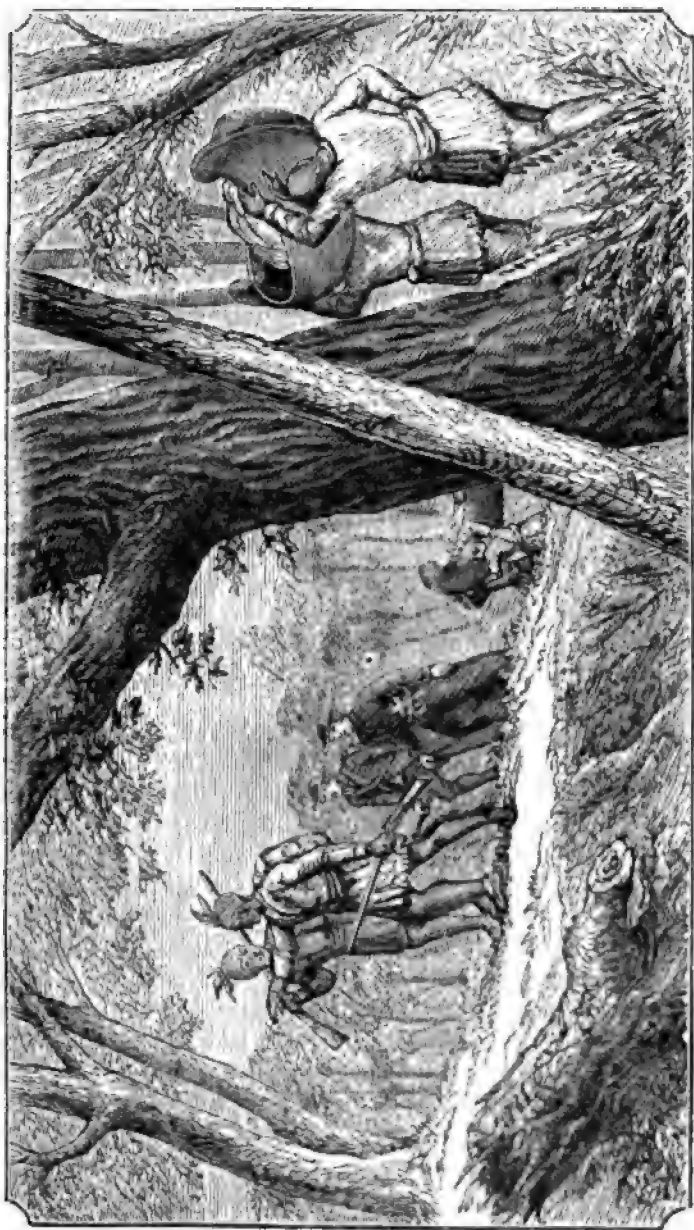
CHAPTER I.

THE GREAT VALLEY.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA—OF FLORIDA—SEBASTIAN CABOT—
THE FRENCH ENTER THE ST. LAWRENCE—ADVENTURES OF
MARQUETTE—EXPLORING TOUR OF LASALLE—FRENCH
MILITARY POSTS IN THE GREAT VALLEY—JEALOUSY OF THE
ENGLISH—CONFLICTING CLAIMS—LOCATION OF THE FRENCH
ON THE LAKES—THE BARRIER OF THE ALLEGHANIES—RO-
MANTIC STORIES OF THE GREAT VALLEY—ADVENTURES OF
DANIEL BOONE.

IT WAS at midnight of the 11th of October, 1492, when Columbus, from the bows of his ship, discovered a light which revealed to him, and to Europe, a new world. The morning dawned serene and lovely, and the islands of the West Indies were opened before him in Eden-like luxuriance and beauty. It was not until four years after this, in 1496, that the Continent of North America was discovered, by an English navigator, Sebastian Cabot. Gradually an understanding arose, among the European powers, that any portion of the new world, discovered and taken possession of by expeditions from any court of Europe, should be recognized as belonging to that kingdom. This rule was not difficult of application in reference to an island. But on the continent, stretching out through unknown limits of thousands of miles, it was not easy to decide the boundaries which were to be attached to a spot upon which a seaman's eye had rested.

The Spaniards landed on the extreme southern part of the continent, which they called Florida, in consequence of the bloom



FATHER MARQUETTE'S EXPEDITION.

which they found spread around them in marvelous loveliness. But what were the limits of Florida, no one could pretend to tell. No one knew whether it was fifty miles or five thousand miles on the west, across to the Pacific Ocean. And there was no mountain, or river, or imaginary line, upon the north, definitely to bound their claim in that direction.

The French, in 1525, took possession of the immense valley of the St. Lawrence, giving the river that name, as they entered it on that saint's day. They claimed the country to the Pacific on the west, however near or remote those waters might be, and to the Pole on the north.

Sebastian Cabot, at the head of an English expedition, cruised along the coast from the region of Florida, to the vicinity of the St. Lawrence, catching occasional glimpses of the land; and England claimed that whole region, by the right of discovery. It was all called Virginia, in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Of course the northern and southern boundaries were entirely indefinite. The Dutch afterwards discovered the Delaware River and the Hudson, landed upon the shores of the latter stream, took possession of them in the name of Holland, planted their colonies there, and claimed the territory under the title of discovery and settlement.

The French, having discovered the region called Canada, and having established flourishing colonies there, also discovered the mouth of the Mississippi, which, with its innumerable tributaries, meanders through the richest and the most magnificent valley on this globe. It seems hardly proper to call a realm, a *valley*, when it extends over thousands of miles in length and breadth, covering an area, surpassing many of the kingdoms of Europe united, capable of supporting a population of hundreds of millions, and embracing majestic forests, and luxuriant prairies, such as the sun nowhere else shines upon.

The French Catholics had established a mission, for the instruction of the Indians, at a point which they called St. Mary's, near the outlet of Lake Superior. There was a very remarkable man at the head of this mission, by the name of James Marquette. He was apparently an earnest Christian, an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, and in all respects, a man of true heroic mould. He resolved to explore the Mississippi from its upper waters. He repaired to an Indian village on the Fox River,

which flows into Green Bay. He had already selected his companions for the enterprise, which was apparently full of difficulty and peril. They consisted of a French gentleman, who would be his congenial companion, five hardy and experienced Canadian boatmen, and two Indians as guides through the wilderness which no white man, as yet, had ever penetrated.

For this party of nine, with all their needful stores of guns, ammunition, cooking utensils, and blankets, setting out on an expedition, which must occupy, at the shortest, several weeks, they took two birch canoes. Their food they expected to find mainly in such game as they might shoot by the way. Marquette had such faith in the protection of God, and in the friendliness of the Indians, whom he might meet by the way, that he seems to have had no fears of any hostile encounters.

It was a lovely summer morning, the 10th of June, 1673, when the party set out from Fox River. They carried the canoes upon their shoulders, over a portage of many miles through the wilderness, led by their Indian guides. It was an excursion of pleasure. The weather was delightful, the scenery enchanting, ever opening new views of beauty. The loads they bore were not oppressive, and they were all in health and vigor, and at home in the varied emergencies of encampments. Having reached the Wisconsin River, they launched their canoes upon its placid waters.

For nearly a month they were paddling down this beautiful stream, a distance of five hundred miles, before they entered the majestic flood of the Father of Waters. They seem to have found the voyage delightful in the extreme. There were fishes in abundance in the river, and there was game of the greatest variety and in profusion on the banks. Their dining room was canopied by the over-arching skies, and their table was spread with every luxury of game which hungry pioneers could desire. At night they drew their boats ashore, and if the weather was pleasant, with the green sod for their bed, wrapped in blankets or furs, enjoyed that uninterrupted sleep, which is one of the richest of earth's enjoyments. The Psalmist understood this when he said: "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Should the weather chance to be tempestuous, with floods of rain and moaning winds, the storm was easily anticipated. Paddling rapidly along the stream, they would select some picturesque

THE COUNCIL FIRE.



and sheltered nook, and, in a short time would rear a cabin impervious to wind and rain. Many hands make quick work. Like magic the cabin would rise beneath the hatchets of these experienced pioneers of the wilderness. Thatched and lined with overlapping plates of bark, it would afford perfect protection against the violence of the storm. Here they would promptly gather all their stores. With the camp entirely open on the lee side, the floor carpeted with robes of fur, and a cheerful fire blazing in front, men, capable of enjoying such scenes, could luxuriate in the sublimity of almost any storm, which might shake the forest. No country inn, no palatial city hotel, could offer a more enjoyable retreat from the tempest.

Neither did their seasons of rest pass in any weariness of monotony. Such men are not disturbed in their employments by any ordinary rain. There were fishes to be caught from the stream which flowed past their door. There was game to be taken, and it was to be found within a few rods of their camp fire. There were garments to be repaired; and not a little time was spent in feasting upon the delicate viands which they knew so well how to cook. When the clouds broke and passed away, and the sun again came out in all its glory, they would joyfully resume their heroic voyage, almost regretting to leave a home where they had found so much happiness.

On the 7th of July they entered the Mississippi River. It was here, a broad, rapid stream,—clear as crystal. Marquette writes that when he first caught sight of this wonderful river, flowing from the unknown into the unknown, he experienced emotions of joy which no language could express. It was easy to be borne down by the current of this majestic flood, but to paddle back, against the tide, would try the muscles even of the hardiest men. Still the voyagers pressed on.

It was indeed a fairy scene which now spread before them. Here bold bluffs, hundreds of feet high, jutted out into the river. Here were crags, of stupendous size, and of every variety of form, often reminding one of Europe's most picturesque stream, where

"The castled crags of Drachenfels
Frown o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

Again, the prairie would spread out its ocean-like expanse, embellished with groves, garlanded with flowers of gorgeous colors

waving in the summer breeze, checkered with sunshine and the shade of the passing clouds, with roving herds of the stately buffalo and the graceful antelope. And, again the gloomy forest would appear, extending over countless leagues, where bears, wolves, and panthers found a congenial home.

Having descended the river nearly two hundred miles, they came to an Indian trail leading back into the country, and so well trodden as to give evidence that a powerful tribe was near. It speaks well for the Indians—for the reputation which they then enjoyed—that Marquette, with his French companion, M. Joliet, far away in the wilderness, seven hundred miles from any point which a white man's foot had ever before trod, should not have hesitated alone to enter this trail to search out the habitations of this unknown tribe. They left all their companions with the canoes on the bank of the river.

For six miles they followed the narrow track, when they came in sight of a large Indian village. It was on the open plain, so that the Indians saw them approaching when at quite a distance. They knew, of course, that two strangers, unarmed, could not be advancing with any hostile intent.

Four of the patriarchs of the village immediately came forward bearing a pipe of peace, which was highly ornamented with brilliantly colored plumes. As these chiefs drew near, they saw to their surprise and delight that the strangers were pale faces. Though none of them had ever before seen a white man, the knowledge of his arrival had spread widely through all the tribes. The French had pursued such a course of justice and friendliness with the Indians that wherever they went they were hospitably received.

One of these gentlemen of the barbarian school, as he led the guests into his cabin, spread out his hands to them invitingly and said: "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchmen, when it shines upon you as you come to visit us. Our whole village greets you with a welcome. You shall find a home in all our dwellings."

The strangers were entertained with the utmost hospitality. As they were about to take their leave, a venerable chief approached Marquette, and suspending by a cord a richly decorated pipe about his neck, said:

"This is the sacred calumet. It signifies that wherever you bear it you are messengers of peace. All our tribes will respect it and will protect you from every harm."



DEATH OF MARQUETTE.

We can not record this friendly reception without emotion. How beautiful is peace! How different would the history of this world have been but for man's inhumanity to man. On reaching their boats, the little band of voyagers resumed their journeying down the river. They floated by the mouths of the turbid Missouri and the beautiful Ohio, carefully observing their positions, but making no attempt to ascend either of the streams.

The Ohio was then, and for some years after, called the Wabash. Still they floated on, several hundred miles farther, until they reached the mouth of the Arkansas. Here again they found a large Indian village, and they were received by the natives with the same hospitality which had marked their intercourse with the Indians during the whole of the route.

They now reascended the majestic stream, and instead of continuing their upward course to the Wisconsin River, these bold explorers entered the Illinois River, and again reached Green Bay by way of Lake Michigan. They had been absent two months. During this time the devoted missionary had lost no opportunity of proclaiming to the Indians the Christian's God, and the way of salvation through faith in an atoning Savior.

Even then Marquette had no adequate conception of the true grandeur of that valley he had entered, extending from the Alleghany ridges to the Rocky Mountains. Still, when the tidings of his wonderful discoveries reached Quebec, the exciting intelligence was received with the ringing of bells, with salvos of artillery, and most prominent and important of all, by nearly the whole population, led by the clergy and other dignitaries of the place, going in procession to the cathedral, where the Te Deum was sung, and high mass was celebrated.

Soon after this Marquette died. For several years the great river flowed through its vast solitude unexplored and unvisited. Five years after this, in 1678, another French gentleman by the name of LaSalle, attempted the exploration of the Mississippi. He was as enthusiastic, courageous and enterprising as his predecessor. It is said that the King of France had offered him the monopoly of the fur trade in all the new regions which he might explore, and had also furnished means to fit out an expedition to explore the Mississippi to its mouth.

LaSalle, with a brave Italian officer by the name of Tonti, sailed from Rochelle, in France, on the 14th of June, 1678. He was

furnished with a ship well armed and supplied. Upon his arrival in Canada, he built a vessel upon Lake Erie, called the Griffin, which was the first craft, larger than a birch bark canoe, which had ever been launched upon those waters. With a crew of forty men he sailed to Mackinaw, where he purchased of the Indians a very rich cargo of furs. He spent his all in the purchase, but the furs were so valuable that the sale would make him immensely rich. The vessel was lost and LaSalle was ruined.

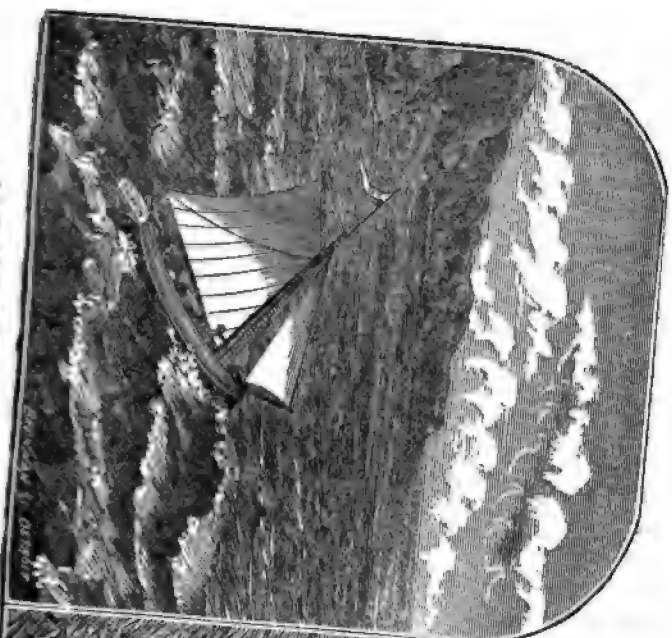
By the way of Lake Michigan and the Illinois River, LaSalle reached the Mississippi. It shows how little this continent was then known, that LaSalle should have sent a boat up the stream, hoping to discover in that direction a passage to China. This party, led by the missionary Father Hennepin, reached the Falls of St. Anthony, where it is said that the Sioux Indians detained them for three months, though they treated their captives kindly. We are not informed of the nature of this friendly captivity, though the travelers were soon released and returned to Canada.

LaSalle remained upon the Illinois River, anguish stricken in view of his loss of fortune. He foresaw the immense importance of the wide and unexplored realms he had entered, and he had already formed the plan of attaching them indissolubly to France, by a line of military posts extending from the lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi. With this object in view he commenced building a fort on the Illinois River just above the present site of Peoria. He gave his fortress the singular name of "*Crevecoeur*," or the *Broken-hearted*.

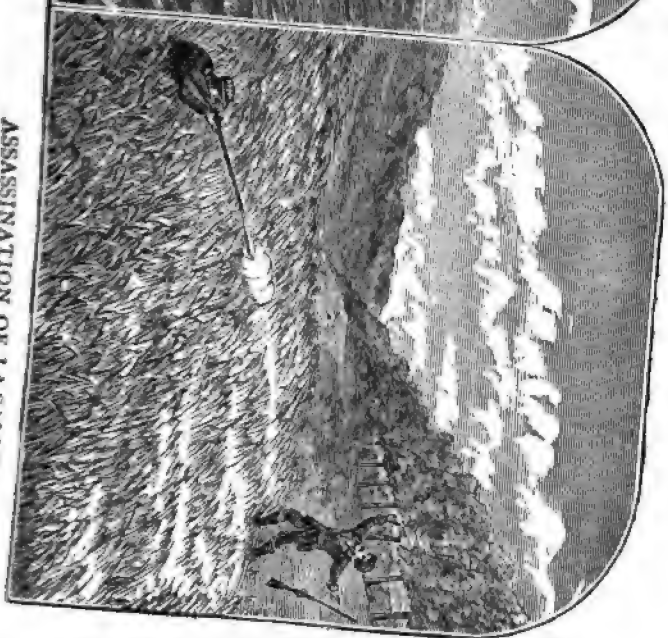
His resources becoming exhausted, this enterprising man, with but three companions, in midwinter, traversed the wilderness on foot a distance of fifteen hundred miles, to Fort Frontenac, in Canada, to obtain supplies for those he had left behind. He returned with men and materials for building a strong boat, for navigating he knew not what unknown streams, hundreds of leagues in extent. In this barge, early in the year 1682, LaSalle and his companions floated down the whole length of the Mississippi to its mouth.

This was the first descent of the river. LaSalle forgot his griefs in the grandeur of his achievement. He had a mind fully capable of appreciating the resources of the majestic valley he had thus far explored. With a heart throbbing with exultation he unfurled the banners of France on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and

LASALLE ON LAKE ERIE



ASSASSINATION OF LASALLE



in honor of the French King, gave the whole region he had explored the euphonious name of Louisiana.

Elated with his discovery, he hastened back to Quebec. It was a long and toilsome voyage against the stream. From Quebec he sailed to France, where he organized a colony of two hundred and eighty persons, to commence a settlement on the Lower Mississippi. The colonists sailed for that destination, but having no charts to guide them, could not find the mouth of the river; they passed by it and landed in Texas. Here, on the Bay of St. Bernard, LaSalle erected a fort and took possession of the country in the name of his king.

This colony came to a sad end. We have no knowledge of the details. We simply know that, being threatened with famine, LaSalle formed the desperate resolve of traversing the wilderness of more than two thousand miles on foot, to Canada, for aid. His men mutinied on the way and killed him. The colonists left behind were soon after all massacred by the Indians, excepting a few children, who were taken captive.

Not long after this another expedition was fitted out in France, for the mouth of the Mississippi, under the leadership of M. D'Iberville. He entered the river, with his vessels, and ascended it several hundred miles. At different points permanent establishments were made. And, now, the French government, with ever-increasing vigor, pushed forward its enterprise of establishing military posts at all the points of strategic importance in the wide-spread realm. They had several forts on the lakes, and quite strong military posts on the Illinois River, the Maumee, the Ohio—then called the Wabash—and the Mississippi.

Especial attention was then directed to the valley of the Ohio, that vast region, drained by the "Beautiful River" and its many tributaries, and which is now divided off into several of the most powerful States in the Union. England began to look with much solicitude upon what that government called the encroachments of the French.

Both kingdoms claimed the territory. The French founded their title upon the fact that they had discovered the great valley, had been the first to explore it, and had taken possession of it by actual colonization. They maintained that, in accordance with the recognized laws of nations, any power, whose subjects first discovered a river, were entitled to jurisdiction over all the country drained by the waters of that river.

On the other hand, the English Government maintained that, in taking possession of any portion of the sea coast, and establishing a settlement there, the power, thus in possession, was entitled, not only to the land actually occupied, but to all the contiguous interior territory. Thus they claimed the whole breadth of the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There seemed to be no compromise possible in claims so decidedly conflicting. The French demanded the land, as they had discovered the rivers which drained it. The English demanded the territory, as they had discovered the coast which fronted it. Both parties admitted that the Indians had certain rights of occupancy which were to be respected.

It was very obvious that ere long these two majestic kingdoms would engage in a great conflict of arms, for the possession of the grand valley. The French had greatly the advantage over the English in consequence of the situation of the valley in reference to their possessions on the St. Lawrence. The valley of the Ohio was easily accessible to them, by the great lakes and the many navigable rivers flowing from the north to the south. Thus they enjoyed the inestimable advantage of water communication, for the transportation of troops and stores, to almost any portion of the valley. The vivacious, flexible French were also much more popular with the Indians than the grave, sturdy, unbending English.

The valley of the Ohio was separated from the English settlements, on the Atlantic coast, by the rugged and almost impassable ridges of the Alleghany Mountains. It required a journey of several hundred miles, through unknown defiles, and without roads, save the paths of the buffaloes and the trails of the Indians, before the Atlantic settler could catch sight of the tranquil waters of the Ohio.

Daniel Boone was one of the first white men who attempted to enter the great valley over the ridges of the Alleghanies. From the door of his solitary cabin on the Yadkin, in North Carolina, he could see, far away in the west, the majestic peaks of the mountains, some of them rising six thousand feet into the clouds. This drear and rugged wall, from fifty to two hundred miles in breadth, and at an average distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, runs nearly parallel with the coast for hundreds of leagues. But few white men had ever climbed any of

those crags to gaze upon the dim regions beyond. The wildest stories were told, around the cabin fires, of those unexplored realms—of the plumed and painted Indians, of the verdant, blooming, park-like prairies, and of the majestic, almost boundless forests, clear of underbrush and all filled with game—of the rivers, sparkling with fishes, and the nuts, and berries, and grapes, growing in richest profusion.

Daniel Boone, endowed by nature with a passionate love of the solitude and sublimity of the wilderness, listened to the recital of these marvels with a throbbing heart. As he mused the fire burned. A small company of six hardy pioneers was organized to cross the mountains and explore the world beyond. Not even a pack-horse could tread those defiles or climb those cliffs. With their rifles the adventurers would procure food, and with their hatchets rear such shelters as they might need.

Hardy as were these pioneers, and accustomed as they were to life in the wilderness, they found their path so rugged and intricate that it took them a full month to effect the passage of the mountains. Where Daniel Boone and his companions crossed these successive ridges, the distance, in a direct line, was nearly three hundred miles. They made it perhaps twice that distance by the circuitous route which they found it necessary to take, threading these innumerable defiles. In the valleys, buffaloes were found in great abundance, and very tame, as they were so far removed from the usual route of the Indian hunters.

In June they reached the summit of the most westernly ridge, and gazed, almost entranced with delight, upon the Eden-like beauty of the scene which was spread out before them. Distance lent enchantment to the forests, softening down all the asperities of the landscape. Lakes, rivers, forests, prairies, were all aglow with the radiance of the setting sun. An artist has seized upon this incident and has transferred it to canvas in one of the most attractive pictures, entitled "Daniel Boone's First View of Kentucky."

Rapidly descending the western declivity of the mountains, they came to a smooth, flower-bespangled prairie, upon the banks of a stream now called Red River. It was a lovely spot. The water was of crystal clearness. There was a beautiful grove skirting the stream, with shade from the sun and shelter from the wind, and ample material for their hut and for fires. Game, in great

variety, was also abundant. Lured by the attractions which the spot presented, they reared their cabin and passed the whole summer there, in apparently luxurious indolence. Daniel Boone's only record of these months is :

"In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America, we practiced hunting with great success, until the 22d day of December following."

Through all this period no Indians were seen, and no traces of them were visible. Their hut was built of logs, with a wide opening in front, which faced the south, the interstices between the logs being filled with clay. The climate was mild, the men all good natured and congenial. The summer and autumn seemed to have passed away very delightfully.

One day Boone, with one of his companions, John Stewart, set out on a hunting expedition to a little greater distance from the camp than usual. They were following along one of those *streets* as they were called, which the buffalo had marked out and trampled down in single file for ages. Suddenly a large band of Indians, in ambush, sprang out upon them from the thick cane brakes which lined the path. Escape was impossible, and resistance could be of no avail.

The savages plundered them of all they had, but inflicted upon them no personal injuries. They were thieves only, not enemies; for thus far, these remote Indians had received no injuries from the white men to exasperate them. Boone acted the part of a true philosopher, and, by the course he pursued, soon won the confidence and even the affection of these wild men. He assumed perfect contentment with his lot, appearing unconscious that he was a captive. He cultivated friendly relations with them; showed them, to their inexpressible astonishment, the marvelous powers of the death-dealing rifle, which instrument they had never seen before. They were amazed when they saw the invisible rifle bullet strike down the game even at twice the distance their arrows would reach. They admired the courage of Boone, and soon relaxed their vigilance over their captives, whom they were daily leading farther and farther from their camp.

Boone was thoroughly acquainted with the Indian character. He knew that any attempt to escape, if unsuccessful, would but bury the tomahawk in his brain. Thus seven days and nights passed away. This band of Indian hunters had their home far



DEATH OF MARQUETTE.

We can not record this friendly reception without emotion. How beautiful is peace! How different would the history of this world have been but for man's inhumanity to man. On reaching their boats, the little band of voyagers resumed their journeying down the river. They floated by the mouths of the turbid Missouri and the beautiful Ohio, carefully observing their positions, but making no attempt to ascend either of the streams.

The Ohio was then, and for some years after, called the Wabash. Still they floated on, several hundred miles farther, until they reached the mouth of the Arkansas. Here again they found a large Indian village, and they were received by the natives with the same hospitality which had marked their intercourse with the Indians during the whole of the route.

They now reascended the majestic stream, and instead of continuing their upward course to the Wisconsin River, these bold explorers entered the Illinois River, and again reached Green Bay by way of Lake Michigan. They had been absent two months. During this time the devoted missionary had lost no opportunity of proclaiming to the Indians the Christian's God, and the way of salvation through faith in an atoning Savior.

Even then Marquette had no adequate conception of the true grandeur of that valley he had entered, extending from the Alleghany ridges to the Rocky Mountains. Still, when the tidings of his wonderful discoveries reached Quebec, the exciting intelligence was received with the ringing of bells, with salvos of artillery, and most prominent and important of all, by nearly the whole population, led by the clergy and other dignitaries of the place, going in procession to the cathedral, where the *Te Deum* was sung, and high mass was celebrated.

Soon after this Marquette died. For several years the great river flowed through its vast solitude unexplored and unvisited. Five years after this, in 1678, another French gentleman by the name of LaSalle, attempted the exploration of the Mississippi. He was as enthusiastic, courageous and enterprising as his predecessor. It is said that the King of France had offered him the monopoly of the fur trade in all the new regions which he might explore, and had also furnished means to fit out an expedition to explore the Mississippi to its mouth.

LaSalle, with a brave Italian officer by the name of Tonti, sailed from Rochelle, in France, on the 14th of June, 1678. He was

companions, alarmed by the loss of Boone and Stewart, and seeing indications that the savages were around them, had broken up their encampment and fled. In either case the men must have perished in the wilderness, for no tidings were ever heard of them. Their fate is to be added to the thousand of tragedies, ever occurring upon the sea and upon the land, which no pen has recorded, and which the revelations of the judgment-day can alone unfold.

Boone and Stewart were thus left alone in the wilderness. One would have supposed that these disasters would have led them to retrace their steps homeward. They were at the distance of five hundred miles from their cabins on the banks of the Yadkin. It is difficult to imagine what motives could have induced them to prolong their stay. But they do not seem to have thought of a movement homeward. Apprehensive that the Indians had discovered their camp, and might pay it another visit, they did not venture to reinhabit it. They, however, selected another spot at a distance, so concealed by nature that it could not be found unless carefully sought for, where they reared another hut. Here they remained for a month. Notwithstanding the greatest care in husbanding their resources, their powder and lead were rapidly disappearing, and the question of a supply began to force itself painfully upon them.

It is often said that fact is stranger than fiction. A well-authenticated incident now occurred which seems almost incredible. Boone and Stewart were in a little, carefully-concealed hut, in the depths of a pathless, unexplored wilderness of mountains, rivers, lakes and forests, five hundred miles beyond the remotest frontiers of civilization. One sunny morning in January they were sitting at the door of their camp, when, not a little to their alarm, they discovered two men in the distance. They supposed, of course, that they were Indians, probably followed by a numerous band. Captivity with its unknown fate seemed imminent. They endeavored to conceal themselves, and as the men drew nearer, saw, to their surprise, that they were white men. One proved to be Daniel Boone's brother, who had the singular Christian name of Squire. The other was a North Carolinian, who had accompanied him. They brought with them quite a supply of powder and lead, an inestimable treasure, which no labor could create and no money could purchase in the wilder-

ness. How they were enabled to find the wanderers it is difficult to imagine.

There were now four to occupy the hut; the two Boones, Stewart, and the companion of Squire Boone, whose name is not given. As the weeks glided away, and there were no signs of Indians, the men became emboldened, and gradually extended the range of their hunting grounds. Again one day Boone and Stewart were in pursuit of game, at quite a distance from the camp, when they found themselves almost surrounded by Indians. These savages had probably heard of the white men, and of the wonderful power of their rifles, for instead of rushing upon them for their capture, they let fly upon them, from ambush, a shower of arrows. Stewart was almost instantly killed. Boone was wounded, and with the agility of a deer disappeared in the forest. The savages, probably dreading the bullet, did not venture to pursue him. If they made any attempt to discover his camp, they were unsuccessful. They were a band of wandering hunters who, moving over the boundless plains, had accidentally come across the pioneers.

Not long after this the Carolinian, who seems to have been rather an attendant of Squire Boone, and a man of not much character, wandered in the woods and was lost. It is supposed he perished of hunger. A skeleton subsequently found, picked clean by the wolves, indicated his fate. The two brothers Boone were now the sole occupants of the camp. Boone says their life was far from an idle one; that they had sufficient employment to occupy their time. They had game to hunt, bring in and dress; their hut to guard against the violence of storms; their fire to kindle, replenish and watch, and to keep themselves provided with a sufficient supply of fuel; deer-skins to tan softly, and to fashion into clothing and moccasins; and, more than all, they had to keep up an unremitting guard against the Indians.

The Spring came early, and beautiful with bud, leaf and flower. And now occurs another of those incidents which seems utterly inexplicable. Their powder and lead were nearly expended. A supply was essential to any further continuance in the wilderness. But the question arises, "Why should either of them have wished to remain any longer in those perilous solitudes?" There was nothing apparent to be accomplished by it, unless it were the gratification of the love of adventure, in exploring beautiful realms

which the light of civilization had never yet penetrated. Whatever may have been the motive which influenced these extraordinary men, the fact remains certain. Squire Boone set out alone, on foot, with no earthly protection but his rifle, to traverse a pathless wilderness five hundred miles in extent, exposed to ferocious beasts, such as panthers, bears and wolves, and to wandering bands of Indians still more to be dreaded. Having gained his home, he was to load himself with powder and bullets, and retrace his steps to the lonely camp of his brother.

It was a journey which, with the utmost diligence, would require at least three months for its accomplishment. In the meantime Daniel was to be left alone in his solitary hut.

On the first of May, 1770, Squire Boone set out on his arduous journey, and Daniel, as he expressed himself, was left "one by myself, without bread, salt or sugar; without company of any fellow-creatures, or even a horse or a dog." It is said that he spent his time in a cave, which, tapestried and carpeted with skins, he had rendered comfortable and cheerful. It was situated on the waters of the Shawanee, in Mercer County, Kentucky.

CHAPTER II.

CONFLICTING CLAIMS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

THE RETURN OF SQUIRE BOONE—THE EMIGRATING COMPANY—
CLAIMS OF THE FRENCH—EXPEDITIONS FROM CANADA—
MISSION OF CHRISTOPHER GIST—PECULIAR FESTIVALS—
CONFLICT AT THE MIAMI—HEROIC FEAT OF GEORGE WASH-
INGTON—HIS EARLY DAYS—JOURNEY THROUGH THE WIL-
DERNESS—EXTRACTS FROM WASHINGTON'S JOURNAL—LORD
FAIRFAX—WASHINGTON COMMISSIONED AS MAJOR—HIS
PERILOUS UNDERTAKING—MELANCHOLY ADVENTURE.

AFTER THE lapse of three months, early in August, Squire Boone returned, and found his brother safe and alone in his solitude. But Daniel Boone declares, that during the absence of Squire, he had not experienced one hour of loneliness. The charms of the wilderness to him were such, that in the brightness of the sunniest day, and in the gloom of the darkest night, he was alike serene and happy. He was never over-excited by joy, or depressed by sadness; even the perpetual howling of the wolves, in the forest, afforded him a kind of pensive pleasure.

Squire Boone succeeded in bringing with him, over the mountains, two pack-horses. They were an invaluable, but perilous acquisition to the pioneers. They brought an ample supply of the necessaries for camp life. But the sagacious Indians could, without difficulty, follow their trail, and the animals could not easily be concealed. Still eight months passed away, and no Indians approached them. Mounting their horses, they explored the region, far and wide, until they became very thoroughly acquainted with the country, the flow of the rivers, the sweep of the mountains, and the fertile, treeless meadows, or prairies, which were all prepared by nature, for the plow and the hoe. Thus they employed themselves during the lovely autumn, and the mild winter, seldom sleeping two nights in the same place. It seems

as though a special providence must have protected them from encountering any of the Indian bands ever running over those hunting fields.

Daniel Boone having become thoroughly conversant with this southern portion of the great valley, and appreciating its value to future generations, set out with his brother, in March, 1771, on his return home. The journey of a few weeks brought him to the Yadkin, where he found his wife and family in safety. The labors of his elder sons, with their rifles, and the cultivation of a few fertile acres, amply supplied the wants of the household.

A company was soon formed, incited by the representations of Daniel Boone, to emigrate to those realms, beyond the mountains, of marvelous fertility and beauty. This is not the place to enter into the details of this expedition intimately, as its fate was subsequently connected with the settlements in that northern portion of the great valley which is now called Ohio. These emigrants, after a series of wonderful adventures, established a settlement in the southern portion of the great valley, at a place now called Booneville, Kentucky.

We must now retrace a little the path of time. While these scenes were transpiring south of the Ohio River, the French were enjoying the almost undisturbed possession of all the vast territory north of that majestic stream. They had established military posts, around which flourishing settlements were springing up, at Detroit, Peoria, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes. To render their title still more valid, the Governor of Canada had sent surveyors, with a guard of three hundred soldiers, to plant leaden plates, containing inscriptions of the claims of France, at the mouths of all the principal rivers flowing into the Ohio.

Captain Celeron, who led the expedition, was also instructed, should he meet with any English traders among the Indians, to warn them off, as trespassers on the territory of France. The English traders, in pursuit of furs, were, at this time, penetrating the country in various directions, and they had established quite an important trading house on the banks of the Great Miami River. And, in the meantime, the King of England had granted to several English companies the whole coast of North America, between the Spanish possessions in the south and the French possessions in the north. The language of these grants declared,



INDIAN MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

that their territory should extend "up into the land throughout, from sea to sea, west and northwest."

In 1748, a company was formed in Virginia, entitled the "Ohio Land Company." The object was to survey the lands and establish English colonies beyond the Alleghanies. They sent an agent to explore the region, and to direct particular attention to that portion of it which is now included within the limits of Ohio. This agent, Christopher Gist, traveling through leagues of almost unbroken forest, crossed the Muskingum and Scioto Rivers, and was kindly received in a large village of Shawnee Indians, on the banks of the Ohio, a few miles below the mouth of the Scioto River. Here he witnessed a very singular spectacle, which is worthy of record as illustrative of barbarian customs. It was announced that there was to be a great festival, of three days, continuance, first of fasting, then of feasting and dancing. At the close of the festival, all the married women were at liberty to choose their husbands anew. We are not informed whether the young girls were permitted at that time to select their companions, or what rights a man had to reject a woman whom he might not fancy.

After an abundant feast and great merry-making, the women were all assembled in front of one of their largest wigwams, called the Council House. The men then, gaily plumed and decorated, danced before them, performing the intricate mazes of their barbarian cotillions, with loud shoutings and the clangor of their rude instruments. It was in the night. The whole wild-like spectacle was brilliantly illuminated by the blaze of their fires. The women eagerly watched their movements. When any man drew near whom any woman fancied, she seized a part of his garment and joined him in the dance. Thus the festival continued until all the women had selected their partners, when the new marriages were all solemnized together.

One's curiosity is somewhat excited to know what would be the fate of the man whom no woman fancied. And again, how would the difficulty be settled should half a dozen women, at the same moment, pounce upon some gay cavalier. An infirm dame of fifty years might, perchance, grasp the garment of some lithe young warrior of twenty.

There is probably now some large town of wealth and culture

near the spot where these curious barbaric betrothals and nuptials took place, only a little more than one hundred years ago. What would probably be the result were the dance now some night renewed, were each woman to enjoy the privilege of remaining with her present husband, or selecting a new partner. If we may judge by the frequency of divorces, in these modern times, probably some remarkable changes would take place.

Mr. Gist then continued his journey more than a hundred miles farther west, through an almost unbroken forest, to the Miami River. Here there was another numerous tribe of Indians, called the Miamis. It was not far from the mouth of this stream that the English had established their most important trading post. Retracing his steps to the Scioto, Mr. Gist took a birch canoe, and descended the river to the Falls of the Ohio.

The French, hearing that the British traders had established themselves on the Miami, sent a detachment of soldiers, with a pretty strong force of Ottawa and Chippewa Indians, to destroy the settlement. The Miami warriors took the part of their friends, the English. There was a hard fight. The Miamis were overpowered; the block-house was demolished, and the traders were carried prisoners to Canada.

Of course, the English were greatly enraged. But the French, with their many garrisons scattered through the wilderness, were far too strong, in the Great Valley, for the English to attempt to cope with them there. There was a small English trading post at a place called Logstown, on the north bank of the Ohio, seventeen miles below Pittsburgh. Some English commissioners were sent there to meet the chiefs of several adjacent tribes. Here they obtained the ratification of a treaty, into which they had previously entered, for the cession to the English of a large tract of land in Ohio. They also made arrangements to construct a fort at the mouth of the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers, whose united floods form the upper waters of the Ohio.

The Monongahela flows from the south a distance of three hundred miles, furnishing more than two hundred miles of boat navigation. It is nearly four hundred yards in width at its mouth. The Alleghany comes down from the north a distance of nearly four hundred miles, also affording boat navigation through regions three hundred miles in extent. It contributes its flood, equally abundant with that of the Monongahela, for the formation of the

Ohio. This beautiful river flows a distance of nine hundred and fifty-nine miles, through as lovely a region as can be found on this globe, before it enters the Mississippi. Its waters flow two thousand five hundred miles before they are emptied into the Gulf of Mexico.

The French kept a vigilant eye upon this movement. It was much easier, as we have said, for them to penetrate the great valley by the lakes and by the streams flowing down from the north, than for the English to enter the valley by clambering the rocky heights, and toiling through the rugged defiles of the Alleghany ridges. Secretly they organized a strong force at a place on Lake Erie, which they called "Presque Isle" or Almost an Island. With ample supplies of stores and munitions of war, they were soon in a condition to penetrate the Valley of the Ohio at any point. Between the mouths of the Monongahela and Alleghany Rivers there was a beautiful plain. In a strategic point of view, it was one of the most favorable localities for the site of a fort, and also presented remarkable attractions for a trading and industrial colony.

The Governors of Pennsylvania and Virginia sent a commissioner across the mountains to descend the Ohio River until he should come to some military post, and there, in the name of the British Government, to warn the French that war would be the inevitable result of their continued encroachments. The envoy set out upon his journey, but soon became alarmed for his personal safety. The Indians were generally in sympathy with the French. If the French should see fit to take him a prisoner and send him to Canada, or should they judge it expedient to secure his assassination by the Indians, either could be done without the slightest difficulty. Intimidated by these reflections he turned upon his steps, without fulfilling his instructions.

In this emergency, a young man by the name of George Washington, nineteen years of age, came forward and offered his services as a messenger to the French garrisons. The heroism of this extraordinary young man had already attracted attention, and secured for him, in an unusual degree, the confidence of the community. The following brief sketch of the previous history of this remarkable man, who now entered upon his arduous embassy, will be read with interest.

Two centuries ago, two brothers, young gentlemen of wealth

and culture, emigrated to America from England. One of these brothers, Lawrence Washington, was a lawyer, a graduate from Oxford University. The other, John, was an accomplished man of business. It was lovely summer weather when the ship which bore them passed through that majestic inland sea, Chesapeake Bay, and ascended the Potomac River. The primeval forest spread in all directions with its silence and solitude. Here and there were to be seen, in the sheltered coves, a little cluster of Indian wigwams, with naked children playing upon the beach, and birch canoes, paddled by plumed warriors, floating like bubbles on the wave.

The two brothers purchased an extensive tract of land on the western bank of the Potomac, about fifty miles above its mouth. John built a house, married Miss Pope, and after a few years of life's tragic drama died. His second son, Augustine, remained in the paternal home. He inherited the peaceful virtues of his father, and, like him, drank of life's mingled cup of joy and grief. His wife, Jane Butler, as lovely in character as she was beautiful in person, died, leaving a broken-hearted husband and three little orphan children to weep over her grave. Their bereaved father eventually found another mother for his orphans.

Mary Ball, who thus became Mary Washington, was a lady of rare merit. She was beautiful, intelligent, accomplished and a warm-hearted Christian. Augustine and Mary were married on the sixth of March, 1730. On the twenty-second of February they received to their arms their first-born child, to whom they gave the name of George. Little could they then imagine that their babe was to render the name of George Washington one of the most illustrious in the annals of time.

George was highly blessed in both of his parents. The precepts were enforced by the example of blameless lives. Blessed with competence, their home, replete with every comfort, was reared upon one of the most lovely spots on the banks of the Potomac. It was a spacious one-story cottage, with a deep veranda in front. A well-kept lawn spread in gentle descent to the pebbly shore. The river in front of the house was nearly ten miles broad, decorated with a few enchanting islands, while beyond the interminable forest spread, in all its grandeur, over hills and vales. In those days the smoke of Indian fires curled up through the forest, while the flash from the paddle of the red

man's canoe glanced over the waves, and occasionally the sails of the white man's ship were seen ascending the majestic stream.

George, from earliest childhood, developed a noble character. He was a handsome boy, of commanding figure and great strength. His frankness, fearlessness, moral courage and sense of justice, attracted the attention and admiration of his companions. The story of his trying the keen edge of his hatchet upon the cherry tree is known to every child. It alike illustrates the character of the father and the son.

When George was but twelve years of age his father died. The grief-stricken widow was left with six fatherless children. But Mary Washington was equal to the task. The confidence which Augustine reposed in his wife is shown by the fact, that he left the entire income of his property to her until the children should become of age. Nobly she discharged her task. A nation's homage now gathers around the memory of *Mary, the mother of Washington*.

George never ceased to revere his mother. She was to him as a guardian angel. She formed his character. To the principles of probity and religion which she instilled into his mind, he ever attributed his success in life. In the final division of the estate, the eldest son, Lawrence, the child of Jane Butler, inherited Mount Vernon, including twenty-five acres of land. George received, as his share, the paternal mansion, with its broad and fertile acres, which was situated several miles farther down the river.

Lady Washington, before her marriage, was deemed one of the most beautiful girls in Virginia. Through life's severe discipline she had developed a remarkably sincere, well-balanced and lovely character. The influence which she thus acquired over her noble son continued unabated until the hour of her death. The first families in Virginia took much pride in splendid horses. Lady Washington had a span of iron grays remarkable for their spirit and beauty. One of these colts, though accustomed to the carriage, had never been broken to the saddle. It was said that no one could mount him. George, then a lad of thirteen, approached the colt, soothed him with caresses, and watching his opportunity leaped upon his back. The spirited animal, half terrified, half indignant, after a few desperate but vain attempts to throw his rider, dashed over the fields with the speed of the wind.

The inconsiderate boy, fearless and ardent, gave him the rein, and when the breathless steed began to flag urged him on, unaware of the injury he was doing, until the nervous, high-blooded animal burst a blood vessel and dropped dead beneath him. George, greatly agitated, hastened to his mother and informed her of what he had done. Her characteristic reply was —

“My son, I forgive you because you have had the courage to tell me the truth at once. Had you skulked away I should have despised you.”

In a common school George was a diligent scholar, though he did not develop any brilliance of genius. He had simply a good, well-balanced mind: There is now extant a manuscript book, in which he carefully copied out promissory notes, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, wills and other such business papers, that he might be ready, at any time, to draw up such documents. Another manuscript book he had collated with great care, entitled “Rules for Behavior in Company.” Thus was this boy of thirteen preparing for the future by the careful culture of his mind, his manners and his heart. He could hardly have made better preparations for the illustrious career before him had some good angel informed him of the responsibilities he was to brave and the renown he was to attain.

At sixteen years of age, George, then a man in maturity of character, left school. He was fond of mathematical studies and excelled in them. His tastes led him to enter upon the profession of a civil engineer. In a new country, increasing rapidly in population, there was great demand for such services, there were but few men capable of performing them, and consequently the employment was highly remunerative.

George Washington was even then an accomplished man. Whatever he undertook he did well. His handwriting was plain as print. Every document which came from his pen was perfect in spelling, punctuation and capitals. These excellent habits, thus early formed, he retained through life. Upon leaving school he visited his brother at Mount Vernon. It was then, as now, a lovely spot, commanding an enchanting view. Mr. William Fairfax, an English gentleman of education and refinement, resided about eight miles from Mount Vernon. Lawrence had married one of his daughters. Lord Fairfax, a brother of William, had purchased an immense estate in Virginia, extending over unex-

plored regions of mountains, rivers and valleys. Lord Fairfax met George Washington at his brother William's. He was charmed with his intelligence, energy and manliness—a boy in years, a man in maturity of character.

He engaged this lad, then but one month over sixteen years of age, to survey these pathless wilds, ranged then by ferocious beasts and savage men. It may be doubted whether a boy of his age ever before undertook a task so arduous. It was thus that George Washington entered upon the stern duties of his eventful life.

It was the month of March, 1748, when young Washington commenced the survey for Lord Fairfax. The cold blasts of winter were still sweeping the ridges of the mountains which were crested with ice and snow. The mountain streams were swollen by the spring rains into foaming torrents. The Indians, however, inhabiting the regions he was to traverse, were generally supposed to be friendly. There were also to be found, scattered here and there through the wilderness, the huts of rude and fearless frontiersmen.

Through almost pathless solitudes, this heroic boy undertook to thread his way. It was a journey full of toil, romance and peril. There were no paths through the wilderness but the narrow trail of the savage. He floated down the silent rivers in the frail birch canoe. There were towering mountains to be climbed, and morasses to be penetrated, which had never been traversed by the foot of a white man. Generally, at night, he slept in the open air, or in such a rude shelter as he could in a few moments construct. Sometimes he would find a resting place in the log cabin of a settler, and again an Indian would give him hospitable welcome to the fire in his wigwam.

This must have been a strange experience for this quiet, thoughtful boy, who had been so tenderly nurtured in his Christian home. We can but faintly imagine his feelings, as at midnight, wrapped in his cloak, with his feet to the fire, in the wigwam, with slumbering savages all around him, men, women and children, he listened to the storm as it breathed its requiem through the surging forest, blending with the cry of wild beasts. The following extract from his journal under date of the 15th of March, 1748, gives us a little insight into some of his experiences. It is describing a night in a settler's log hut.

"Worked hard till night and then returned. After supper we were lighted into a room. I, not being so good a woodman as the rest, stripped myself very orderly and went into bed, as they call it, when, to my surprise, I found it to be nothing but a little straw matted together, without sheet or anything else but one thread-bare blanket, with double its weight of vermin. I was glad to get up and put on my clothes, and lie as my companions did. Had we not been very tired, I am sure we should not have slept much that night. I made a promise to sleep no more in a bed, choosing rather to sleep in the open air before a fire."

Again he wrote, on the 2d of April: "A blowing, rainy night. Our straw upon which we were lying took fire. But I was luckily preserved by one of our men awaking when it was in a flame. We have run off four lots this day."

Again he wrote in terms characteristic of this noble man: "The receipt of your kind letter of the 2d instant, offered me unspeakable pleasure. It convinces me that I am still in the memory of so worthy a friend—a friendship I shall ever be proud of increasing.

"Yours gave me the more pleasure as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed. But after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire, on a little hay, straw, fodder or bear skin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife and children, like dogs and cats, and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept on them, except the few nights I have been in Fredericksburg."

Washington gained so much reputation on this tour that he was employed by the State of Virginia as state surveyor. For three years he was employed in these arduous and responsible duties. We can hardly conceive of anything more attractive than such a life to a young man in all the vigor of youth and health, and with a soul capable of appreciating the beauties and sublimities of nature and the romance of wild adventure.

The Indian paddled him in his fairy-like canoe, along the river or over the lake. Now he stood in the bright morning sunlight upon the brow of the mountain, gazing over an interminable expanse of majestic forests, where lakes slept, and streams glided, and valleys opened in Eden-like beauty.

Lord Fairfax, who had become the warm friend of George Washington, had reared for himself quite an imposing mansion of stone, in a lovely valley of the Alleghanies, beyond the Blue Ridge. He was living there in baronial splendor, and in his spacious saloons George Washington was ever a welcome guest.

The tide of emigration was slowly working its way over the mountains, into the vast valleys beyond, which had then no recognized boundaries or limits. Though the French in Canada were far more favorably situated to enter this region, through their lakes and rivers, than were the English on the Atlantic coast, who had the mountain barriers to climb, still the English colonies, in population, exceeded the French eight or ten to one.

Unprincipled desperadoes, from the English frontiers, armed with the deadly rifle, were continually exciting the vengeance of the peacefully-inclined Indians, by the most atrocious crimes. The war whoop echoed through the forest. At midnight merciless savages, with hideous yells, assailed the lonely hut of the settler. Speedily his whole household fell beneath the tomahawk, and around the burning dwelling the maddened Indians indulged in their horrid orgies. No pen can describe the horrors which then ensued. Tragedies were enacted, in the solitudes of the wilderness, which the revelations of the judgment-day can alone bring to light. The whole military force of Virginia was called into requisition to protect the frontier. The ignorant savages could make no discrimination between the innocent and the guilty. The state was divided into districts, over which a military commander was appointed with the title of major.

George Washington was one of the majors. With tireless energies he devoted himself to the study of military art, with especial reference to the peculiar warfare essential in a conflict with savages in the depths of the wilderness. He saw clearly that the tactics of European armies would be of little avail under these novel circumstances.

The State of Virginia was then, as now, bounded, according to the claim of the English, for a distance of several hundred miles by the waters of the Ohio River.

When Washington, a young man not yet twenty-one years of age, volunteered his services to convey the remonstrance of the governors against the French, it was universally regarded as an act of great heroism. The sobriety and dignity of his character

were such that no one could ever accuse him of boyish foolhardiness. He knew perfectly well what he had undertaken, for he had already experienced and triumphed over the perils and hardships of the wilderness.

Lord Dinwiddie, the Governor of Virginia, a sturdy old Scotchman, as he accepted the proffered aid of this heroic young man, said to him:

"Truly you are a brave lad, and if you play your cards well, you shall have no cause to repent your bargain."

It was the 14th of November when Washington left Williamsburg on this difficult and arduous enterprise. The following narration of his adventures by the way is given mainly in the words to be found in Abbott's "Lives of the Presidents." There is something sublime in the calm courage with which he set out, well knowing that he was to pass through the region of hostile Indian tribes, and that it was their practice not merely to kill their prisoners, but to prolong their sufferings as far as possible, through the most exquisite and diabolical tortures.

He took with him but eight men, two of them being Indians. They soon passed the few sparse settlements which were springing up near the Atlantic coast, and plunged into the pathless forest. Winter was fast approaching, and its dismal gales wailed through the tree tops. The early snow crowned the summits of the mountains, and the autumnal rains had swollen the brooks and the rivers.

Guided by the sagacity of the Indians, they threaded the forest until they reached the Monongahela River, which, as we have said, flowing from the south, unites with the Alleghany from the north and forms the Ohio. Here they took a birch canoe, and in eight days paddled down that river a distance of nearly three hundred miles, to the mouth of the Alleghany, where Pittsburgh now stands. The sublime solitudes of these realms was then broken only by the occasional cluster of a few Indian wigwams upon the bank, and now and then the shouts of children playing in the water. No blows of the settler's ax reverberated through the forest. No report of the hunter's gun was heard. The birch canoe glided noiselessly by over the waves, and the arrow of the hunter gave forth no sound in its flight through the air — this dead silence of the wilderness!

At the junction of the two rivers Washington commenced

descending the Ohio, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, to the principal post of the French commandant. It was necessary for him to practice the utmost caution, as the Indians were proverbial for their treachery, and he was liable at any time to drift into an ambush. He at length reached the French fort in safety and delivered his message.

The French commander, St. Pierre, received Washington at Fort Le Boeuf with much courtesy. He respectfully read his remonstrance, and gave him a written reply, in which he stated that he must obey the commands of his government; and that he could not vacate his post until his government should give him orders to that effect. Washington saw very clearly that force alone could drive the French from the Valley of the Ohio. He was also surprised to see how strongly they were intrenching themselves there.

Having accomplished this much of his mission, and fearing that the Indians, of their own will or instigated by the French, might intercept his return, as he should paddle up slowly against the current of the Ohio, he decided to leave the river, and with one only companion, to make their way back through the wilderness on foot. They would be compelled to construct their lodgings with their hatchets for the stormy day or the tempestuous night, and to live upon such game as they might take by the way. It was a very weary journey to take, with the rifle upon the shoulder and the pack upon the back.

Washington's suspicions that he might be waylaid by French jealousy were not unfounded. Some Indians were put upon his trail; but even Indian sagacity could not follow two pair of mocassined feet over pathless wastes. Washington was familiar with wilderness life, and with all the Indian arts of cunning. He succeeded in eluding his pursuers. Still he came very near losing his life through savage treachery. One Indian, employed, it is supposed, by the French, met him as it were accidentally, and offered his services as a guide through a very intricate part of the way. He could lead through a narrow defile which would save many leagues of toilsome journeying.

At night this Indian of iron sinews, seeing his companions so much fatigued by their day's tramp that he supposed they could not possibly pursue him, fired at Washington, at a distance of not more than fifteen paces, and missed his aim. Instantly he sprang

into the woods. Fleet of foot as he was, his indignant pursuers were more fleet, and he was soon caught. Washington's companion urged that the would-be assassin should instantly be put to death.

But Washington shrunk from thus taking life in cold blood, and having disarmed the wretch, let him go. Still, thinking it not impossible that he might have some confederates near, he thought it expedient to push on as fast as possible through the long December night, taking especial care to leave no trace of his path behind him.

They followed up the south side of the Ohio River, a few miles from its banks. When they reached the Alleghany River, nearly opposite where Pittsburgh now stands, there were no signs of civilized or even of savage life anywhere in sight. The banks of the river were fringed with ice, and immense solid blocks were floating down the middle of the stream. It took them all day with one hatchet to construct a frail raft. It was bound together with flexible vines and boughs. Upon this they endeavored to cross the rapid stream, encumbered as it was with the swiftly drifting ice.

When about half way across, Washington's setting-pole became entangled, the raft whirled round, and he was thrown into the river where it was ten feet deep. For a moment he was entirely submerged in the icy waves. He, however, by the aid of his companion, succeeded in clambering again upon the icy-coated logs, and at length they reached, not the opposite side of the river, but a small island in the stream.

Half-frozen as they both were, and drenched as was Washington, they hastily found some slight shelter, built a roaring fire, and, with the wintry blast sweeping by them, found such warmth and comfort as the circumstances could afford. Their situation, however, was not so very uncomfortable as many sitting by their own warm fireside might imagine. Experienced woodmen will, very expeditiously, construct a camp, enclosed on three sides and open on one, which, with sheathing of overlapping bark, will afford a very effectual shelter against the wind. A few boughs of the hemlock make a very soft and fragrant mattress. Then, wrapped in blankets, with a crackling fire which illumines the whole forest blazing at one's feet, a degree of real comfort can often be enjoyed which is sought for in vain in ceiled chambers.

The night was so cold that in the morning the river was frozen over, and they crossed upon the ice. The remainder of the journey home was uneventful. Williamsburg was then the capital of Virginia. Washington made his report to the Governor. It was published, and was extensively read in this country, and by statesmen in England. The one prominent fact which it established, and which arrested universal attention, was that France would resist, with all her military force, any attempts on the part of the English to establish settlements in the valley of the Ohio.

The Legislature of Virginia happened to be in session, at Williamsburgh, when Washington returned. This modest young man seemed entirely unconscious that he had accomplished any feat which would give him renown. A few days after his return he went into the gallery of the House, to witness the proceedings of the Legislature. The speaker chanced to see him, and rising from his chair, addressed the assembly, saying :

“I propose that the thanks of this house be given to Major George Washington, who now sits in the gallery, for the gallant manner in which he has executed the important trust lately reposed in him by his Excellency the Governor.”

The homage thus called forth was instantaneous and unanimous. Every member rose to his feet. There was a burst of applause which almost shook the rafters of the ceiling. Washington was immediately conducted to the speaker's chair. Every eye was fixed upon him. He was quite overwhelmed by this enthusiastic greeting. Being entirely unaccustomed to public speaking, he knew not what to say. The speaker perceived his embarrassment, and very happily relieved him by saying :

“Sit down, Major Washington. Your modesty is alone equal to your merit.”

Governor Dinwiddie was a reckless, headstrong man, who acted first, and then reflected, if he ever reflected at all. He not only hated but he despised the French. In his judgment the insolence of the French in claiming territory which the King of England claimed, was not to be tolerated for a moment. He would not condescend to take into any consideration the forces which France had gathered in the great valley. They were all to be driven out instantaneously, neck and heels.

He raised a regiment of four hundred men, who were to march across the mountains, with orders “to drive away, kill or seize, as

prisoners, all persons not the subjects of the King of Great Britain, who should attempt to take possession of the land on the Ohio River, or any of its tributaries."

George Washington was appointed colonel of this regiment. In his previous tour, his military eye had selected the point of land at the junction of the Monongahela and the Alleghany, for a fort where England should concentrate her strength. Having built this fort, garrisoned it, and supplied it with ample military and commissary stores, he would then construct several flat-bottomed boats, and, with the remainder of his little army, drift down the river, destroying all the trading posts of the French he might encounter by the way.

In a military point of view there could not have been any better plan devised. But the French officers had military skill as well as the English. They also had selected that very spot for a French fortress, and were already very energetically at work throwing up its ramparts.

As Washington, with his feeble regiment, was hurrying along through the forest-covered defiles of the mountains, he learned, greatly to his disappointment, and probably through the Indian runners, that the French had anticipated him. A large working party was already on the ground, under the direction of the most experienced engineers, and were erecting a fort, which his little band could not think of assailing.

The tidings which reached the ears of Washington, were alarming in the extreme. They indicated that the only prudent course for him to pursue, was an ignominious and precipitant retreat. The French had sent a force of a thousand well armed men to the designated point. They had descended the Alleghany River in sixty flat-bottomed boats, and three hundred birch canoes. They had taken with them eighteen pieces of cannon, which were already in position. They had also quite a numerous band of Indian allies. The French had kept themselves informed of every contemplated movement of the English. They had watched the discussions in the legislature, and knew, as definitely as did the English themselves, the number of men whom they had sent across the mountains, their destination, and the time of their expected arrival. To prevent, if possible, any hostile collision, they had sent so overwhelming a force that an attack could not be thought of.

Washington had found his march through the rugged passes of the mountains extremely exhausting. His men had suffered both from fatigue and hunger. It was reasonably supposed that, in the rich valleys beyond the mountains, abundance of grain would be found. Experienced hunters accompanied the little band, whose duty it was to range the fields, for miles around their path, to procure food.

The little army had just emerged from the rugged defiles of the Alleghanies, and were entering these fertile and well-stocked pastures, when the appalling news reached them. They were then within two or three days' march of Fort Duquesne, as the French named their works. To add to their misfortune, rumor, though false, said that an outnumbering party of the French, accompanied by numerous Indian allies, were on a rapid march to destroy them. This rumor led, as will subsequently be seen, to very deplorable consequences.

Washington was then but twenty-two years of age. In contemplation of his apparently hopeless condition, his sufferings must have been dreadful. The thought of attacking the French, who were behind their ramparts, in such overpowering numbers, was madness. Retreat, in their exhausted state, through the rugged, barren, pathless gorges of the mountains, was almost impossible. Two-thirds of their number would probably perish by the way. The thought of a surrender, without striking a blow, of the whole force, was humiliating beyond endurance. Washington was ready for almost any act of desperation rather than this.

France and England were at that time at peace with each other. Though, as usual, they were regarding each other with jealousy, there was no declaration of war whatever. The French, in building a fort on territory of which they had been for nearly half a century in undisputed possession, had merely anticipated the English by a few days. The rumor that the French were on the march to attack the English was, as we have said, false, and was unsustained by any appearance of the foe. Subsequent developments established the following facts.

The French were very anxious to avoid any collision on the distant banks of the Ohio, which would involve the two great kingdoms, of France and England, in a desolating war. By their spies they had kept themselves correctly informed of the daily

progress of the English. Washington and his band were entirely in the power of the French, who could crush them at a single blow. But that one blow would be the signal of a conflict which would encircle the globe.

The French commandant at Fort Duquesne sent a peaceful embassy to Colonel Washington, seeking to avert hostile action. M. Jamonville, the peace commissioner, was a civilian. He took with him, as his escort through the wilderness, but thirty-four men; not one to ten of the soldiers in Colonel Washington's regiment. This fact seems conclusive proof that the French declaration, that no hostile demonstration was intended, should be credited.

About nine o'clock of one dark and stormy night, when the rain was falling in torrents, some friendly Indians came into Washington's camp and informed him that the French soldiers, who, it was supposed, were on the march to attack him, had encamped at the distance of but a few miles. They were in low bottom land, near the Monongahela River, in a place shut in by rocks, where they could very easily be taken by surprise and fired upon by an invisible foe. They also stated that there was a band of Indian warriors near by, who would gladly join them in the attack.

Washington doubted not that this party was advancing to attack him by surprise. Within an hour he was on the march, led by his Indian guides through the dripping forest. They soon reached the camp of the Indians, who were all ready to join them. The assailants, their movements being concealed by the darkness and the storm, crept stealthily into the thickets, so as to attack the French in two separate parties.

Just as the day was beginning to dawn, so that they could see to take aim at their sleeping and unsuspecting foes, there was a simultaneous discharge of musketry, and a storm of deadly bullets fell upon the French. M. Jamonville and ten of his men were killed outright. Others were wounded. The French sprang to their arms and fought bravely. But they were soon overpowered, and the survivors, twenty-five in number, were taken prisoners. This unhappy event, the result of a mistake, resulted in one of the most cruel wars which ever desolated humanity

CHAPTER III.

EXPULSION OF THE FRENCH.

EMBARRASMENTS OF WASHINGTON — HIS VIEWS OF PROFANITY — THE OUTBURST OF WAR — BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION — THE UNHEEDED WARNINGS OF WASHINGTON — THE AMBUSH — DEFEAT OF BRADDOCK — TESTIMONY OF COLONEL SMITH — POLICY OF THE FRENCH — EMPLOYMENT OF INDIAN ALLIES — SCENES WITNESSED BY WASHINGTON — CAPTURE OF FORT DUQUESNE — THE CHEROKEE WAR — TESTIMONY OF COLONEL MARION — SPEECH OF ALLAKULLA.

THE UNTOWARD event, which has been narrated at the close of the last chapter, created, at the time, intense excitement. The French regarded it as one of the grossest of outrages, in violation of all the established laws of civilization. There was no language too severe to express their abhorrence of the deed. But now that the passions of that day have passed away, the French magnanimously concur in the general verdict, that the unhappy event was the result of accident, for which Colonel Washington was very excusable. His whole previous and subsequent career proved that no temptation could induce him to be guilty of a dishonorable deed.

But this occurrence, at the time, was as a spark to the powder. It opened the drama of war, with all its unspeakable horrors. The French commandant, at Fort Duquesne immediately dispatched fifteen hundred men, French and Indians, to avenge the wrong. As we have said, Washington, with his starving and exhausted troops, could not retreat over the barren leagues which he had already traversed. Still less could he hope to present any successful resistance to the overpowering and indignant troops pressing down upon him. Capitulation was inevitable. But his proud spirit could not stoop to a surrender until he had, at least made a manly show at resistance. He hastily threw up some

breastworks, and for a whole day struggled against the large force which entirely surrounded him. He then, to save the lives of his men, surrendered. The victors were generous. Considering the circumstances of the case, they were remarkably generous; as they must have considered that their friends had been perfidiously massacred. It is probable that the ingenuousness of Washington so explained matters as to disarm the rage of M. de Villiers, the French commander.

The Virginia troops were allowed to retire with their side-arms and all their possessions, excepting one or two pieces of artillery. Unmolested, and at their leisure, they returned to Virginia. On the whole, Washington's character did not suffer from this occurrence. His youth and inexperience, and the terrible circumstances of trial under which he was placed, disarmed the virulence of censure, in view of an act of apparent rashness. Moreover, it was considered that he had developed very great military genius and diplomatic sagacity in rescuing his little army from imminent destruction, and in conducting them safely back to their homes.

Every army necessarily gathers into its ranks the wild, the reckless and the depraved. Very many of the rude frontiersmen who were following the banners of Washington, to drive the French from the great valley, were profane and unprincipled men. Oaths were far more often heard in the camp than prayers. The following order of the day, issued by this young officer of twenty-two years, is worthy of especial record:

"Colonel Washington has observed that the men of his regiment are very profane and reprobate. He takes this opportunity to inform them of his great displeasure at such practices; and assures them that, if they do not leave them off, they shall be severely punished. The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear, or make use of an oath or execration, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately, without a court martial. For a second offense, he shall be more severely punished."

Such was Washington's character as a young man. Would that the young men of our land would follow the example of the Father of our Country, in purity of lips! Twenty years after this, when George Washington was commander-in-chief of the army of the United Colonies, struggling against the whole power of Great Britain—a population but little exceeding that of the State of Ohio, encountering, in deadly battle, the armies of the most

powerful empire then upon the globe—Washington, a man of piety and of prayer, felt deeply the need of divine assistance. In August, 1776, he issued the following order of the day to his defeated and almost despairing army at New York:

"The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and profane practice of cursing and swearing, a vice hitherto little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes that the officers will, by example as well as by influence, endeavor to check it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Add to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

While speaking upon this subject, and one so important to our national reputation, I cannot refrain from quoting another anecdote of Washington, which was related to me by an officer of the United States army, who was present on the occasion.

Washington had invited the members of his staff to dine with him in the City of New York. As they were sitting at table, one of the guests uttered, very distinctly, an oath. Washington dropped his knife and fork, as though struck by a bullet. The attention of every one at the table was arrested, and there was breathless silence. After a moment's pause he said, in tones of solemnity and sadness, "I thought I had invited gentlemen only to dine with me." It is needless to add that there were no more oaths heard at that table.

There was now war, fierce and unrelenting, between France and England—war which girdled the globe with its horrors. In the Spring of 1755, the British government sent two regiments of regular troops, from England, to cross the mountains, and to attack and capture Fort Duquesne. These soldiers knew nothing about life in the wilderness, and had no acquaintance whatever with Indian warfare. They were under the command of General Braddock, a self-conceited, self-willed man, who, in the pride of his technical military education, despised alike Frenchmen, Indians and Colonists. With his two regiments, numbering two thousand men, Braddock set out to cross the mountains, in a straggling line of men and wagons, four miles long.

Washington accompanied him as one of his aids. He was astonished at the recklessness of the march. He assured Brad-

dock that the French, through Indian runners, would keep themselves informed of every step of his progress; that he was in danger every hour, of falling into an ambush, where hundreds of his men might be shot by an invisible foe; and that the French and Indians, familiar with all the defiles of the mountains, might at any time pierce his straggling line, plunder his wagons, and, striking on the right and on the left, throw his whole force into confusion.

It would seem that all this must have been obvious to any man of ordinary intelligence. But the arrogant and conceited British general was not to be taught the arts of war, not he, by a provincial colonel, twenty-two years old, who had never seen even the inside of a military school.

Successfully they threaded the defiles of the Alleghanies, and emerged through its western declivities into the beautiful Valley of the Monongahela. The army thus far had encountered no molestation or even alarm. The self-confidence of Braddock increased with the successful progress of his march. With an air of great self-complacency, he virtually said, "You see I understand military affairs far better than any Virginia boy can be expected to understand them."

Washington was silenced. He could not venture upon another word of remonstrance; and yet he trembled in view of the peril to which they were hourly exposed. He knew perfectly well that the French officers must be preparing to crush the expedition, by taking advantage of this fool-hardiness.

The ninth of July dawned brightly upon the army as it entered a defile of rare picturesque beauty, at a short distance from the banks of the Monongahela. It was one of those calm, cloudless, balmy days, in which all nature seems to be lulled into joyful repose; such a day as Herbert has beautifully described in the words,

"Sweet day, so still, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

The defile into which they entered presented a natural path for the passage of the army with forest-crowned eminences rising on either side, rugged with rocks, and covered with dense and almost impenetrable underbrush. It was just the spot which any man,

familiar with Indian modes of warfare would be sure would be selected for an ambush.

Proudly the thoughtless troops straggled along, with laughter and song, with burnished muskets, and polished cannon, and silken banners. They were British troops, led by British officers! What had they to fear from cowardly Frenchmen or half-naked savages?

Suddenly, like the burst of thunder from the cloudless heavens, came the rattle of musketry, and a tempest of lead swept through their astounded ranks. Crash followed crash in quick succession, before, behind, on the right, on the left. No foe was to be seen, yet every bullet accomplished its mission. The ground was soon covered with the dead, and with the wounded struggling in dying agonies. Amazement and consternation ran through the ranks. An unseen foe was assailing them. It was supernatural; it was ghostly.

Braddock stood his ground with senseless, bull-dog courage, until he fell, pierced by a bullet. After a short scene of confusion and horror, when nearly half the army were slain, the remnant broke in wild disorder and fled. The ambush was entirely successful. Six hundred of these unseen assailants were Indians, armed with French rifles and led by French officers.

Washington, through this awful scene which he had been constantly anticipating, was perfectly calm and self-possessed. With the coolest courage he did everything which human sagacity could do to retrieve the disaster. Two horses were shot beneath him, and four bullets passed through his coat. It is one of the legends of the day that an Indian sharpshooter declared that Washington bore a charmed life; that he took direct aim at him several times, at the distance of but a few paces, and that the bullets seemed either to vanish into air, or to glance harmless from his body. Eight hundred of Braddock's army, including most of the officers, were either killed or wounded.

Washington rallied around him the few provincials, upon whom Braddock had looked with contempt. Each man immediately placed himself behind a tree, according to the necessities of forest warfare. As the Indians were bursting from their ambush, with tomahawk and scalping knife, to complete the massacre, the unerring fire of these provincials checked them, and drove them back. But for this, the army would have been utterly destroyed. All

Washington's endeavors to rally the British regulars were unavailing. Indignantly he writes, "They ran like sheep before the hounds." Panic-stricken, abandoning artillery and baggage, they continued their tumultuous retreat to the Atlantic coast.

The provincials, in orderly march, protected them from pursuit. Braddock's defeat rang through the land as Washington's victory. The provincials, who, in silent exasperation, submitting to military authority, had allowed themselves to be led into this valley of death, proclaimed, far and wide, the cautions which Washington had urged, and the heroism with which he had rescued the remnant of the army. After the lapse of eighty years, a seal of Washington, containing his initials, which had been shot from his person, was found upon the battle-field, and is, at the present time, in possession of one of the family.

The French made no attempt to pursue their advantage over the discomfited and fugitive foe. The army of Braddock was annihilated, so far as the possibility of doing farther harm was considered. Leaving the bleeding remnant of the British forces to struggle homeward, through the mountains, the French quietly returned to Fort Duquesne, there to await another assault, should the English venture to make one.

These disasters caused great excitement in England, and even a change in the ministry. At the time of Braddock's disastrous defeat there chanced to be an English officer, Colonel James Smith, a prisoner at Fort Duquesne. He has given a very interesting account of the scenes which transpired there on that occasion.

Indian spies were every day, entirely unknown to General Braddock, watching his movements. They would, on swift foot, return to the fort with an accurate report of his progress, his uncautious march, and they had sufficient intelligence to laugh to scorn his folly. One of them exultingly drew a map with a stick, on the ground, and explained to Colonel Smith the direction of Braddock's march, the straggling length of his line, and its entire indefensibleness. The Indian described the ambush into which the silly English general was so completely marching, and contemptuously said, in broken English, "We will shoot um down all same as one pigeon."

Early in the morning of the day, on which the attack was to be made, there was a great stir in the fort. Between four and five

hundred Indian warriors, in great elation of spirits, were examining their guns, and supplying themselves with powder and bullets from barrels. Each took what he wanted. In single file, with rapid footsteps, the Indians marched off, accompanied by an equal number of French Canadians, and several companies of regulars.

Late in the afternoon the bands began to return, with shouts of victory. First came some fleet footed runners, with tidings dreadful to Colonel Smith, but awaking the whole garrison to enthusiasm. The Indians and the French, they said, had completely surrounded the English, having caught them in a trap, from which there was no escape.

Concealed and protected behind trees and rocks, they were firing upon the English, huddled together, in great confusion, in a narrow ravine, and they were falling in heaps. It was declared that before sundown every one of them would be shot. The war whoop of the Indian is as definite an utterance as the bugle's sound to the charge. But the savages had another very peculiar war cry, which was called the "scalp halloo."

Soon large bands of the savages appeared, about a hundred in number, every one of whom had a bloody scalp, which he was waving in the air, while the forest resounded with their hideous yells of exultation. They were also laden down with grenadier's caps, canteens, muskets, bayonets, and various articles of clothing, which they had stripped from the dead.

"Those that were coming in, and those that had arrived," writes Colonel Smith, "kept a constant firing of small arms, and also of the great guns in the fort, which was accompanied by the most hideous shouts and yells from all quarters; so that it appeared to me as if the infernal regions had broke loose. About sundown I beheld a small party coming in with about a dozen prisoners, stripped naked, with their hands tied behind their backs. Their faces, and parts of their bodies, were blackened. These prisoners they burned to death on the banks of the Alleghany River, opposite to the fort. I stood on the fort walls until I beheld them begin to burn one of these men. They tied him to a stake and kept touching him with fire-brands, red hot irons, etc., and he screaming in the most doleful manner. The Indians, in the meantime, were yelling like infernal spirits. As this scene was too shocking for me to behold, I returned to my lodgings, both sorry and sore.

BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION AND DEFEAT.



"From the best information I could receive, there were only seven Indians and four French killed in this battle. Five hundred British lay dead in the field, besides what were killed in the river, after their retreat. The morning after the battle, I saw Braddock's artillery brought into the fort. The same day also I saw several Indians in the dress of British officers, with the sashes, half moons, laced hats, etc., which the British wore."

It is a fact, universally recognized, that the French were much more popular with the Indians than were the English. They were very much fewer in number, and were clustered together in strong trading posts. But the English settlers were scattered, far and wide, on small farms, throughout the extended frontier. The Indians had also, as we have already remarked, experienced many atrocious outrages from vagabond English wanderers in the wilderness. The savages were burning with the desire for revenge. Eagerly they entered into alliance with the French.

It was the policy of the French government to destroy, as far as possible, all the English settlements and farm houses on the frontier. They would also render it certain death for any English settler to rear his cabin in the silent Valley of the Ohio. Inhumanly they summoned the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage to their aid. Inhumanly the English sought, but with less success, the same diabolical alliance, not only against the French, but subsequently against their own colonists. The French armed the savage warriors with rifles, supplied them with ammunition, and turned them loose upon their fiend-like mission, to kill, burn and destroy.

The savages, having lapped blood, and exultant with success, eagerly entered upon their work of plunder, conflagration and death. Small villages of log huts, and secluded farm houses, were scattered along the western Virginia frontier for a distance of more than four hundred miles. Fifteen hundred incarnate demons, calling themselves Indian braves, wandered in all directions. Like howling wolves they would emerge at midnight from the depths of the forest, and with the rising of the sun, glutted with their prey, would disappear. Sometimes a solitary cabin would be attacked by a gang of eight or ten, and again several hundreds would unite in a midnight assault upon some doomed village.

The State of Virginia raised a force of seven hundred men, and placed them under the command of Colonel Washington, for the

protection of the frontier. For three years he was incessantly engaged in these arduous, but almost unavailing labors. The scenes of woe he often witnessed were so awful, that, in after life, he could never bear to recur to them.

One day as, with a small detachment of troops, he was traversing a portion of the frontier, he came to a solitary log cabin, in a little clearing, which the ax of a settler had effected in the heart of the forest. As they were approaching, through the woods, the report of a gun arrested their attention. Cautiously they crept through the underbrush, until they came in full sight of the cabin. Smoke was curling up through the roof, while a large party of savages, with piles of plunder by their side, were shouting and swinging their bleeding scalps, as they danced around their booty. As soon as they caught sight of the soldiers they fled into the forest with the swiftness of deer. In the following words Washington describes the scene, which was then open before them :

"On entering we saw a sight that, though we were familiar with blood and massacre, struck us, at least myself, with feelings more mournful than I had ever experienced before. On the bed, in one corner of the room, lay the body of a young woman, swimming in blood, with a gash in her forehead, which almost separated the head into two parts. On her breast lay two little babes, apparently twins, less than a twelve month old, with their heads also cut open. Their innocent blood which once flowed in the same veins, now mingled in one current again. I was inured to scenes of bloodshed and misery, but this cut me to the soul. Never, in my after life, did I raise my hand against a savage, without calling to mind the mother with her little twins, their heads cleft asunder."

The soldiers eagerly pursued the fugitive savages. They had gone but a short distance from the house, when they found the father of the family and his little boy, both dead and scalped in the field. The father had been holding the plow, and his son driving the horse, when the savages come upon them. From ambush they had shot down the father, and the terrified little boy had run some distance toward the house, when he was overtaken and cut down by the tomahawk. Thus the whole family perished. Such were the perils of a home on the frontiers in those sad days. In allusion to these awful scenes Washington wrote :

"On leaving one spot, for the protection of another point of

exposure, the scene was often such as I shall never forget. The women and children clung round our knees, beseeching us to stay and protect them, and crying out to us, for God's sake, not to leave them to be butchered by the savages. A hundred times, I declare, to heaven, I would have laid down my life with pleasure, could I have insured the safety of those suffering people by the sacrifice."

During the years of 1756 and 1757, the English, notwithstanding their great superiority in numbers, met but a succession of disasters. The Indians were the efficient and merciless allies of the French. In the hour of victory the uncontrollable savages perpetrated crimes which were a disgrace to humanity. The English were driven completely out of the disputed territory of Ohio.

The total defeat of the British army, under Braddock, established, for a time, the ascendancy of the French, and their Indian allies, in the Valley of the Ohio and on the Great Lakes. The war, however, was still continued, bitterly, though feebly, on the part of the English. Fierce and triumphant bands of Shawanees, Cherokees and Iroquois Indians even crossed the mountains, to the eastern side, and desolated wide regions of the frontiers with fire and blood. These defeats were greatly humiliating to England, who, as we have mentioned, outnumbered the French on this continent, more than ten to one—indeed it was more than twenty to one. The French, in Canada, then numbered but forty-five thousand. The English colonies contained a population of one million and fifty-one thousand.

Early in the year 1758, great preparations were made by the British government to retrieve its lost reputation, by the entire reduction of the French posts. To render assurance doubly sure, they organized an army of seven thousand men, with a very perfect military outfit for the reduction of Fort Duquesne. The army was rendezvoused at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and in the latter part of the Summer commenced its march across the mountains. General Forbes was in command. About the middle of September this strong force was approaching the fort. Major Grant was dispatched to reconnoiter, at the head of one thousand men. Eight hundred of these were Scotch Highlanders. Two hundred were Virginians, under a provincial officer, Major Lewis. Major Grant was another Braddock; self conceited and brave, thinking

that an English officer had nothing to learn, and that British regulars had nothing to fear.

Grant succeeded in drawing near to the fort unperceived. He then conceived that, with his one thousand men, he could capture the fort, striking it by surprise, and thus win to himself all the glory. But Major Andrew Lewis, an equally brave man, and a far more prudent and able officer, warned him against the folly of the attempt. Grant made the insulting and stinging reply:

"You and your provincials may remain behind with the baggage, I will show you, with my British regulars, how to take the fort."

With the early light of the morning, Grant and his Highlanders, with senseless bravado, came marching over what is called Grant's Hill, waving their banners and beating their drums. The display was too fool-hardy to be called brave. In close vicinity to the fort there was an encampment of nearly two thousand Indian allies. These were generally veteran warriors, well armed, and unerring marksmen. These savages glided from their retreat stealthily as prowling wolves, and soon almost entirely surrounded, unseen, the band of this infatuated leader. Every rock, tree, thicket, afforded them covert. They suddenly opened a deadly and incessant fire. The English fought bravely, as they always do; but in a few moments one-third of their number were weltering in blood. As each Highlander fell, a savage would leap from his concealment, the flash of his knife would be seen, and the scalp of his victim would be waved in the air with a yell of exultation.

"The work of death," it is written, "went on rapidly, and in a manner quite novel to the Scotch Highlanders, who in all their European wars had never before seen men's heads skinned."

Major Lewis, who, in obedience to the order so contemptuously given, was at some little distance guarding the baggage, perceived by the retreating fire that Major Grant was overpowered. Bravely he came to his rescue, and with his provincials, well acquainted with Indian warfare, assailed the savages so impetuously as to check their pursuit, and to open a way of escape for a part of Grant's men. But in performing this heroic act he was surrounded himself. Many of his men fell, and he was taken prisoner, as was also Major Grant. The only officer remaining unhurt was Captain Ballet, in command of one of the companies of Virginia pro-

vincials. With great skill he conducted the retreat of the fugitives until they reached a place where he threw up entrenchments, which subsequently received the name of Fort Ligonier. Twice he was fiercely assailed, and both attacks he gallantly repelled, with a loss of but sixty-seven men in killed and wounded.

Ere long the main body of the army made its appearance. With the overwhelming force, then numbering six or seven thousand men, they soon captured Fort Duquesne. The banners of all-conquering England were unfurled over its ramparts, and the name of the fort was changed to Pitt, from the illustrious British minister of that name. The little village which soon sprang up around it was called Pittsburgh. General Forbes repaired the fort, and then, in flat-bottomed boats, with the remainder of his army, descended the Ohio River to the Mississippi, and then floated down the "Father of Waters" to the gulf.

On the way he took possession of all the French forts and trading posts on the Ohio River, and also erected and garrisoned a fort, which he called Massac, on the right bank of the river, in the present State of Illinois, about forty miles above the mouth of the Ohio.

While these signal victories were obtained in the great valley, the British arms were equally triumphant in the north. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, Fort Niagara and Quebec were taken that same year. Presque Isle, Detroit, and several other French posts, fell also into the hands of the English. The next year, Montreal passed to the British crown, and with it the whole of Canada. But still the French, with their Indian allies, kept up the war.

The British were very brave, but, in their intercourse with the savages, they manifested but little of that spirit of politeness and conciliation with which the French won the hearts of the Indians.

In the southeastern borders of what is now Tennessee, there was a very beautiful country, of fertile and sheltered meadows, sunny and green slopes, gigantic forests and towering mountains, where the Cherokee Indians had a happy home, with abundant supplies of game. Mountain ridges bounded their magnificent realm, and the Cherokees, though peacefully inclined, were considered one of the most powerful nations on the continent. Intellectually they were far above the great mass of the Indians. They had many large and pleasant villages, with fields of corn

and fruit. English adventurers had been hospitably received in sixty-four of these towns, and had found some of them very respectably fortified. The nation could send six thousand warriors into the field.

In 1756, the English sent a deputation to the Cherokee country, to solicit the aid of the nation against the French. A council was convened. The English commissioners and Cherokee chiefs met, and smoked the pipe of peace amicably. Everything promised a speedy and firm alliance, when a messenger came in with the announcement that a party of their warriors, who had been on a visit to the French on the banks of the Ohio, while peaceably returning, had been attacked and massacred by the English.

These tidings threw the council into the greatest excitement. Many of the impetuous young warriors were disposed to take immediate revenge, by putting the English commissioners to the torture and to death. It was with much difficulty that the older and more considerate braves restrained them. There was a very wise and truly noble old man, by the name of Attakulla, who was the head chief of the nation. He, with magnanimity worthy of all praise, saved the lives of the commissioners and allowed them to depart in peace.

After this, the French found but little difficulty in enlisting the nation on their side. All the young warriors were pleased with the excitements of war, and, burning with the desire for vengeance, flocked eagerly to their standards. With horrid devastation they swept the frontiers. The Governor of South Carolina summoned the whole militia of the state, to protect his borders and to carry the war into the territory of the Cherokees.

But the Indians had sufficient intelligence to understand that their quarrel was with the Virginia colonists, and none others. They, therefore, sent thirty of their chiefs on a peace embassy, led by the humane and renowned Attakulla, to settle all differences with the South Carolinians, at Charleston. Governor Littleton received them very haughtily. He condescended to meet them in council, not, however, to listen to their views, but to announce his own.

In a long and angry speech he denounced their actions, and, in conclusion, declared to them that if they did not immediately renounce their alliance with the French, and join the English, in their warfare against them, he would not be responsible for their personal safety.

Thus the English governor proved himself more of a savage than the Indian chieftain. One of the chiefs gravely rose to reply. The Governor angrily silenced him, saying :

"I will listen to no talk in vindication of your tribe. You have heard my terms. I will listen to no other proposals for peace. Come and join our standards or I will desolate your whole country with my military force, which is now ready to march."

The sage Indian chiefs felt keenly this insult. They had visited the Governor with hearts open for peace, and had been treated with the grossest indignity. There was not a savage tribe on the continent, who would thus have repelled such friendly advances. The perfidious Governor compelled them, under a strong guard, to accompany him to the Congarees, where he had assembled a very strong force for those times, consisting of one thousand four hundred men, thoroughly armed. He wished to show them how formidable was the army with which he intended to invade their country.

When the Governor, with his escort and captives, reached the Trundiga River, about three hundred miles from Charleston, and on the borders of the Cherokee country, this Governor, who called himself a civilized man, fearful that the chiefs might escape, ordered these ambassadors of peace into close confinement. He then summoned Attakulla, who had ever been the firm friend of the English, before him, and declared that unless twenty-four of the Cherokees were delivered up to him, to be put to death, as an atonement for the English who had been massacred by the savages, the war should be prosecuted with all vigor.

In the meantime the chiefs were detained as hostages, expecting daily to be put to death. Attakulla was permitted to return to the nation with the terms the Governor demanded. It soon being suspected that the chiefs were about to make a desperate effort to escape, they were all put in irons, or rather orders were given to place the shackles on their hands and their feet. They resisted, stabbing three of the soldiers. This so exasperated the rest that they fell fiercely upon the captives, and brutally murdered them all.

This horrid butchery roused the nation to a man. The chiefs were their great men, their most renowned braves, and were much beloved. "The spirits," said one of their orators, "of our murdered brothers are hovering around us, and calling for vengeance on our enemies."

The exasperated young warriors came, with a rush, upon the frontiers of the Carolinas. Every where the war whoop resounded. Cabins blazed at midnight. Men, women and children fell before the tomahawk of the savage. The benighted Indians thought that they were thus but performing a religious duty, avenging their slaughtered fathers. The scattered settlers, in their turn, fled from their homes. Many starved to death in the wilderness. Misery held high carnival.

Every day brought fresh accounts of ravages and murders. The alarm spread fearfully through both of the Carolinas. Governor Lyttleton had unloosed the tiger, and it was quite out of his power again to cage him. Both of the Carolinas united to raise troops to meet the awful emergence. Twelve companies of British regulars were sent, by General Amherst, to their aid.

These troops, with a large number of provincials, were pushed rapidly forward, directly into the Cherokee country, hoping that by killing, plundering and burning there, without mercy, they might call back, to the protection of their homes, the wandering savage bands, who were inflicting such awful desolation on the frontiers. One can not but pause to reflect upon the fact, that one single man, by a spirit of conciliation, might have averted all these horrors.

It was in May, 1760, that the English, with great energy, commenced their campaign of the invasion of the Cherokee territory. For some time they advanced unmolested, all the Indians — men, women and children — retiring before them. They came to several Indian villages utterly deserted. They laid them all in ashes. One of these villages, Keowee, contained two hundred very comfortable houses. It was just the time for spring planting. But no planting could be done. Thus the intelligent Indians saw, before them, an autumn and winter of hunger and starvation.

The sagacious Indian chiefs allowed the English to push on, mile after mile, through the rugged and pathless defiles of the mountains. Foot-sore and weary the troops clambered over the rocks, forded mountain torrents, and waded through morasses, till they came within five miles of a large Indian town, called Etchoe. Here the narrow trail, which they were following, led through a low, damp valley, which was so thickly overgrown with forest trees and underbrush that the soldiers could not see ten feet before them.

Through this valley the army must pass in a long and straggling line. Prudently an officer was sent forward, with a company of rangers, to scour the thicket. These troops had advanced but a few rods when a sudden discharge of fire arms from an unseen foe laid the captain dead upon the ground, and also many of his men. The English and provincial soldiers, always brave, immediately charged, with great impetuosity, into the thicket. There was no foe to be seen. And yet the Indians, concealed behind the trees, and acquainted with every inch of the ground, took deliberate aim, at their advancing foes, and kept up a constant and deadly fire. The English could only fire at random in return.

The forest resounded with the shrill war whoop of the savages, as they saw their enemies falling, one by one, before their deliberate aim. Thus, for an hour, the unequal conflict continued. The English lost in killed and wounded nearly a hundred men. It was never known what the loss of the Indians was, for, in slowly retreating, they carried with them their dead and wounded. They fought, however, at such great advantage that their loss must have been very small.

The savages had made careful arrangements for a safe retreat. After they had disappeared, the English officers examined the ground which their foes had selected for the battle-field. They were surprised at the judgment which the Indians had displayed in the position they had taken, and in all the tactics of the battle. It was admitted that the most experienced European officers could not have made more judicious arrangements for the conflict.

The English had suffered so severely by the fatigues of their long march, the want of food, and the loss in this bloody battle, that it was deemed necessary to order an immediate retreat. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, and it was very certain that the Indians would leave them no supplies.

A chief, by the name of Oconostota, commanded the Cherokees in this battle. Being left in possession of the field by the retreat of the English, he immediately marched his victorious warriors to Fort Loudon, on the River Tellico, in what is now Monroe County, Tennessee. The English had reared here quite a strong fort, which was garrisoned by two hundred men. A very vigorous siege was promptly commenced. The troops had relied very much upon the game, with which the forests abounded, for the supply of their lar-

ders. This resource was now cut off, and no possible replenishment of their empty stores could reach them from beyond the mountains. They soon found themselves in a starving condition.

After eating their horses and dogs, and being reduced to mere skeletons, they were compelled, on the 7th of August, to surrender. Oconostota granted them very liberal terms. They were to abandon the fort with all its military contents, but were permitted to retire, each soldier with his musket, to the nearest white settlement.

The next day, a weak and trembling band, they had ascended the river about fifteen miles towards the southeast, on their return to North Carolina, when five hundred warriors surrounded them. These savages, regardless of the terms of capitulation, and breathing only vengeance, fell upon them furiously, tomahawk in hand, and speedily put nearly every one to death. Amidst horrid yells the massacre was speedily accomplished. A few only were taken captive. These were strongly pinioned, and carried back to Fort Loudon, perhaps reserved for torture to grace the Indians' victory. Strange as it may seem, the noble Attakulla was still the earnest advocate for peace. His intelligence taught him that the war could be fruitful only in ruin and misery to both parties.

Among the captives brought back to Fort Loudon, there was a Captain Stuart, who had been a former acquaintance and friend of Attakulla. The renowned chieftain, in virtue of his office as head chief, claimed Captain Stuart as his prisoner. He then embraced an early opportunity to enable him to escape.

Thus sadly passed the Summer of 1760. During the winter the savages kept up a desultory warfare, but most of the lonely settlers had abandoned their homes. In the Spring of 1761 the English made very rigorous preparations for a new campaign. The pride of England was aroused, that a handful of savages should bid defiance to her powerful colonies. An English army of two thousand five hundred men was rendezvoused in the extreme northwestern frontiers of South Carolina, at a military post called Fort George. They had also succeeded in winning to their side some of the Chickasaw and Catawbaw warriors.

In the meantime a French officer, Colonel Latinac, was sent on an embassy to the Cherokees to supply them with arms and ammunition, and to incite their zeal anew against the English. He met the chiefs in council, and said to them :

"The English will be satisfied with nothing else than the utter extermination of the Cherokees from the face of the earth. They seek to ravage all your fields, to burn all your villages, and to put every man, woman and child to death." Brandishing his hatchet he struck it furiously into a log, exclaiming: "Who is the man who will take this hatchet up for the king of France? Where is he? Let him come forth."

A young warrior, by the name of Saloneh, whose village, of Estatoe, had been burned by the English, stepped forward, seized the hatchet, and waving it in the air, exclaimed:

"I will take it up. I am for war. The spirits of the slain call upon us. I will avenge them. And who will not? He is no better than a woman who refuses to follow me."

All these fierce warriors responded to this appeal with the clash of weapons and the shouting of the war-whoop. On the 7th of June, the English army, much more powerful in numbers and better appointed than before, commenced its march. As in the previous campaign, they met with no opposition in their passage through the dreary defiles of the mountains. But when they reached the spot where the battle took place a year before, the scouts discovered a large body of Cherokees, very strongly posted on a hill side, on the right flank of the army.

The Indians, seeing the advance guard to be not very strong, rushed down the hill upon them, in an impetuous charge. But the main body hurried up, and, after a very hot conflict, succeeded in driving the savages back to their position on the hill. General Grant, who was in command of the British and provincial forces, now moved forward his whole army to drive the savages from the heights. The engagement became general, and lasted for three hours, equal bravery being displayed on either side.

The Indians were fresh from their homes, unfatigued, well fed and sanguine with hope from their previous victory. On the other hand, the condition of the English was deplorable. They had encountered a constant succession of storms on their toilsome march, keeping them drenched to the skin by day and by night. All of them were much fatigued, and many of them in condition to go into a hospital rather than into battle.

Still they fought with characteristic bravery. They were frequently repelled by the galling fire of the savages, but they always rallied again. Whenever they were losing in one quarter, they

were gaining in another. Thus the tides of battle ebbed and flowed, from eight o'clock in the morning until eleven o'clock at noon. The military intelligence of the Indians was evidenced in the fact that while they engrossed the attention of the English, by a fierce attack upon their front, a number of their warriors were sent secretly and by a circuitous route to attack their baggage train. They came very near accomplishing this feat. The commissary and military stores were only saved by a party being hastily sent from the main body to the aid of the rear guard.

At length British intelligence, discipline and valor prevailed over the Cherokees, and they were put to flight. Sixty of the English were struck by the bullets of the savages before they fled. The loss of the savages is not known. It was, however, probably small, as they were very careful to keep their persons concealed behind rocks and trees. "War," says Napoleon, "is the science of barbarians." The victorious English now entered upon a career of *punishing* the defeated savages. They swept the Cherokee country for thirty days, in all directions, trampling the crops, burning the villages and shooting the warriors wherever they could be found. Fourteen large towns were laid in ashes. A large number of well-stored granaries were committed to the flames. The women and children fled in terror from their dreadful foe to the fastnesses of the mountains, where, it is said, many of them perished of starvation.

Colonel Francis Marion, who subsequently attained national renown in the Revolutionary war, was a subordinate officer in this campaign. In a letter to a friend he gives the following touching account of the scenes he witnessed :

"We arrived at the Indian towns in the month of July. As the lands were rich and the season had been favorable, the corn was bending under the double weight of lusty, roasting ears, and pods and clustering beans. The furrows seemed to rejoice under their precious loads; the fields stood thick with bread. We encamped, the first night, in the woods near the fields, where the whole army feasted on the young corn, which, with fat venison, made a most delicious treat.

"The next morning we proceeded, by order of Colonel Grant, to burn down the Indian cabins. Some of our men seemed to enjoy this cruel work, laughing very heartily at the curling flames as they mounted, loud, crackling over the tops of the huts; but

to me it appeared a shocking sight. 'Poor creatures,' thought I, 'we surely need not grudge you such miserable habitations.' But when we came, according to orders, to cut down the fields of corn, I could scarcely refrain from tears. For who could see the stalks, that stood so stately, with broad, green leaves and gaily-tasseled shocks, filled with sweet, milky fluid and flour, the staff of life,—who, I say, could see without grief these sacred plants sinking under our swords, with all their precious load, to wither and rot untasted in the fields.

"I saw everywhere around the footsteps of little Indian children, where they had lately played under the shelter of the rustling corn. No doubt they had often looked up with joy to the swelling shocks, and were gladdened when they thought of their abundant cakes for the coming winter. When we are gone, thought I, they will return, and, peeping through the weeds with tearful eyes, will mark the ghastly ruin poured over their homes and the happy fields where they had so often played."

The Cherokees were crushed. Like the rush of the tornado the English swept over their fertile fields. Smouldering ruins, desolation, death were everywhere. A deputation of chiefs, completely humiliated, visited the camp, imploring peace. Among them was the noble Attakulla. In the following appropriate and truly pathetic speech he addressed General Grant:

"You live at the water side, and are in light. We are in darkness; but we hope that all will yet be clear. I have been constantly going about doing good. Though I am tired, yet I am come to see what can be done for my people, who are in great distress. As to what has happened, I believe that it has been ordered by our Father above. We are of a different color from the white people. They are superior to us; but one God is Father of us all, and we hope that what is past will be forgotten. God Almighty made all people. There is not a day but that some are coming into the world, and others are going out of it. The Great King told me that the path should never be crooked, but open for every one to pass and repass. As we all live in one land, I hope we shall all live as one people."

Peace was formally ratified, with the declaration that it should last as long as the sun should shine or the waters run. Thus the dreadful Cherokee war was brought to an end in the Summer of 1761.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE AMONG THE OHIO INDIANS

**CAPTURE OF JAMES SMITH—SCENES AT FORT DUQUESNE—
RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—THE TORTURE—CEREMONY OF
ADOPTION—AN INDIAN DANCE—THE STRATAGEM OF BUF-
FALO HOOF—LOST IN THE WOOD—THE PUNISHMENT OF
DEGRADATION—MEN AND WOMEN'S WORK—THE GAME OF
FOOT-BALL—INDIAN HOSPITALITY—POWERS OF ENDURANCE
—ATTEMPT TO RUN DOWN A HORSE.**

IN THE account we have given of Braddock's defeat, there is allusion to Colonel James Smith, who was a prisoner in Fort Duquesne at that time. His history is so remarkable, and sheds such light upon the customs of the Indians, as to be worthy of special record. It is said that he was the first Anglo-American who wrote an account of his adventures in the vast wilderness beyond the Alleghanies. For the account here given we are indebted to the very interesting "Sketches of Western Adventure," by Rev. John A. M'Clung, D.D.

In the spring of the year 1755, James Smith, then a lad but eighteen years of age, accompanied a party of three hundred men from the western frontiers of Pennsylvania, across the Alleghany mountains, for the purpose of opening a road, by which artillery could be transported for the attack of Fort Duquesne. When the party had reached Bedford Springs he was sent back to urge forward some wagons which were in the rear. Having fulfilled his mission, he was returning to the main body with another young man, both mounted, when they were fired upon, from ambush, by a party of three Indians. Smith's companion fell dead. Smith was unhurt, but his terrified horse so plunged and reared that he was thrown violently to the ground. The Indians sprang upon him. One of them could speak English. He asked if more white men were coming up. Upon being answered in the negative, two

of them seized him by the arm and hurried him along, hour after hour, with the utmost possible speed, over the mountains. Scarcely a word was spoken.

At night they encamped, built their fire, and cooked their supper. They shared their provisions liberally with their prisoner, and though they guarded him vigilantly, he was treated with much kindness. The next day they pressed on so rapidly that Smith thought that they must have traversed fifty miles. Late in the evening they reached the western side of Laurel Mountain, when they saw, in the distance, the gleam of the fires of an Indian encampment.

The captors fired their guns, and unitedly raised the shrill, piercing shriek, called the *scalp halloo*. The Indians in the camp below responded with a similar cry, and rushed out to meet the party, whose yell had announced that they were returning in triumph. Though the Indians in the camp belonged to another tribe, the visitors were treated with great hospitality.

The next morning the march was continued, and on the evening of the next day they reached Fort Duquesne. As they approached they raised again the scalp halloo. This threw the whole garrison into commotion. It was recognized as the shout of victory on the part of the Indian allies of the French. Cannon were fired, drums beaten, and bugle peals sounded through the forest as Indians and Frenchmen rushed out to greet the returning party.

The Indians, who were very numerous, immediately formed in two lines, about six or eight feet apart. There were men, women and boys, and all were armed with hatchets, ramrods or switches, and seemed animated with the expectation of some great sport.

Smith looked upon the movement with wonder, having no knowledge of the fate which awaited him. It was soon explained to him that he was to run the gauntlet, as it was called; that is, he was to run between the two lines, and receive a blow from each of the Indians as he passed. One of his captors kindly told him to run as fast as he possibly could, and the affair would sooner be over. There was no escape. Smith was stripped almost naked, and entered upon the terrible ordeal. Straining every nerve, he set out upon the race, and blows of cruel severity were showered down upon him.

Mangled, faint and bleeding, he had arrived near the end, when

a powerful chief, with the blow of a club upon his head, felled him to the ground. Soon recovering from his bewilderment, he sprang to his feet and started forward, when a handful of sand was thrown violently into his eyes. Thus blinded, and in acutest pain, he still endeavored to grope his way along, and he was again knocked down and beaten so mercilessly as to become quite insensible.

He recollected nothing more till he found himself in the hospital of the fortress, with his flesh bruised almost to a jelly, from head to feet. Here his captors, who had ever treated him kindly, visited him. Young Smith inquired what he had done to merit such cruel treatment. They replied that he had done nothing, but that this was the custom—that it was the greeting which they always gave their captives. It was, they said, like the English custom of shaking hands, and saying, "How do you do." But they assured him that now, having passed through this ceremony, he would be treated with all kindness.

It may be proper to suggest that, from this polite reception by the savages, may have originated the greeting which young men in our highest seats of learning often give to strangers who come to share their intellectual and social privileges. The practice which the savages called *running the gauntlet*, the college gentlemen call *hazing*. The amusement consists in pouring lamp oil down one's back and over one's coat; in confining their victim in a room, and stifling him, almost to strangulation, with tobacco smoke; three or four stout young men will seize one feeble one, and half drown him beneath the spout of a pump, or compel him to the humiliation of dancing a hornpipe or sing a song at their bidding. Agreeable as these pastimes may be to the civilized and cultured young gentlemen who perform them, it is earnestly to be hoped that the custom will not spread to be in vogue with the gentlemen and ladies of the most refined circles of society, in their reception of distinguished guests from abroad.

Smith inquired of his captors if they had received any tidings of the advance of General Braddock's army. They replied exultingly, that their scouts were watching him every day, and that they would soon shoot them all down like pigeons. Slowly Smith recovered from his merciless beating. On the morning of the ninth of July, he was hobbling along, by the aid of a stick, on the battlements of the fort, when he perceived an unusual com-

motion in the garrison. Crowds of Indians were around the great gate. Open barrels of powder and bullets were placed there. They were eagerly filling their powder horns and pouches. Then, about four hundred in number, they followed a company of French regulars, and entering one of the trails of the forest, soon disappeared from view.

The force under General Braddock was vastly superior to that of his assailants. And when Smith soon learned that Braddock was within a few miles of the fort, he had no doubt that the British regulars would speedily disperse the mongrel band sent out to meet them. He was therefore quite elated with the prospect of a speedy release from captivity.

About the middle of the afternoon an Indian runner came to the fort, announcing the utter defeat of Braddock; and as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, the forest seemed filled with those shrill, triumphant yells, the *scalp halloo*. Soon an Indian band appeared driving before them twelve British regulars, stripped naked and painted black, an evidence that they were doomed to death by torture. The savages were frantic with joy, dancing, yelling, brandishing their tomahawks, and waving gory scalps in the air.

To the eternal disgrace of the French commander, he allowed these unhappy prisoners of war to be led to the banks of the Alleghany, and there to be put to death with all the lingering horrors of savage barbarity. From the battlements of the fort, Smith witnessed the awful scene, and listened to the shrieks of the sufferers. Two or three days after this shocking spectacle, young Smith was demanded of the French by his captors, and embarking with them in a canoe, ascended the Alleghany River to a small Indian town about forty miles above Fort Duquesne. They then, leaving their canoe, struck through the woods into what is now the State of Ohio, until they reached a small Indian village called Tullihass, on the western branch of the Muskingum River.

Until this time Smith had suffered much anxiety respecting his ultimate fate. He knew not but that he was reserved for the awful tortures which he had already seen inflicted upon his countrymen. But here, the morning after his arrival, the principal members of the tribe gathered around him and entered upon the rather formidable ceremony of adopting him as a son of the tribe.

For a time he was somewhat astonished at the procedure, as he knew not its aim and end.

An aged chief commenced with great dexterity plucking out his hair by the roots. Occasionally he dipped his finger in ashes to render his hold upon the hair more firm. Patiently Smith submitted to the operation. Soon his head was entirely bald, with one tuft only left upon the top, called the *scalp lock*. This was carefully braided and ornamented with several silver spangles. It was a part of Indian chivalry to leave this tuft of hair, so that the enemy, if victorious, could take the scalp.

His nose and ears were bored and earrings inserted. He was then stripped entirely naked, and his body was profusely and fantastically painted. A strip of cloth, in the Indian fashion, was wound around his loins, a gorgeous belt of wampum entwined around his neck, and silver bands fastened around his right arm. He now stood forth, in appearance, a veritable Indian. It would have required a very keen eye to have distinguished him from one of the natives.

Thus far Smith was entirely ignorant of the object of these strange procedures. He had many fears that he was being decorated for some appalling sacrifice. These operations were all performed in one of the wigwams, but few being present. The old chief then took him by the hand, led him out into the open air, and gave three of those shrill, piercing whoops which only an Indian's throat can utter. Instantly every inhabitant of the village, all the men, women and children, were gathered around him.

The venerable chief, still holding him by the hand, addressed the tribe in a long and animated speech, unintelligible of course to Smith. When he had ceased speaking, three buxom, mirthful Indian maidens came forward, and seizing him dragged him to the river which flowed near by. They drew him into the water, up nearly to their arm-pits, and commenced scrubbing him with the greatest vehemence. Occasionally all three would place their hands upon his head and endeavor to force it under water.

He, thinking their object was to drown him, made manful resistance. One of the young girls perceiving his alarm, burst into a merry laugh, exclaiming, in broken English, "We no hurt you! We no hurt you!" He then submitted, and they plunged him under the water again and again, giving his whole body as thorough a washing as any ablution could confer.

It was bitter cold weather, and notwithstanding the violent discipline to which he had been subjected, he shivered as he was led ashore, dripping with water. Several Indians then came forward and dressed him in a shirt of deer skin, richly fringed, and with moccasins and leggins gorgeously colored and highly ornamented. He was seated upon a couch covered with a bear skin; a lighted pipe, filled with fragrant tobacco, was placed in his hands, and also a tomahawk, with pouch, flint and steel.

The chiefs took seats by his side, and, for a few moments, smoked in perfect silence. Then one of the orators arose, and in a very impressive manner addressed the young man of their adoption in the following words:

"My son, you are now one of us. Hereafter you have nothing to fear. In accordance with an ancient custom, you have been adopted in the room of a brave man who has fallen in battle. Every drop of white blood has been washed from your veins. We are now your brothers, and are bound by our laws to love you, to defend you, and to avenge your injuries, as much as if you were born in our tribe."

He was then formally introduced to all the warriors, and was received by every member of the tribe with touching testimonials of regard. In the evening a great feast was prepared in honor of the occasion. Young Smith was then presented with a large wooden bowl and spoon. The bowl he was invited to fill with a very palatable preparation of boiled corn and tender venison finely hashed. This was simmering over the fire in a huge kettle, and all the warriors at the feast helped themselves. Gentlemanly propriety presided at the entertainment. There was no rudeness, no boisterous merriment. The festivities were closed late in the evening by a brilliant bonfire and a war dance. All the warriors were decorated with paint and waving plumes, and with their most gorgeous military trappings.

Early the next morning nearly all their *braves*, thoroughly armed and well mounted, set off, in single file, for a predatory excursion across the Ohio River, among the scattered cabins and feeble settlements in Western Virginia. They left two or three renowned hunters to provide their wives and children with game during their absence.

In leaving the village the warriors, apparently impressed with the perils of their enterprise, preserved the most profound silence.

The leader of the band, however, a distinguished chief, chanted a dirge-like air called "The Traveler's Parting Song." When they had fairly entered the forest and were beyond sight of the village, they fired a farewell salute. They discharged their rifles slowly, in regular succession, commencing in the front and ending with the rear.

Soon after the warriors left, all the young people, the lads and the lasses prepared for a dance. It will be remembered that young Smith was but eighteen years of age, still he was not sufficiently acquainted with Indian customs to take a part in the dance. He was an interested looker on.

The dancers formed themselves in two lines, about twenty feet apart, facing each other. The girls were in one line and the young men in the other. Some musical genius had a carefully-prepared gourd in his hand, with rind thin and sonorous, partially filled with beads. With this rude instrument he contrived to make a sort of jingling melody, beating time with considerable precision. All the voices were joined in concert with this leader, singing a monotonous, plaintive song, to whose cadences it was easy to keep time with their feet.

They were all dressed in their gayest costume, of moccasins and soft deer-skin leggins, richly fringed and decorated in brightest colors with beads, shells and spangles. Their forms seemed to be the perfection of human statuary, tall, lithe and graceful. Their plump arms and beautifully-formed chests were bare. The color of their skin attracted admiration by its beauty; it perfectly resembled, in its healthful spotless purity, burnished copper, such as we see in coin fresh from the mint. There were few ball-rooms in Christendom which could present so fascinating a group as was that morning exhibited by Indian young men and maidens on the green sward which lined the banks of the Muskingum.

Young Smith seems to have possessed a very philosophic and observing frame of mind. He watched the movements of the dancers very closely, and was much amused in seeing that human hearts beat beneath their copper-colored bosoms with the same throbbings which are experienced beneath complexions more fair. The dance consisted of the two lines advancing towards each other with measured tread until they met. They would then exchange loving glances, tender words, and not unfrequently an affectionate pat upon the cheek, and again, in unbroken lines,

draw back to their first positions. This was continued hour after hour. The young girls seemed to understand the arts of coquetry and the most attractive mode of playing off their charms fully as well as their sisters in more enlightened communities.

He was greatly surprised, and our readers will probably be, in learning that the maidens, instead of the young men, took decidedly the lead in all the acts of courtship. The young men were far more shy, coy and bashful than the girls. The love-making was principally on the part of the maidens; and they manifested no hesitancy in showing their preference for some handsome young hunter or warrior, and in urging upon him their love.

Smith was treated with the greatest kindness, even with polite attentions. He was embarrassed with the innumerable invitations he had to "dine out." The Indians had no particular hours for their meals. It was their custom to invite every visitor to eat, the moment he entered their wigwams. The Indians themselves seemed to have an unlimited capacity for storing away food. They deemed any refusal to partake of their hospitality as an affront. Smith wished to bring himself into harmony with the customs of his new and kind friends, and often suffered from the amount of food he felt constrained to accept.

After the war party had been gone about a week, one morning an aged chief, who, in consequence of his age, had remained at home, invited Smith to go a-hunting with him. At the distance of a few miles from the village they discovered very distinct and fresh buffalo tracks. The old chief examined them with extraordinary attention, having his fears evidently aroused. Noiselessly and with the utmost caution he followed the tracks, keenly glancing his eyes in every direction. Smith was much surprised at this singular conduct, and asked why he did not push on more rapidly, so as to get a shot at the buffaloes.

"Hush!" exclaimed the chief, putting his hand to his lips. "It may be buffalo; it may be Catawba." He then added in a low tone of voice: "The Catawbas have long been at war with our tribe. They are the most cunning and wicked people in the world. A few years ago a party of Catawba warriors approached our camp by night. They sent out some spies, mounted on buffalo hoofs, who left their tracks around our camp, and then returned to the main body. In the morning, our warriors seeing

the buffalo tracks, set out in pursuit of the herd. They soon fell into an ambush, were fired upon and many were killed.

"We fought them fiercely. They soon gave way. We pursued them. In anticipation of this they had stuck a number of slender reeds in the grass, sharpened at the end, and dipped in rattlesnake poison. Our young men pursuing headlong were several of them pricked by these poisoned reeds. Many were thus killed and scalped. The Catawba," added the chief, "is a very bad Indian; a perfect devil for mischief."

A careful examination of the tracks at length convinced the chief that they were the veritable footprints of the buffalo. The herd had, however, wandered too far to be overtaken. A few days after this Smith, who seemed to have secured the entire confidence of his new friends, set out alone upon a hunting excursion. The primeval forest, in all its gloom and grandeur, spread far and wide around him in an unbroken solitude. Anxious to return laden with game in evidence of his enterprise and skill, he struck out boldly, following, with hurried footsteps, the winding path of a fresh buffalo trail. With eager steps he pressed on several miles, not sufficiently observing the direction in which he moved. Evening came on, and conscious that he was far from home, he determined to cut across the hills, and thus reach the village by a shorter way. He soon found himself bewildered, and utterly lost in the inextricable mazes of the forest. He fired his gun several times, hoping to obtain some responsive signal from his friends. But the wail of the forest, as the night breeze swept its branches, alone greeted his ear. Through the whole night he wandered unable to find his way home.

In the morning a party of the Indians set out in search of him. They could scarcely conceive of any one being so stupid as to lose his way in the woods. Some of them suspected that he had deserted them. They followed his trail with that wonderful Indian sagacity which is almost miraculous. Soon, observing the zigzag manner in which he had marched, they became satisfied that the white man, like a child, had got lost. Shouts of derisive laughter burst from their lips.

At length they found him. Though they still treated him kindly, he was mortified in seeing how contemptuously they regarded his unfortunate adventure. Upon their return to the village the chief took from him his rifle, saying: "A child should

not be entrusted with the weapons of a man." A bow and arrows, the weapons of a boy, were then placed in his hands.

It was deemed necessary that he, an ignorant white man, should be placed under a sort of tutelage. They, therefore, entrusted him to the care of a chief named Tontileango, a renowned hunter and warrior. Under his kind instructions he learned many things which he had never known before. He was taught the difficult art of trapping beaver, how to creep within gun-shot of the timid and watchful deer, how safely to encounter the ferocious grizzly bear, and in what way to pursue and overtake the swift-footed buffalo.

Smith proved to be an apt scholar. He was very ambitious and learned rapidly. During the autumn he acquired a high reputation for the skill he displayed. Day after day he returned from his hunting excursions laden with game, to the great joy of the women and children who were entirely dependent upon the hunters for their subsistence.

Winter came with its freezing blasts, and snow fell to the depth of four or five feet on a level. Hunting became exceedingly difficult. It was almost impossible to approach within gun-shot of the long-legged deer. The only resource then was to hunt bears. They would climb some gigantic decayed tree, half dead, which had an opening and a hollow in the trunk many feet, often fifty, from the ground. Here the bears would find shelter for snug winter quarters. The interior was generally dry as tinder, and by dropping in some coals could be easily set on fire.

The bear hunter would climb the tree and apply a torch to the inside of the hollow. If a bear were there he would be speedily waked from his winter doze and driven out by the flame and smoke. The hunter, watching below, as soon as the immense creature, blinded and bewildered, emerged from his retreat, would, with unerring aim, plant a bullet between his eyes, and the monster would fall, in dying struggles, into the snow beneath.

The life of the Indian, Mr. Smith describes, as full of extremes. At one time he would be feasting in abundance; again he would be starving. There were certain seasons of war and successful hunting when all his energies, mental and physical, would be raised to their utmost tension. Again there would be a season of the utter listlessness and indolence, with absolutely nothing to interest the mind or occupy the body. Generally in the months of August

and September the ears of corn were ripe for roasting. This was the Indians' season for Lent. He then partook of but little animal food. Hunting was with him a toil, not a pastime. Having gorged himself with roasted corn, he felt no disposition to shoulder his rifle and make long and tiresome marches through the forest, lugging home upon his shoulders the small game, or sending his wife and daughters far into the wilderness to bear upon their backs the heavy burdens of quarters of deer and bears.

In what we called savage, as well as in civilized life, the departments of men's and women's work are quite distinctly defined. In American and European communities the men are not expected to cook the dinner, to sweep the rooms, to wash the dishes and make the beds. With the Indians, the men were not expected to bring the water, to skin the deer or the buffalo, or to bring home the venison. An Indian woman would have felt as much dishonored and mortified in seeing her lordly husband return from the chase with a deer upon his back, as an American woman would feel in having her husband habitually wash the dishes or sweep the rooms. The hunter might, in accordance with established etiquette, take an Indian pony with him and load him down with the game he had taken.

During the season of lethargy the Indian hunter spends his time dosing in the sunshine, upon the grass, or upon the couch of skins and leaves in his wigwam. They had occasional dances, such as we have described, with the matrons and girls. Foot-ball was a favorite pastime with them. They also had a gambling game somewhat resembling dice, of which they were immoderately fond.

Mr. Burnet, in his Notes, gives the following account of a game of foot-ball which the renowned chief Bu-kon-ge-he-las got up on the River Auglaise to entertain a party of white men who visited him.

This Indian village was beautifully situated in the center of a large green and level plain. The game was arranged for the afternoon. The chief selected two young men to get a purse of trinkets made up, to be the reward of the successful party. That matter was soon accomplished, and the whole village, male and female, in their best attire, were on the lawn—which was a plain of four or five acres, thickly covered with blue grass. At each of the opposite extremes of this lawn two stakes were set up about six feet apart.

The men played against the women; and, to countervail the superiority of their strength, it was a rule of the game that they were not to touch the ball with their hands on the penalty of forfeiting the purse. The females had the privilege of using their hands as well as their feet. They were allowed to pick up the ball and run and throw it as far as their strength and activity would permit. When one of the women or girls succeeded in getting the ball, the men were allowed to seize her, whirl her around, and, if necessary, throw her on the grass for the purpose of disengaging the ball, taking care not to touch it except with their feet.

The contending parties arranged themselves in the center of the lawn; the men on one side, the women on the other. Each party faced the goal of its opponent. The side which succeeded in driving the ball through the stakes at the goal of its adversary, was proclaimed victor, and received the purse.

All matters being thus arranged, the venerable chief came upon the lawn, and saying something in the Indian language, not understood by his guests, threw up the ball and retired. The contest then began. The parties were pretty equally matched as to numbers, there being about one hundred on each side. For a long time the victory appeared to be doubtful. The young girls were the most active of their party, and most frequently caught the ball. It was very amusing to see the struggle between them and the young men. It generally terminated in the prostration of the girl upon the grass, before the ball could be forced from her hand.

The contest continued about an hour, with great animation and various prospects of success. It was finally decided in favor of the women. One athletic girl seized the ball, and triumphing over all the efforts to wrench it from her, rushed toward the goal and succeeded in throwing it through the stakes.

Great was the exultation of the victors. Their countenances beamed with joy. It seemed to add greatly to the appreciation of their triumph, that it was gained in the presence of their distinguished white guests.

One day Smith, seeing the women and young girls at work in the corn-field, took a hoe and joined them, working diligently, very much to their amusement, half an hour. One of the chiefs severely reprimanded him for the impropriety of his conduct,

saying that it was inconsistent with the dignity of a warrior to descend to the drudgery of woman's work. "I hope for the future," he added, "you will demean yourself more properly, and remember that you are a member of a tribe of warriors, and have been adopted into a noble family."

Hospitality has ever been one of the distinguishing traits of Indian character. Whenever a stranger enters a wigwam, food, the best the lodge affords, was immediately placed before him. And it was considered a great breach of politeness not to accept the refreshment. It was no excuse that one had just been eating to repletion. If it so happened that there were no food in the house, which not unfrequently was the fact, it was immediately mentioned, and was invariably accepted as an all-sufficient apology.

On one occasion the chief, Tontileango, and Smith, were absent from the village on a distant hunting excursion. They had paddled, in a birch canoe, several miles up one of the numerous rivers in that vicinity. They had taken with them some choice stores, such as sugar and bear's oil, which were esteemed great delicacies. Leaving their stores in the canoe, which was moored on the banks of the stream, they proceeded about a mile into the forest, until they came to good hunting ground, where they built a comfortable camp and kindled their fire.

The chief, leaving Smith to attend to sundry domestic labors, took his rifle and disappeared in the woods in search of game for supper. Shortly after his departure, a Wyandott hunter, who had been unsuccessful, came across the camp. He was hungry, faint and weary. Smith received him, as he supposed, with true Indian hospitality, feeding him abundantly with hominy and some venison, which he chanced to have on hand. The Wyandott, thus refreshed, went on his way rejoicing.

When Tontileango returned, Smith informed him of the visit of the stranger, and of his hospitable reception. The chief listened with much gravity to his report, and then said:

"I suppose, of course, that you went to the canoe and brought up, for your guest, the sugar and bear's oil which we left there."

"No," Smith replied, "I never thought of that. The canoe was so far off that it would have been too much trouble."

"Well, brother," the chief replied with much solemnity of manner, "you have not behaved like a warrior. But as you are

young, and have been brought up among the white people, and consequently know no better, I can excuse you for this time. But you must learn to behave like a warrior. Never allow yourself again to be remiss in the rites of hospitality, that you may avoid trouble. Never be caught again in such a *little* action. Great actions alone make great men."

The power of the Indians of enduring long-continued fasting and fatigue, was extraordinary. Even the women, with heavy burdens upon their backs, would travel as fast and far as any pack horse. In the Spring of the year, 1756, a large quantity of game was killed at a considerable distance from the village where Smith resided. The amount was so large, and the danger of its being devoured by wild beasts so great, that the whole community, including the women and the boys, turned out to bring it home.

Smith took upon his shoulders three large pieces of buffalo meat. After bearing the heavy burden for several miles, he became utterly exhausted, and was compelled to throw down the load. An Indian woman, who was marching gaily along, under an equal burden, laughed heartily at his discomfiture, and took up a large part of the meat which he had thrown down, and added it to her own load.

An Indian could not run, for a short distance, any swifter than an athletic white man. But the Indians were capable of sustaining the exertion of running for an incredible length of time. One of their renowned runners would frequently continue at a rapid pace for twelve or fourteen hours, even without taking any nourishment. Then, after a hasty meal, and a very brief season of repose, he would resume his course, apparently without any exhaustion. Smith found that he could never compete with the Indians in this respect.

While Smith and the Chief Tontileango were encamped at some distance from the village, it was necessary for them to carry their game home on their shoulders. It was winter, and the ground was white with snow. There were three wild horses grazing near them, finding grass in abundance on a large treeless plain beneath the snow. It had been found impossible to catch the horses, and the chief suggested that they should run them down.

"Smith, having but little relish for the undertaking, urged the impossibility of success. But Tontileango replied, that he had

frequently run down bear, deer, elk and buffalo, and believed that, in the course of a day and night, he would run down any four-footed animal except the wolf. Smith observed, that, although deer were swifter than horses for a short distance, yet, that a horse could run much longer than either the elk or buffalo, and that he was confident that they would tire themselves to no purpose. The other insisted upon making the experiment at any rate; and at daylight, on a cold day in February, and on a hard snow several inches deep the race began. The two hunters stripped themselves to their moccasins and started at full speed. The horses were in very high order, and very wild, but contented themselves with running in a circle of six or seven miles in circumference, and would not abandon their usual grazing ground.

"At ten o'clock Smith had dropped considerably astern, and before eleven Tontileango and the horses were out of sight, the Indian keeping close at their heels, and allowing them no time for rest. Smith, naked as he was, and glowing with exercise, threw himself upon the hard snow; and having cooled himself in this manner, he remained stationary until three o'clock in the evening, when the horses again came in view, their flanks smoking like a seething keettle, and Tontileango close behind them, running with undiminished speed. Smith being now perfectly fresh, struck in ahead of Tontileango, and compelled the horses to quicken their speed, while his Indian brother, from behind, encouraged him to do his utmost, after shouting, 'Chako! chakoanough!' (pull away, pull away my boy).

"Had Tontileango thought of resting, and committed the chase to Smith alone, for some hours, and then in his return relieved him, they might have succeeded; but neglecting this plan, they both continued the chase until dark, when, perceiving that the horses ran still with great vigor, they despaired of success, and returned to the camp, having tasted nothing since morning, and one of them, at least, having run nearly one hundred miles. Tontileango was somewhat crestfallen at the result of the race, and grumbled not a little at their long wind; but Smith assured him that they had attempted an impossibility, and he became reconciled to their defeat."

CHAPTER V.

INDIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE — THE IGNOMINY OF WHIPPING — REMARKABLE ACT OF THE CONJUROR — INDIAN MILITARY DISCIPLINE — BRADDOCK'S FOLLY — HUNTING ADVENTURE — A NIGHT IN THE HOLLOW TREE — ESCAPE — RECEPTION AT THE CAMP — SPEECH OF THE INDIAN CHIEF — THE INTEMPERATE CAROUSAL — A HUNTING EXPEDITION — FORTITUDE OF TE-CAUGH-NE-TA-NE-GO — PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE — PIETY AND PRAYER OF THE AGED CHIEF.

THE DISCIPLINE which the Indians exercised over their children was peculiar, and, by no means, as severe as might have been expected. Whipping was considered a very disgraceful punishment, and was seldom inflicted. The ordinary punishment for misconduct consisted in ducking the offender in cold water. In winter this was an infliction which the children greatly dreaded. Smith witnessed one scene of punishment.

The chief Tontileanga was married to an Indian woman of the Wyandot tribe. She was a widow with several children. One of these boys in some way offended his father-in-law. He whipped the boy, though not severely, with a strap of buffalo hide. The boy shrieked with all the strength of his stentorian lungs. This called out the mother, and she instantly took the part of her child. The husband very calmly explained the offense, stated the necessity that the child should be punished, and urged the moderation of the punishment inflicted. But the indignant mother was not to be appeased. She felt that her boy had been disgraced by corporal punishment.

"The child was no slave," she exclaimed, "to be beaten and scourged with a whip. His father was a warrior and a Wyandot, and the son of such a sire is entitled to honorable usage. If he has offended his step-father, there is cold water enough to be had.

Let him be ducked until he is brought to reason, and I will not utter one word of complaint; but a buffalo strap is no weapon with which the son of a warrior should be struck. The spirit of his father is frowning in the skies at the degradation of his child."

Tontileango listened imperturbably to these rebukes. He then, without speaking a word, lit his pipe and strolled away, to give his wife's anger time to cool. But the offense in her eyes was of the most serious nature. Her child had been, as she judged, degraded. She caught a horse, and mounting it with her children, set out to return to her father's home, which was distant about forty miles. In the afternoon Tontileango returned to the cabin. He found that his family had abandoned him, and that there was no one there but Smith. He seemed very much troubled, uttered several very expressive pathetic ejaculations, and soon followed his offended wife to win her back again.

There are many things occurring in this world which are not explainable upon any known principles of human philosophy. The Indians were very superstitious, and their conjurors were held in great estimation. They were generally aged men, of very serious and dignified bearing. Upon one occasion, when Tontileango, Smith and a few other prominent Indians were out on a hunting excursion, they were very hospitably received, for the night, in a small Indian encampment on the southern shore of Lake Erie. In the evening an Indian woman came running into the camp, in a state of great alarm, saying that she had seen two warriors, armed with rifles, on the other side of a small creek near by, apparently spying out their position. It was at once supposed that they belonged to the hostile and war-renowned tribe of the Mohawks; that a large party of these fierce warriors were hidden, and that, before morning, the camp would be attacked by a resistless force. Great was the consternation. The women and children were sent into the woods, to be secreted there; the warriors all retired from the light of their fires, and in the dark took their stations, rifle in hand, to await the approach of the foe.

The venerable conjuror, Manetohcoa by name, alone remained in the full blaze of the camp fires. Apparently unconscious or regardless of any danger, he was busily employed in the necromantic arts. He had provided himself with the white and polished shoulder-blade of a wild cat. He then bound together some carefully-selected tobacco leaves with some gorgeously-colored

feathers. These he burned, fumigating himself with the smoke, and at the same time heating the shoulder-blade by the fire. He expected to see come out, in distinct delineation, upon the bone, images of the Mohawk warriors, and in such a way that he could in some degree judge of their numbers.

But to his surprise, real or feigned, as he carefully examined the smooth bone, he saw the figures of two wolves rise upon its surface. He immediately called out to the warriors in ambush that the woman had been deceived, that there was no enemy near, and that she had mistaken the wolves for the Mohawks. The Indians, reposing implicit confidence in their conjuror, unhesitatingly returned to the camp. The next morning several of them crossed the creek for exploration, and actually found the tracks of two wolves just at the spot where the affrighted woman fancied that she had seen the warriors.

The military principles of the Indians were very simple, and yet admirably adapted to the mode of warfare in which they were accustomed to engage. Their principal features were caution and cunning rather than recklessness and boldness. It is by no means correct to suppose that they were without military discipline. They had carefully studied and clearly defined manœuvres, in the performance of which they were remarkably alert and intelligent.

Very promptly they would form their whole force in line, each one seeking the protection of some tree, stump or log. The Indians admitted that it might be very brave for two regiments of white men to face each other on the open prairie, and shoot until one or the other were virtually annihilated, but they did not deem such recklessness of daring to be wisdom. In forming a line of battle, the warriors were ever careful to protect their flanks. Not unfrequently, when assaulted by a superior force, they would form in a large hollow square, such as the instructed skill of Napoleon taught him to adopt in contending with the Mamelukes of Egypt. Each movement of the troops, for advance, retreat, concentration or dispersion, was indicated by a loud signal-whoop from the leader, varying in its intonations.

The folly which General Braddock manifested in his fatal march, excited their constant derision. Immediately after the dreadful massacre of Braddock's army, on the Monongahela, the Indians assured Smith that the "Long Knives" acted like fools. "They did not know enough," said one of the chiefs, "either to fight or

run away. They huddled themselves together so that we could completely surround them, and shoot them down at our leisure, without any danger to ourselves. They gave us the best possible opportunity."

General Grant, with the advance guard of General Forbes' army, marched upon Fort Duquesne, in the year 1757. With great celerity and secrecy, he pressed through the trails of the forest, in a night march, and took position upon a forest-crowned hill, above the fort, before the dawn of the morning. He then, exulting in his achievement, by way of bravado, caused the drums to beat and the bagpipes to play, as if to inform the enemy of his arrival. The wary Indians, thus instructed, stole out from the fort, and creeping along beneath the protection of ravines, bushes and forest, placed themselves in an ambush, guided by the camp-fires of the foe, and every man selected his victim. Just as the day was dawning, when there was light enough to take deliberate aim, they commenced the assault. Grant's army, in a very short time, was nearly annihilated. A venerable warrior, an Caugnewaughna chief, speaking of this, their victory, to Mr. Smith, said :

"The conduct of General Grant was to me totally inexplicable. The great art of war consists in ambushing and surprising your enemy, and in preventing yourself from being surprised. General Grant acted like a skillful warrior in coming secretly upon us. But his subsequent conduct, in giving us the alarm, instead of falling upon us with the bayonet, was very extraordinary. I can only account for it by supposing that Grant, like too many other warriors, was fond of rum, and had become drunk."

The Indians had a supreme contempt for any man who was ignorant of what may be called woodcraft. It will be remembered that Smith had been degraded from the rank of a warrior and reduced to that of a boy, for allowing himself to be lost in the woods. About two years after this event, he went out in midwinter with Tontileango, and several other warriors, on a hunting expedition. It was very severe weather, and the ground was covered with snow one or two feet deep. As they were moving along, late in the afternoon, several miles from their camp, they came across the tracks of a number of raccoons. Smith was directed to follow them. The tracks were quite fresh in the snow, and it was supposed that the animals would soon be found treed, where they could easily be shot.

Smith was, however, led to a much greater distance than he anticipated, and still found no raccoons. Night was coming on, dark, tempestuous and fiercely cold. The wintry gale rose to a perfect hurricane, and the gigantic trees were swayed like willow twigs by the blast. The smothering snow blinded his eyes, and entirely obliterated all the tracks he had made. He had only a bow and arrows, with neither gun nor flint with which he could strike a fire. He had a single blanket to wrap around him, and a tomahawk in his belt.

Soon night enveloped him in its gloom. To stop would be inevitable death by freezing. So he stumbled along over stumps and stones, bewildered and exhausted, while the snow-flakes fell so thick that he could not see whither he was going. He shouted again and again for help, but his voice was lost in the rush and roar of the storm. His situation seemed utterly desperate, and he began to think that his last hour had come.

As he was thus toiling along he providentially came upon a gigantic sycamore tree, a venerable patriarch of the Ohio forest, which had apparently numbered its centuries. The decaying tree was hollow, leaving a large cavity inside with an entrance about eighteen inches wide and three or four feet high. But this entrance faced the storm which was beating against it and into it with all violence.

Smith, with his tomahawk, cut a number of sticks, which he placed upright against the hole, together with a quantity of brush, leaving open just sufficient space for him to creep in. He then entered, taking with him pieces of decayed wood with which he stopped every chink which would admit snow or wind. The cheerless little cabin which he had thus created for himself, was six or seven feet high and about three feet in diameter. When thus hermetically sealed there was midnight darkness around him.

The floor was covered with snow, and the flakes, driven fiercely by the wind, soon drifted up, effectually banking him in, and completely sheltering him from the storm. For two hours he jumped up and down in his cell, to warm himself by causing the more rapid circulation of his blood. Then wrapping himself in his blanket, and leaning against the side of the tree, he fell soundly asleep and did not awake for several hours.

When he awoke he was still surrounded with midnight darkness. But as he attempted to force his way out through the bar-

ricade he had reared, he found that the snow and ice held him with bars of strength which he could not sunder. He strained every nerve but could make no impression upon the barrier. He became terror stricken, fearing that he was buried alive. Again he sat down, meditating upon what he should do, and, from utter exhaustion, again fell asleep. How long he slept he knew not. But, upon awaking, he went to work with his hatchet in the impenetrable darkness. After long labor he succeeded in cutting away one stick and then another, and finally burrowed his way out into the open air.

The snow had fallen to the depth of four feet on a level, and was piled up in an immense bank against the brush and sticks with which he had closed the entrance to his cell. He was no longer a novice in the science of the woods. By examining the moss upon the trees he ascertained the points of the compass, and, after the excessive toil of wading through the snow for several hours, he reached the encampment of his friends.

They received him with shouts of joy and congratulation. But singularly enough their politeness did not allow them to ask a single question until they had placed venison, hominy and sugar before him, and he had partaken of an ample meal. Then the principal chief, a dignified and venerable man, presented him with his own pipe, filled and lighted, and all sat in perfect silence until Smith, smoking, had emptied the bowl.

The patriarchal chief, whose name was Tecaughnetanego, then addressed Smith affectionately and mildly as if he were a child. "My son," said he, "we wish now to hear a particular account of the manner in which you passed the night."

Smith began his story, and went through it from beginning to end. Not a word was spoken by the Indians in the way of questions, or in expression of wonder, or censure, or approval, until he had finished his narrative. Then he was greeted on all sides with shouts of approbation. Tecaughnetanego rose and said in dignified and stately utterance :

"My son, your courage and hardihood and presence of mind are highly to be commended. If you will go on as you have begun you may one day make a great man. We all rejoice in your safety as much as we had mourned over your supposed death. We were preparing our snow shoes to go in search of you when you appeared. As you had been brought up effeminately

among the white men, we never expected to see you alive. I now promote you from the rank of a boy to that of a warrior. As soon as we sell our skins in the Spring, at Detroit, we will purchase for you a rifle."

This promise they faithfully performed. The Indians, as is well known, were very fond of intoxicating drinks; but their habits in this respect were peculiar. They would have an occasional carouse, when they would indulge to the greatest excess. For this they would make ample preparation, laying aside their arms, and appointing a committee to keep sober and watch over them that they might not inflict any injury upon each other. They would, after such a frantic revel, often for a long time remain sober. The women were as much addicted to this practice as the men. Some of the more noble of the Indians were indeed remarkably temperate. They perceived the ruin which intemperance was producing upon their race, and earnestly entreated the white men not to sell to the Indians the destructive fire-water.

At one time Smith accompanied a large party of Ohio Indians to a trading post, where they disposed of their beaver skins and other furs. They first supplied themselves with ammunition and blankets; they then, having some surplus funds, purchased a keg of rum. All then met together in council, and deliberately decided to have a drunken carouse. A few of their strong-bodied warriors were set apart, who were to remain perfectly sober. They were to watch during the revel, and carefully protect the inebriates from serious harm. Smith was courteously invited to join in the carousal, with the distinct understanding that he was to drink to the same degree of intoxication with the rest. As this invitation was declined, Smith was told that he must join the sober party, and assist in keeping order. Before the riotous and frenzied revel commenced, the warriors carefully laid aside their tomahawks and knives. The scene which ensued was fearful in its maniaical violence. The Indians were inflamed to frenzy; their wild passions were roused to the utmost intensity. Though no lives were lost many were seriously wounded.

Near by there was an encampment of Ottawa Indians. They also had a similar carouse, but with more deplorable results. Not only were many seriously wounded, but several warriors were killed. The Ottawas continued their orgies until all their money was spent. Then, with aching heads and saddened hearts, they

buried their dead, gathered up their wounded, and returned to the wilderness. In their sober hours some cursed the white man for tempting them with the fire-water. The penalty which attends such folly fell, with more or less severity, upon each one engaged in the insane revelry. One poor Indian lost his blanket, which was thrown into the fire and burned, and he had no money with which to replace it. The beautifully-colored and fringed hunting-shirt of another was torn from his back and rendered utterly useless. Others had been bruised and maimed, and nearly all had been impoverished.

Though the Indians were the children of superstition, and many absurdities were mingled with their religious rites, still they had very decided conceptions of a supreme being, and of life beyond the grave. One Great Spirit was universally recognized. The different tribes addressed him by different names. He was, however, more generally called the Manito. As the Indians were dependent upon game for all their meat, and as they were not unfrequently unsuccessful in hunting or the chase, their supply of food was often very precarious.

Upon one occasion Smith, with the aged chief, Tecaughnetanego, and an Indian lad, but ten years of age, named Nungany, were encamped at a great distance, in the forest, from the village of the rest of the tribe. The sedate and venerable chief had passed his three-score years. Though a skillful hunter, he was quite infirm, suffering often excruciating pain from rheumatism, which, at times, disabled him entirely, rendering it impossible for him to move his limbs. Smith was a young hunter, and unprepared to grapple with great difficulties. The boy was mainly employed in the camp in dressing and cooking the game which the chief brought in.

Their camp was a comfortable wigwam of conical form, with the floor covered with fragrant hemlock boughs, and the skins of wolves and bears. The sides lined with various kinds of furs. A cheerful fire blazed in the center, the smoke ascending through a hole in the roof. The whole aspect of the interior was one of shelter, warmth and comfort, far more attractive to the eye of taste than many a stately parlor of modern times.

It was midwinter. The snow was deep and the cold very severe. The old chief, suffering from an attack of rheumatism, was prostrate upon a couch of skins, unable to move. A severe

storm had for several days swept the forest, sifting down its encumbering snow. Their food was exhausted. Smith, in the fierce storm, had gone out several days but had returned without any game.

The old chief, notwithstanding his helplessness, pain and hunger, never uttered a complaining or murmuring word. He would always greet Smith, on his return, with a smile, and endeavor to cheer him with agreeable conversation. The snow was so deep, with a slight crust, which broke beneath every footstep, that it was impossible for Smith, with his inexperience, to approach within gunshot of the deer.

One evening he returned, after a two-days' hunt, faint, hungry and exhausted, having obtained actually nothing. For the same time Tecaughnetanego, and the lad Nungany, snow-bound in their lodge, had fasted. Starvation seemed near. Smith entered the wigwam greatly despondent. Without speaking a word he laid aside his gun and powder-horn, and sat down by the fire, quite in despair. The old chief then inquired, mildly and calmly, respecting his success. Smith replied :

"We must all starve. The snow is so deep and the deer so wild that I cannot possibly get within gun-shot of them. And we are too far distant from any Indian settlement to obtain any food from them."

The chief, who was himself almost starved, having taken no food for two days, after a few moments' silence, said :

"Do you feel very hungry?"

"No," Smith replied. "The pangs of hunger are over. I feel dizzy, deathly sick, and am so weak that I can scarcely drag one foot after the other."

The life of the whole party depended upon the strength Smith might retain. The chief, aware of this, and apprehensive that he might return without game and nearly famished, had made what provision he could for the emergency.

"My brother," said he very tenderly, "Nungany has hunted up some food for you."

He then brought forward a small quantity of soup which had been prepared. It was made from the bones of a fox and a wild-cat, which, having been picked clean a few days before, had been thrown away. These the chief had directed to be gathered, pounded and boiled into a sort of soup; and had laid the meagre

dish aside for Smith, in case he should return in a starving condition.

Smith tasted of the food, and supposing it to be merely his share, and that the chief and the lad had enjoyed the same, devoured it with the voracity of a wolf. Tecaughnetanego sat in silence, until the last spoonful had been swallowed. He then handed Smith his pipe, and invited him to smoke. After he had finished the pipe, the venerable chief addressed him in the following remarkable speech :

“ My brother, I saw, when you first came in, that you had been unfortunate in hunting, and were ready to despair. I should have spoken at the time, and have said what I am now about to say ; but I have always observed that hungry people are not in a temper to listen to reason. You are now refreshed and can listen patiently to the words of your elder brother. I was once young like you ; but I now am old. I have seen sixty snows fall, and have often been in a worse condition, for want of food, than we now are in. Yet I have always been supplied, and that too at the very time when I was ready to despair.

“ Brother, you have been brought up among the whites, and have not had the same opportunities of seeing how wonderfully the Great Spirit provides food for his children in the woods. He sometimes lets them be in great want, to teach them that they are dependent upon him, and to remind them of their own weakness. But He never permits them absolutely to perish. Rest assured that your brother is telling you no lie. Be satisfied that the Great Spirit will do as I have told you. Go now and sleep soundly. Rise early in the morning and go out again to hunt. Be strong and diligent. Do your best and trust to the Great Spirit for the rest.”

This admirable speech, expressive of so devout and religious a spirit, coming from an untaught Indian, helpless in his infirmities, tormented with pain, and in danger of speedy death from starvation, remind us of the words of the apostle :

“ Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons ; but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.”

This spirit of the poor Indian may put to the blush many a white man, who, though instructed in all the wonderful revelations of Christianity, is living truly without God in the world. When

we consider the circumstances under which this speech was made, and that, from the depth of the snow, there was no prospect of relief, it must be regarded as a remarkable exhibition of trust in God.

Smith was very much impressed by the strong religious faith of the good old man; by his patience under suffering, and by his wonderful spirit of self-denial, which he soon found out, and which had induced him to starve himself that Smith might be fed. At daylight the next morning, after his frugal supper, and refreshing sleep, the young hunter was again, though breakfastless, wading through the snow, gun in hand, in search of game. He saw, in the distance, many deer; but the noise he made, by the breaking of the crust beneath his feet, alarmed them, and they fled. Noon came, and still he had taken nothing, and there was no prospect whatever of success.

Despair began to envelop him in gloomiest folds. He thought Tecaughnetanago's trust in God must prove all a delusion. The spare meal he had taken, the night before, seemed only to whet his appetite, and thus increase the pangs of starvation. He became ravenous for food and almost insane. In a state of semidelirium he turned his steps towards Pennsylvania, dreaming that he might find food there. Scarcely knowing what he did, he had wandered along about six miles, when he was almost entranced by the lowing of a herd of buffaloes directly in front of him. He had barely time to conceal himself, in a thicket, when a large number of those royal beasts of the prairie came along. They passed, in single file, but a few yards from his hiding-place. Selecting a fat heifer he fired. The bullet struck a vital point, and the animal fell dead. He immediately, with his flint, struck a fire, and cutting a few slices from the most fleshy and tender part, placed them to broil upon the coals.

He could only wait until the savory viands were slightly warmed, and then he gorged himself with the raw beef. The food appeared to him the most delicious he had ever tasted. Having appeased his hunger his thoughts immediately turned to the starving chief and the boy. Well skilled in selecting the choicest parts for cooking, he cut off a large quantity of the best portions of the heifer, and, loading himself with them, commenced, with renewed strength, a hasty return to the camp. The remainder of the buffalo he secured against its being devoured by the wolves,

and marked the spot that he might return for the precious deposit. It was late at night when he again entered the wigwam. Tecaughnetanego received him with the same mild and placid greeting which had thus far ever distinguished him. Seeing that he was loaded down with game he thanked him more affectionately for the efforts he had made for their relief. The poor boy, who was the youngest son of the chief, fastened his eyes upon the beef with almost wolfish voracity. But instructed in that Indian etiquette which allows but little expression to one's feelings, he uttered not a word.

His father directed him to hang on the kettle to boil some beef for them all. But Smith, seeing the famished condition of the child, said he would boil some beef for the chief and himself, while the boy could more expeditiously satiate his hunger by broiling some tender cuts upon the coals. The father nodded assent. The boy, who seemed to be under the most perfect discipline of obedience, sprang upon the meat like a famished wolf, and cutting off a slice with his knife, was unable to wait for it to be cooked, but began to demolish it raw.

In the meantime some choice pieces were put into the kettle to boil. Smith, supposing the chief to be at least as impatient as he was himself, after the meat had been boiling a few minutes undertook to take the kettle off the fire. But Tecaughnetanego, though he had fasted three full days, mildly said: "Let it remain until it is sufficiently cooked." He then told the child, who with the utmost voracity was devouring his food, that he must eat no more at present, but that after a little time he might sip some broth.

The imperturbability of the aged chief, under these circumstances, was most extraordinary. He manifested not the slightest impatience. Mildly, but by no means boastfully, he reminded Smith of their conversation the night before, and of the remarkable manifestation which they had now experienced of God's interposition in their behalf.

At length he judged that the beef had been sufficiently boiled, and desired that some might be brought to him. He then devoured it with eagerness, which showed how intense his wants had become. Early the next morning Smith repaired to the spot where he had killed the buffalo, that he might convey the rest of the meat to the camp. He, of course, took his rifle with him, as he might chance to meet with more game. He had traversed the forest but

a few miles, when he came across an immense elm tree, whose bark was much scratched, and looking up he saw, about forty feet from the ground, a large hole.

It could not be doubted that a bear had selected the hollow in the tree for his winter quarters. With his tomahawk he cut down a tall sapling, so that it fell against the high branches of the elm, giving him access to the orifice. He then collected some rotten wood and dry moss, and climbing the sapling until it reached the hole, set it on fire and dropped it in. The broken and decayed wood in the interior was like tinder. The fire spread, filling the hollow with suffocating smoke. He soon heard the noise of the aroused bear, coughing and sneezing, as he struggled on his way out.

Smith immediately descended to the ground, and as soon as the bear appeared, he put a bullet through his head. The grizzly monster fell dead, burying himself in the snow. Smith loaded himself with the two hind-quarters and hastened back to the camp with the precious burden and the joyous news. It required several toilsome journeys to convey the meat both of the bear and the buffalo to the camp. But the frost was an ample preservative of the meat, and they had now food in abundance for many days.

April came with mild breezes and genial skies. The rheumatism of the aged chief had very much abated, so that he was able to walk a little and do some light work. But he was quite incapable of taking a journey on foot to his distant village. The three inmates of the cabin built a bark canoe, and placing all their effects in it commenced paddling down the Ollentangy River, one of the branches of the Sandusky. But there was a drouth about that time, and the water in the stream became so shallow that there was great danger of the destruction of their frail bark by the sharp rocks.

The chief proposed that they should go ashore and pray to the Great Spirit to send some rain to raise the water. This was readily assented to, and the three landed. The chief, as he reverentially prepared to enter the august presence of the Great Spirit, subjected himself to a process of purification. He heated some stones very hot, bent over them a number of semi-circular hoops, and covered these over with a blanket, constructing something like what the soldiers call a shelter tent. Then, taking a kettle of water in his hand, he crept under the blankets, directing Smith

to tuck them down around so as entirely to exclude the external air.

He then commenced singing, in plaintive tones, a hymn to the Great Spirit, as he poured the water on the hot stones. He was soon enveloped in an almost scalding mist, and thrown into a profuse perspiration. He continued thus for about twenty minutes. He then came out ceremonially purified.

The fire at which he heated his stones was still burning. He now very solemnly offered the Great Spirit a burnt sacrifice of his most precious things. Tobacco was considered by the Indians of almost inestimable value. All that he had of this he took, and, as he cast it handful by handful into the fire, offered the following remarkable prayer:

"O, Great Spirit! I thank thee that I have regained the use of my legs once more; that I am now able to walk about and kill turkeys without feeling exquisite pain. Grant that my knees and my ankles may be perfectly well, that I may be able not only to walk, but to run and jump over logs as I did last Fall. Grant that on this voyage we may frequently kill bears as they may be crossing the Sandusky and the Scioto. Grant also that we may kill a few turkeys to stew with our bear's meat.

"Grant that rain may come to raise the Ollentangy a few feet, so that we may cross in safety down to the Scioto without splitting our canoe upon the rocks. And now, O Great Spirit, thou knowest how fond I am of tobacco; and though I do not know when I shall get any more, yet you see that I have freely given you all that I have for a burnt offering. And, therefore, I expect that thou wilt be merciful to me and hear all my petitions; and I, thy servant, will thank thee and love thee for all thy gifts."

This prayer was partly intoned and was accompanied by many ritualistic observances which, to an uninitiated looker on, seemed very strange. Smith regarded this chief with great veneration. He has given unequivocal testimony to his integrity, his benevolence, his high moral worth in all respects, and to his strong reasoning powers. Smith witnessed his devotions with profound respect until he saw the chief making the great sacrifice of throwing all his precious tobacco into the fire. This seemed to him so foolish that he could not refrain from smiling. The keen eye of the chief observed this irreverence, and he was much offended.

Soon after he called his young companion to him and addressed him in the following words :

"Brother, I have somewhat to say to you. When you were reading your books in our village, you know that I would not let the boys plague you or laugh at you, although we all thought it a foolish and idle occupation in a warrior. I respected your feelings then. But just now I saw you laughing at me. Brother, I do not believe that you look upon praying as a silly custom, for you sometimes pray yourself. Perhaps you think my mode of praying foolish. But if so would it not be more friendly to reason with me, and instruct me, than to sit on that log and laugh at an old man."

Smith felt keenly the rebuke, and was grieved that he had wounded the feelings of one whom he so highly revered. He declared to the chief that he respected and loved him; but that when he saw him throw the last of his tobacco into the fire, and recollected how fond he was of it, he could not help smiling a little. But he assured the chief that he should never again have occasion to complain of him on that account.

He then endeavored to explain to the chief the outlines of the Christian religion, dwelling particularly upon the atonement made upon the cross by the Son of God for the sins of man. The chief listened with great solemnity to this narrative. He then calmly replied :

"It may be so. What you have said does not appear to me so absurd as the doctrine of the Romish priests which I have heard at Detroit. I am now, however, too old to change my religion. I shall, therefore, continue to worship God after the manner of my fathers. If it is not consistent with the honor of the Great Spirit to accept me in that way, I hope that he will receive me on such terms as are acceptable to him. It is my earnest and sincere desire to worship the Great Spirit, and to obey his wishes. And I hope that the Great Spirit will overlook such faults as arise from ignorance and weakness, not from willful neglect."

A few days after this the rain came, and the voyagers, in their frail birch canoe, went on their way rejoicing. They found game in abundance. The devout chief, in these blessings, did not forget God the giver.

"You see," said he to Smith, "that God has heard my prayers, and, by his direct interposition, has answered them. From this

I have a right to infer that my religion is not unacceptable to Him."

In the Summer of 1759, Mr. Smith, after four years of captivity, if his adoption can be so called, accompanied Tecaughnetanego and Nungany, in a birch canoe, down the St. Lawrence to Montreal. Here he bade adieu to his kind friends and returned to his native country.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PONTIAC WAR.

ORIGIN OF PONTIAC — ESTABLISHMENT OF DETROIT — LOVE OF THE INDIANS FOR THE FRENCH — MEETING OF MAJOR ROGERS AND PONTIAC — HAUGHTINESS OF THE CHIEF — ANECDOTE OF MR. HENRY — REMARKABLE SPEECH OF MINAVAVANA — THE ARROGANCE OF THE ENGLISH — FORESIGHT OF PONTIAC — THE CONSPIRACY — SAGACITY OF PONTIAC — EXECUTION OF THE PLOT — THE MAUMEE FORT — THE FALL OF PRESQUE ISLE — CAPTURE OF MICHILIMACKINAC — THE ADVENTURES AT DETROIT.

SOON AFTER the overthrow of the French arms in Canada, and while the English were taking, one after another, the French posts along the French lakes, there appeared, upon the stage of action, one of the most extraordinary men those times developed. This was a renowned Indian Chief, by the name of Pontiac. He was a member of the Ottawa tribe of Indians, who occupied the territory in the vicinity of Michilimackinac. He was alike remarkable for his majestic and graceful form, his commanding address, and his persuasive eloquence. His courage also excited the admiration of all the Indians, and gave him almost unlimited authority over them.

The French settlement in Detroit was established in 1701. The Ottawas watched their encroachments with much solicitude. Three years after this the English, at Albany, succeeded in inducing a deputation of Ottawa chiefs to visit them. They represented to the chiefs, whose jealousy was already excited, that the French had formed a plan to subdue them, and to take the entire possession of their country.

The chiefs, on their return to Michilimackinac, summoned their warriors, made an attack upon Detroit, and endeavored to burn the town. After a pretty sharp battle the Indians were repulsed.

The French, however, by their conciliatory measures, soon won the confidence of these Indians. All the Indians in this region, ere long, became the warm friends of the French. A Chippeway chief, at one of their councils, soon after this reconciliation, said :

“ When the French arrived at these falls, they came and kissed us. They called us children, and we found them fathers. We lived like brethren in the same lodge.”

Thus influenced several hundred of the Indians were associated with the French in the defeat of Braddock. Pontiac probably led the Indian braves in this battle. In 1746 some of the northern tribes combined to attack Detroit. Pontiac hastened with his warriors to the rescue of the French.

In November, 1760, a detachment of English soldiers, under Major Rogers, was on the march to take possession of the ports along the lakes, which the French had been compelled to evacuate. As he was pressing forward, on the route from Montreal to Detroit, an embassy of warriors, from the proud Pontiac, met him. In the name of their chief they informed him that Pontiac, in person, was not far distant, and that he would soon hold an interview with him. They therefore requested the Major, who had entered his territories, to arrest his march, until Pontiac should have an opportunity of seeing him with his own eyes. The delegation was also especially enjoined to inform Major Rogers, that Pontiac was king and lord of the country through which the English were marching.

Though these haughty summons, coming from a savage, sounded strangely in the ears of a British officer, the Major, very considerately, drew up his troops and awaited the arrival of the Ottawa chieftain.

Pontiac soon appeared, surrounded by a brilliant staff of plumed and painted warriors; he towering above all the rest, and being manifestly the object of extraordinary homage. His first salutation was far from courteous, for, with a stern voice and a frown, he said :

“ What is your business in my country? And how dare you enter it, without my permission ? ”

Major Rogers, remembering that a soft answer turneth away wrath, replied :

“ I have no unfriendly designs against you or your people. My only object is to remove the French out of the country. They

storm had for several days swept the forest, sifting down its encumbering snow. Their food was exhausted. Smith, in the fierce storm, had gone out several days but had returned without any game.

The old chief, notwithstanding his helplessness, pain and hunger, never uttered a complaining or murmuring word. He would always greet Smith, on his return, with a smile, and endeavor to cheer him with agreeable conversation. The snow was so deep, with a slight crust, which broke beneath every footstep, that it was impossible for Smith, with his inexperience, to approach within gunshot of the deer.

One evening he returned, after a two-days' hunt, faint, hungry and exhausted, having obtained actually nothing. For the same time Tecaughnetanego, and the lad Nungany, snow-bound in their lodge, had fasted. Starvation seemed near. Smith entered the wigwam greatly despondent. Without speaking a word he laid aside his gun and powder-horn, and sat down by the fire, quite in despair. The old chief then inquired, mildly and calmly, respecting his success. Smith replied :

"We must all starve. The snow is so deep and the deer so wild that I cannot possibly get within gun-shot of them. And we are too far distant from any Indian settlement to obtain any food from them."

The chief, who was himself almost starved, having taken no food for two days, after a few moments' silence, said :

"Do you feel very hungry?"

"No," Smith replied. "The pangs of hunger are over. I feel dizzy, deathly sick, and am so weak that I can scarcely drag one foot after the other."

The life of the whole party depended upon the strength Smith might retain. The chief, aware of this, and apprehensive that he might return without game and nearly famished, had made what provision he could for the emergency.

"My brother," said he very tenderly, "Nungany has hunted up some food for you."

He then brought forward a small quantity of soup which had been prepared. It was made from the bones of a fox and a wild-cat, which, having been picked clean a few days before, had been thrown away. These the chief had directed to be gathered, pounded and boiled into a sort of soup; and had laid the meagre

dish aside for Smith, in case he should return in a starving condition.

Smith tasted of the food, and supposing it to be merely his share, and that the chief and the lad had enjoyed the same, devoured it with the voracity of a wolf. Tecaughnetanego sat in silence, until the last spoonful had been swallowed. He then handed Smith his pipe, and invited him to smoke. After he had finished the pipe, the venerable chief addressed him in the following remarkable speech :

“ My brother, I saw, when you first came in, that you had been unfortunate in hunting, and were ready to despair. I should have spoken at the time, and have said what I am now about to say ; but I have always observed that hungry people are not in a temper to listen to reason. You are now refreshed and can listen patiently to the words of your elder brother. I was once young like you ; but I now am old. I have seen sixty snows fall, and have often been in a worse condition, for want of food, than we now are in. Yet I have always been supplied, and that too at the very time when I was ready to despair.

“ Brother, you have been brought up among the whites, and have not had the same opportunities of seeing how wonderfully the Great Spirit provides food for his children in the woods. He sometimes lets them be in great want, to teach them that they are dependent upon him, and to remind them of their own weakness. But He never permits them absolutely to perish. Rest assured that your brother is telling you no lie. Be satisfied that the Great Spirit will do as I have told you. Go now and sleep soundly. Rise early in the morning and go out again to hunt. Be strong and diligent. Do your best and trust to the Great Spirit for the rest.”

This admirable speech, expressive of so devout and religious a spirit, coming from an untaught Indian, helpless in his infirmities, tortured with pain, and in danger of speedy death from starvation, remind us of the words of the apostle :

“ Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons ; but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.”

This spirit of the poor Indian may put to the blush many a white man, who, though instructed in all the wonderful revelations of Christianity, is living truly without God in the world. When

have ever been an obstacle in the way of peace and commerce between the English and the Indians."

He then presented Pontiac with several belts of wampum. The chief received the gift with a stately bow, and said: "I shall stand in the path, through which you are walking, till morning." This was saying, very emphatically, in Indian phrase, that the English would not be permitted to advance any further, without the permission of Pontiac. Assuming an air of conscious superiority, the chief condescendingly inquired if Major Rogers or his army needed anything to make them comfortable for the night. "If so," said he, "my warriors will bring it to you."

But Major Rogers was equal to the emergency. With dignity he replied, "Whatever provisions we may need we shall pay for." By order of the chief an ample supply of provisions was sent into the British camp. We doubt not that the bearers received as ample a remuneration.

In the morning the chief, in the most imposing splendor of barbaric pomp, accompanied by his escort of warriors, again visited Major Rogers. He seemed a shade less austere and imperial in his bearing than the evening before. The Major, a representative of the crown of England, received him as an equal. Pontiac held in his hand a highly decorated pipe-of-peace. He lighted it, and, after taking a few whiffs, handed it to Major Rogers, saying:

"I, with this calumet, offer friendship to the Englishman and his troops. They have my permission to pass through my dominions. I will protect them from being molested by my subjects, or by any other parties of Indians who may be inclined to hostility."

This singular interview took place on the 7th of November, 1763, at the mouth of the Chogage River, many miles east of Detroit. Pontiac then, assuming the air of a protector of the helpless, and perhaps fully convinced that it was in his power, at any time, to crush the little band of Englishmen, who were traversing his realms, selected one hundred of his warriors and escorted the English, along the southern shores of Lake Erie, to Detroit. The Indians also assisted in driving a large number of fat cattle, which had been sent from Pittsburgh to Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, for the use of the army. Pontiac carried his precautions so far—and subsequent events showed the necessity for them—as to send messengers to all the Indian towns along the southern and western shores of the lake, informing the warriors that the English

were journeying under his special protection, and must not be molested.

Major Rogers confesses that, at one time, while on this march, his detachment was saved from utter destruction by the intervention of Pontiac. An overpowering band of Indians had assembled near the mouth of the Detroit River, and the English would have fallen victims to their fury, but for the protection of the great chief.

It is a fact, sustained by uncontradicted testimony, that the Indian tribes, without any known exception, regretted the overthrow of the French, and the domination of the English. Mr. Henry, an English gentleman, who published an account of his "Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories between the years 1760 and 1766," describes an incident which took place at the Island of La Cloche, in Lake Huron, in the Spring of 1761. He was very hospitably received and entertained, in a large village of Indians, on the island. At length they accidentally discovered, to their surprise, that he was an *Englishman*, they having previously supposed that he was a Frenchman. Instantly their whole demeanor toward him was changed. Very coolly they told him that, being an Englishman, he would certainly be killed by the Indians on his way to Michilimackinac, and, of course, be plundered of all his possessions. The Indians of La Cloche thought they might as well anticipate this event, and take their share of the pillage then.

Mr. Henry was powerless. He could make no resistance. The Indians helped themselves to such of his effects as they chose, generously leaving the remainder for the assassins who were to meet him on the trail. Mr. Henry writes that this hostility, manifested by the Indians, was exclusively against him *because he was an Englishman*. He was so oppressed with the consciousness of this hatred of his nationality, and of the destruction which consequently awaited him, that he assumed the disguise of a Frenchman, and, under that protection, succeeded in reaching Michilimackinac in safety.

Soon after Mr. Henry arrived at Michilimackinac, a large council of chiefs met at that post. They visited Mr. Henry as a stranger of distinction. The chief of this band of subordinate warrior chiefs, was a man of commanding stature, and of remarkably fine personal appearance and address, by the name of Min-

avavana. With a retinue of sixty braves, all dressed in the highest style of barbaric decoration, he entered the room where Mr. Henry awaited him. With colored plumes and fringes, and glittering beads, and highly polished armor, they presented truly an imposing aspect as, one by one, in single file, and in perfect silence, they ranged themselves around the apartment.

Then, at a signal from their chief, without a word being spoken, they all took their seats upon the floor. Each one then drew out his pipe and began to smoke. Minavavana, then rising, fixed his eyes steadfastly upon Mr. Henry, and, in very deliberate tones, said :

"You Englishmen must be very brave men. It is evident that you do not fear death, since you dare to come thus fearlessly among your *enemies*."

Then, after a moment's pause, he made the following extraordinary speech, addressing every word to Mr. Henry :

"Englishman! It is to you I speak. I demand your attention. Englishman! you know that the French king is our father. He promised to be such. We, in return, promised to be his children. This promise we have kept. Englishman! you have made war against our father. You are his enemy. How then could you dare to venture among us, his children! You know that his enemies are our enemies.

"Englishman! Our father, the King of France, is aged and infirm. Being fatigued he fell asleep. While asleep, you took advantage of him, and seized Canada. He will soon awake. I now hear him stirring, and inquiring for his children, the Indians. What will then become of you? You will be utterly destroyed.

"Englishman! though you have conquered the French, you have not conquered us. We are not your slaves. These lakes, woods, mountains were left to us by our ancestors. We will not part with them. The Great Spirit has provided food for us in these broad lakes and upon these mountains.

"Englishman! Our father, the King of France, has employed one young man to make war upon your nation. In this war many of them have been killed. It is our custom to retaliate till the spirits of the slain are satisfied. There are but two ways of satisfying them. The first is by spilling the blood of the nation by which they fell. The second is by covering the bodies of the dead with presents, and thus allaying the resentment of their relations.

"Englishman! Your king has never sent us any presents. He and we are still at war. We have no other father or friend among the white men but the King of France. As for you, we have taken into consideration the fact that you have ventured your life among us, trusting that we would not molest you. You do not come armed to make war. You come in peace, to trade with us, and to supply us with necessities which we need. We shall, therefore, regard you as a brother. You may sleep tranquilly. As a token of friendship we present you with this pipe to smoke."

Minavavana then rose and gave his hand to the Englishman. All his warriors did the same. The pipe was passed around, and the important ceremony was concluded.

Unfortunately the English authorities ever assumed towards the Indians a haughty and overbearing demeanor. B. B. Thatcher writes, in his very interesting *Life of Pontiac* :

"The English manifested but a slight disposition for national courtesy, or for individual intercourse, or for a beneficial commerce of any description. They neglected all those circumstances, which made the neighborhood of the French agreeable, and which might have made their own at least tolerable. The conduct of the French never gave rise to suspicion. That of the English never gave rest to it."

Pontiac foresaw the inevitable extermination of his race unless immediate measures were taken to prevent it. The plan of operations he adopted developed extraordinary genius, courage and energy. He decided to unite all the Indian tribes of the Northwest to make a simultaneous attack upon all the English posts upon the shores of the Great Lakes, and on the banks of the rivers in the Great Valley. The English, throughout all these vast regions, were to be utterly exterminated. The posts were then but about twelve in number. But they were all at very important points, selected by skilled French engineers.

These military and trading posts, of varied strength, were found at St. Joseph, Ouaitenon, Green Bay, Michilimackinac, Detroit, on the Maumee and Sandusky Rivers, at Niagara, Presque Isle, Le Boeuf, Verango and Pittsburgh.

The surprise was to be simultaneous, at the same hour, along a line thousands of miles in extent. The English garrisons would thus be unable to help each other. And should one detachment

of the English be successful it would not dishearten the rest. Some would certainly succeed. Should all be successful the war would be terminated at a blow, Pontiac would then again be the undisputed sovereign of the land, which had descended to him from his ancestors.

Pontiac first revealed his plan to the warriors of his own peculiar tribe, the Ottawas. It seems that many other tribes recognized him as a sort of elected Emperor, with a limited power over their movements. Major Rogers says:

"Pontiac had the largest Empire, and the greatest authority of any Indian chief that has appeared on the continent since our acquaintance with it."

The great chief, having assembled his warriors, made a very effective speech to them. He exhibited a beautiful belt, which he said he had received from their beloved Father, the King of France, with the request that his children would drive his and their enemies, the English, out of their territory. In glowing terms he depicted the haughty and insulting bearing of the English officers, dwelling upon the fact that some of those officers had even dared to inflict the disgrace of blows upon Indian braves.

"The Great Spirit," said this remarkable man, in conclusion, "has revealed to us the course which he would have us pursue. He tells us to abstain entirely from the use of intoxicating drinks, to abandon all articles of English manufacture, to arm ourselves with our own weapons, and to clothe ourselves with garments of our own make. 'Why,' said the Great Spirit indignantly, 'why do you suffer these dogs, in red clothing, to enter your country and take the land I have given you. Drive them from it. When you need my aid I will help you.'"

The warriors received this speech with enthusiasm. As Pontiac opened to them his plan of the campaign, a general burst of acclaim testified to the eagerness of the warriors for the conflict. Agents were immediately dispatched to all the confederate tribes to enlist their services. Twenty powerful tribes were speedily and ardently enlisted in this alliance. The Ohio and Pennsylvania Delawares, and the renowned Six Nations of New York, were included in the number.

All these arrangements were conducted with so much secrecy that the English had no suspicion of the storm which was brewing. "Peace reigned on the frontiers. The unsuspecting traders

journeyed from village to village. The soldiers in the forts shrunk from the sun of early summer, and dozed away the day. The frontier settler, singing in fancied security, sowed his crop, or watching the sun set through the girdled trees, mused upon one more peaceful harvest, and told his children of the horrors of the long war now, thank God, over. From the Alleghanies to the Mississippi the trees had leaved, and all was calm life and joy. But even then, through the gloomy forest, journeyed bands of sullen red men, like the gathering of dark clouds for a horrid tempest.*

Inexorable time swept on, and, at length, the day and the hour arrived. Almost at the same moment the attack began in all these widely scattered posts. Everywhere the British traders were seized, and, in less than an hour, over one hundred were put to death. Nine of the English posts were immediately captured, and there was a general massacre of the inmates. Detachments of savages were assigned to the destruction of every village and farm-house. The genius of Pontiac had, with marvelous skill, arranged for the attack all along the frontiers of Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, and what is now known as Ohio. The tidings of these awful massacres spread with great rapidity, and more than twenty thousand settlers fled in terror from their homes.

The forts, which were captured, were generally taken by stratagem. The perfidious cunning of the Indians is deserving of record. They seemed to have adopted the ancient maxim, that fraud was as praiseworthy in war as courage.†

There was quite an important post at the mouth of the Maumee River. An Indian woman came running into the fort, with piteous cries, and said that, at a very short distance from the fort, she found a man dying from an accidental wound, and with tears she entreated the commander to repair to his assistance. The humane officer, without the slightest suspicion of treachery, took a few men with him, and, following the guidance of the woman, hastened to bring the wounded man into the fort. They were way-laid, and, by one discharge of musketry, were all shot. The savages then rushed from various places of concealment into the fort, and very easily succeeded in cutting down the remainder of the garrison thus taken entirely by surprise.

* The Great West, by Henry Howe.

† "*An virtus, an dolos, quis ab hoste requirat.*"

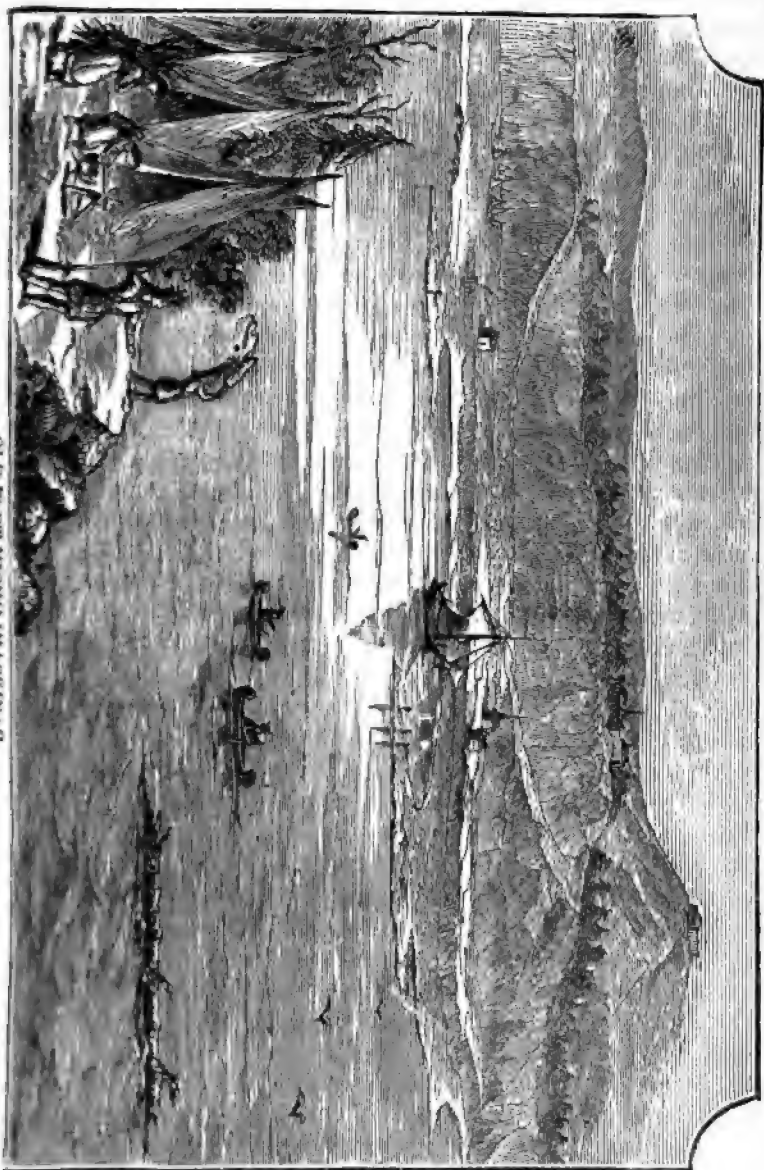
At Presque Isle, on the southeastern shore of Lake Erie, three Indians appeared in gay attire and joyous spirits. They said that they were a part of a hunting party, whose canoes, laden with a very valuable stock of peltries, were in a little cove about a mile from the fort. The commandant, and quite a number of men, immediately set out to purchase the furs.

Not long after they were gone, a hundred and fifty Indians came to the fort, each with a pack of furs upon his back. They said that the commandant had bought their furs and had employed them to bring them in. Nothing could be more natural than this. The stratagem succeeded perfectly. As soon as they were in the fort they threw off their packs, which had been so arranged as to hide their weapons, and with one simultaneous yell of the hideous war whoop, fell with tomahawk, scalping knife and rifles upon the astounded garrison. The Indians had sawed off their rifles that they might make them so short that they could be concealed under their flowing garments. Successful resistance was impossible. In almost less time than it has taken us to describe it, the work of death was completed. Those who had been led out of the fort were drawn into an ambush and shot.

Michilimackinac was one of the most important positions on the frontier. "Nothing," says a modern writer, "can present a more picturesque and refreshing spectacle to the traveler, wearied with the lifeless monotony of a voyage through Lake Huron, than the first sight of the Island of Michilimackinac, which rises from the watery horizon in lofty bluffs, imprinting a rugged outline along the sky, and capped with a fortress on which the American flag is seen waving against the blue heavens."

In the Indian language "Macinac" means *turtle*; "Michilimackinac" means *great turtle*. The Island was so named from its supposed resemblance to that animal. The old trading post of Michilimackinac stood upon the extreme southern point of the peninsula, about nine miles south of the island. The French under Father Marquette, with quite a large company of Huron Indians, visited the spot, and impressed with the admirable advantages of the location for prosecuting the fur trade, located themselves there and built a fort. It soon became one of the most important of the interior posts.

Wonderful scenes were often witnessed there in the palmy days of the fur trade. There were sometimes seen collected there one



OLD FORT MICHAELMACRINAGH.

or two thousand Indians. The waters would seem alive with birch canoes, as the gaily dressed Indian, with his squaw and papooses, paddled the frail skiff rapidly over the harbor. They came from all along the shores of the great lakes, and from the many streams which emptied into them. The relations of the Indians with the French were more than friendly — they were almost affectionate. The French traders frequently married the daughters of the chiefs, and many of them became incorporated into their tribes.

The post at Michilimackinac was the deposit of all goods employed in the northwestern fur trade. It was ever the point of departure, between the upper and lower countries, where the traders assembled on their voyages to and from Montreal. The fort, as it was called, consisted of an area of about two acres, enclosed in pickets of cedar wood. Three sides were thus fortified, while the fourth reached the water's edge, where it was open. There were about thirty comfortable log cabins within these pickets. These were occupied by about the same number of families. Two small brass cannon were mounted on bastions. The garrison consisted of about one hundred soldiers. Picturesque lodges of the Indians were scattered all around.

A large number of the Chippewas and Sacs were to coöperate in the attack upon this station. The king's birth-day, which was to be a season of general jollity, was the appointed occasion. As one of the festivities of the day a large number of the Indians were to engage in one of their favorite games of ball. Two posts were planted in the ground, just outside of the palisades, about half a mile from each other. Each party had its post. They all met in the center, with bats in their hands. The ball was placed upon the ground, and the game consisted in seeing to which post the ball could be driven.

With a party of perhaps five hundred Indians on each side, driving the ball, with sinewy arms, over the wide extended plains, and all rushing after it in indescribable tumult, the game became exceedingly exciting. It was one of the most extraordinary of spectacles, as these Indians, plumed and painted, and in gala dresses, with shouts and laughter, pursued the ball as it was struck wildly, now in this direction, and now in that. It was certain that the game would call out all the garrison and the families to witness it. So far as is now known not the slightest suspicion of treachery was entertained.

Nothing would be more natural than that, in the excitement of the game, the ball should be driven over the pickets. The Indians would, of course, rush after it pell mell. This would excite no alarm. Very adroitly the savages carried out their plan. The ball flew in all directions, pursued, with whoop and halloo, by nearly a thousand warriors. The game became intensely exciting, even to all the onlookers. At length, a well aimed blow threw the ball high over the palisades into the enclosure of the fort. With a simultaneous rush the Indians pursued it. Some clambered the pickets. Some rushed in at the open gateway. Some rushed round and entered by the open front which faced the water.

Scarcely a moment elapsed ere there were nearly a thousand warriors within the enclosure. Mr. Henry, the English traveler, of whom we have previously spoken, has given a minute and very graphic account of the scenes which then ensued. He had not gone out of the fort to witness the game, as a canoe was just on the point of departure for Montreal, and he was busy writing letters to his friends.

It will be remembered that the fort was simply a village of about thirty houses, surrounded by pickets. As Mr. Henry was engaged in writing he heard suddenly a great tumult, blended with loud outcries. Somewhat alarmed, he rose and went to the window. An awful sight met his eye.

The fort was full of Indians, all well armed, having drawn their concealed weapons, and they were cutting down and scalping every Englishman within their reach. They seemed in a state of perfect frenzy, all uttering the shrill war whoop, or other hideous yells. The ground was already covered with many struggling in the agonies of death. He had in his chamber a fowling piece, loaded with swan-shot. Almost instinctively seizing this, he returned to the window, but it instantly occurred to him that the report of his gun would only secure his own more immediate and certain destruction. He stood at the window in great terror, expecting every instant to hear the fort-drum beat to arms. While thus standing several of his countrymen were cut down. He saw more than one struggling between the knees of the savages, who thus held them, and scalped them while yet alive and shrieking.

It is very remarkable that while this awful scene was transpiring there were several Frenchmen, Canadian villagers, looking

composedly upon the slaughter. The vengeance of the Indians was directed to the English alone. They had no desire to expel the French. They prized their society and their commerce; and it was their openly avowed wish to restore their father, the King of the French, to his supremacy in their dominions. Not a Frenchman was molested. And though the French took no part with the Indians, it can scarcely be doubted that their sympathies were with them.

Mr. Henry, seeing that the fort was taken beyond all possibility of recapture, and that there was no apparent escape for his countrymen from the general massacre, conceived the hope that he might possibly find refuge in the house of some one of the Frenchmen. Monsieur Langlade lived in the next house to the one which he occupied. There was a low fence which separated the two back yards. Running out at the door, he climbed the fence, and rushing into the house he found the whole family looking out at the window upon the horrible spectacle before them.

Mr. Henry, pallid with terror, entreated Monsieur Langlade to conceal him in his house till the massacre should be over. The Frenchman looked at him for a moment, and then, turning again to the window, shrugged his shoulders and said: "I can do nothing for you."

There was in the room an Indian woman, one of the Pawnee tribe, who was a servant to Madame Langlade. She beckoned the Englishman to follow her, and led him to the garret, where she told him that he must conceal himself the best way he could. She left him, and locking the door, with much presence of mind took away the key. The garret of the cabin was dark, without any window. But there were large cracks between the boards of the wall, through which cracks Mr. Henry could obtain a full view of all that was taking place in the area of the fort.

Here he beheld, with horror, the truly infernal deeds of the savages. There can be no fiend worse than man in his fury. The dead were scalped, and their bodies mutilated in every ferocious way which barbaric ingenuity could invent. Many were writhing and shrieking as the keen knife circled their heads, and their bloody scalps were torn off. "From the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory."

We have heard of "Godlike human nature." And the Psalmist says, "Thou didst create him but little lower than the angel." But surely man has fallen into terrible depths. And he must indeed be *regenerated* before he can be fit again to be restored to the society of his angel brothers.

But a few moments passed before the massacre was completed. Not a living Englishman could be seen. The savages now commenced a search for those who might be concealed. Mr. Henry, from his hiding place, saw a gang of the savages entering M. Langlade's house. The floor of the garret consisted merely of a layer of loose boards. He could, therefore, see all that transpired, and hear all that was said in the room below.

"Are there any Englishmen here!" one of the savages inquired.

"I cannot say," Monsieur Langlade replied. "I do not know of any. You must search for yourselves and then you will be satisfied."

This was true. Monsieur Langlade did not know but that Mr. Henry had left his house. The savages then came to the garret door. Sometime was lost in getting the key. Mr. Henry improved the fortunate moments in hiding in the midst of a heap of litter which chanced to be in one corner of the garret. He had but just completed his concealment, when four savages came clambering up the rickety stairs, their tomahawks literally dripping with blood.

Mr. Henry felt that his last hour had certainly come. He was stifled for want of breath. It seemed to him that his heart beat loud enough to betray him. The Indians searched the dark garret in all directions. One of them came so near that Mr. Henry could have touched him with his hand. The Indians were all the time entertaining Mr. Langlade with a glowing and hilarious account of their great achievement. At last the savages returned down the stairs. Soon after this Madame Langlade, who did not know of his concealment, went into the garret for some purpose, and was surprised in finding him there. Her womanly nature was touched. She told him that all the English who could be found were killed, but that she hoped that he might escape. He was left in his concealment for the night.

Upon descending the stairs she reflected that there was no possibility of the escape of Mr. Henry from Michilimackinac

unseen by the numerous bands of savages who now held the post; and that if he should be found secreted in her house, she, her husband and her children would certainly fall victims to their vengeance.

In the morning she informed Wenniway, a ferocious savage chief, that an Englishman was concealed in her garret. He was a man of gigantic stature and of brutal instincts. Immediately he came to the house, followed by half a dozen savages, all naked to the waist and intoxicated. With compressed lips the chief entered the garret, seized Mr. Henry by the wrist, and brandishing a large knife, was just upon the point of plunging it into his heart, when a new impulse came over him.

He had lost a brother in the war with the English. The idea struck him that, in accordance with the Indian custom, he would adopt Mr. Henry in his stead. After a moment's pause, the knife gleaming in the air, he sheathed it, saying: "I will not kill you. I will adopt you." Thus Mr. Henry's life was saved, and he was subsequently ransomed.

Seventy of the English, at the station, were slain. This included nearly all of English birth who were to be found at that remote post. Of these it is said that several were cooked and eaten in savage triumph. A very few, under varied circumstances, were saved as captives. These were eventually redeemed. Thus fell Michilimackinac, through Indian treachery and prowess.

At Detroit there were some suspicions that Pontiac was endeavoring to form a combination of the Indian tribes against the English at these posts. It was also intimated that the French were encouraging him in this enterprise, hoping thus to regain their lost power. This is by no means improbable. Both parties did what they could to enlist the Indians under their banners. The following passage is found in a letter written from Detroit on the 19th of May, 1765:

"Pontiac is now raising the St. Joseph Indians, the Miamies, the Mascoutins, the Ojibwas, the Pians and the Illinois, to come to this place the beginning of next month to make what effort they can against us. They are to be joined by some of the Northern Indians, as is reported. This, they say, is to be an undertaking of the Indians alone, as they are to have no assistance from the French. I make no doubt of their *intention* to perform what we have heard of. But I do not think that it will come to any head.

"I am well convinced that if Pontiac could be made to believe that he would be kindly received at this place, he would desist from any hostile measures against us. But it will be impossible to convince him of that while there are such a number of traitorous villians around him. You cannot imagine what most infamous lies they tell."

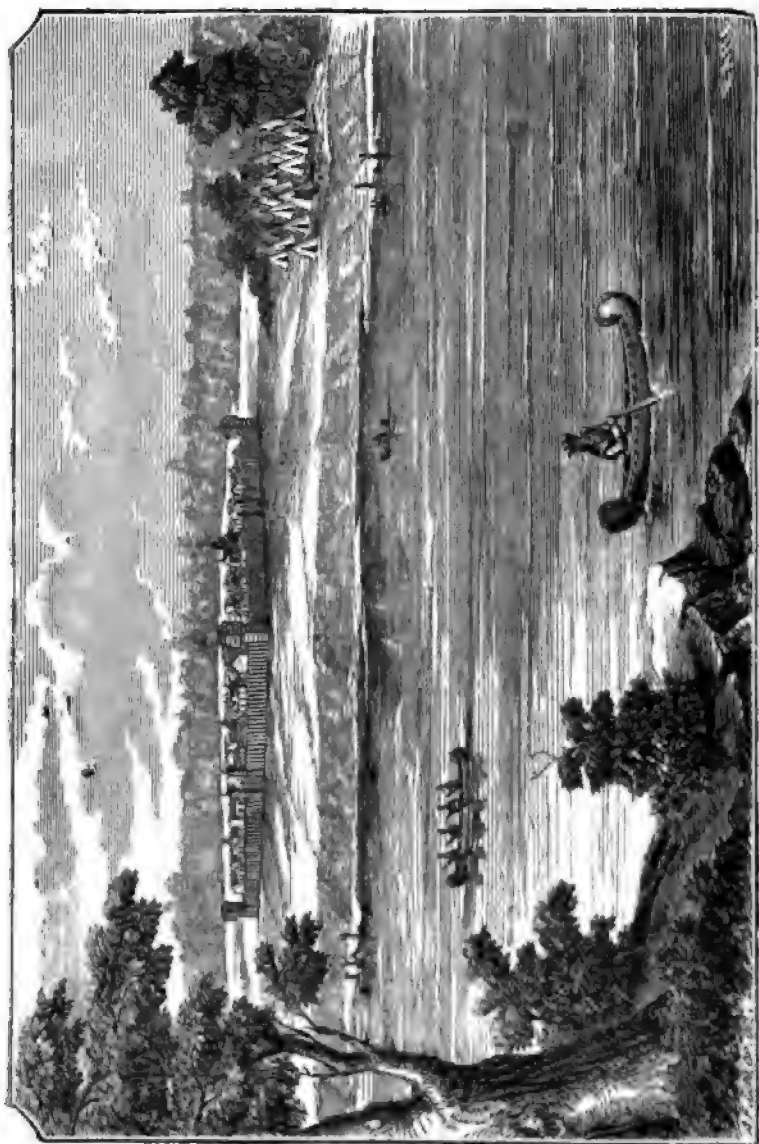
In this last statement there is doubtless reference to the efforts which the French were supposed to be making to exasperate the Indians against the English. In Thatcher's Indian Biography we find the following account of the condition of Detroit at that time :

"The town is supposed to have been enclosed by a single row of pickets, forming nearly four sides of a square. There were block-houses at the corners and over the gates. An open space intervened between the houses and the pickets. This formed a place of arms and encircled the village. The fortifications did not extend to the river ; but a gate opened in the direction of the stream, and not far from it, where, at the date in question, two armed vessels, fortunately for the inhabitants, happened to lie at anchor.

"The ordnance of the fort consisted of two six pounders, one three pounder, and three mortars. All of these were of an indifferent quality. The garrison numbered one hundred and thirty, including officers. There were also, in the village, something like forty individuals who were habitually engaged in the fur-trade. The inadequate proportion of the force even to the size of the place may be inferred from the fact that the stockade, which formed its periphery, was more than one thousand feet long."

Detroit, next to Quebec and Montreal, was at that time the most important of all the stations which the British had captured from the French along the line of the great lakes. Not only an immense amount of goods were stored there for the widely extended fur trade, but it is said that, at times, there were more than two millions of dollars in coin at the station.

Pontiac himself undertook to preside over the operations here. The 8th of May was the day appointed for the attack. In the meantime the most friendly intercourse was to be cultivated, and every effort was to be made to disarm suspicion. Pontiac, the imperial chief, was to present himself at the gate, with a retinue,



OLD FORT DETROIT.

suitable to his rank, of three hundred warriors, and was to request a council with the commandant, Major Gladwin, in which they were to smoke the calumet of peace and treat of friendly matters. The commandant would, of course, attend in state, with all his prominent officers. The Indian warriors had sawed off their rifles, making them short, so that they could conceal them under their blankets.

At a given signal, which was to be the presentation to the commandant of a wampum belt, in a peculiar way, the warriors were instantly to draw out their rifles, every one having his marked man, and shoot down the commandant and all his officers. Then, grasping their tomahawks, they were to fall upon the garrison in indiscriminate massacre. Some were to rush to the gates, throw them open, and admit a large number of the Indians waiting on the outside to take part in the slaughter.

The plan was sagaciously formed. There can be no doubt but that it would have been successfully carried out but for a betrayal of the plot. Mr. Thatcher writes :

"Carver states, and his account is substantially confirmed by tradition, as well as by other authorities, that an Indian woman betrayed the secret." She had been employed by the commandant to make him a pair of moccasins out of elk skin. She brought them to the fort on evening of the 7th of May. Pontiac had but a few hours before appeared at the fort, with his escort, and had solicited a council, to be held in the fort the next morning, the 8th. This request had been promptly granted.

The Indian woman had been kindly treated by the commandant, and was very friendly in her feelings. Major Gladwin paid her generously for her work. He requested her to make him another pair, and furnished her with the skins. The woman took them, but seemed strangely embarrassed. She went to the door, hesitated, turned around to go back, as if her errand was not completed, then hesitated again, and at length slowly and thoughtfully went out. Still she loitered around the door, and appeared so strangely that a servant asked her what the trouble was, and what she wanted. To these inquiries she made no reply whatever.

The Major was informed of her conduct, and ordered her to be called in. Kindly he questioned her. After much hesitation she said that she did not like to take away the elk skin because she could



UNVEILING OF THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC.

From a photograph of painting by Stanley, in possession of W. W. Heckus.

never bring it back. This led to more serious and earnest inquiries, and gradually the woman divulged the whole plot.

Pontiac had so deceived the community that the commandant was not at all disposed to credit the revelation. Still he deemed it prudent to be prepared for the defense. He called his officers before him, informed them of the alleged conspiracy, and requested that the garrison should be secretly placed in perfect order to repel the attack should one be made. All the traders and their dependents, within the fort, were to be put upon their guard, with strict injunctions that nothing should be done to intimate to the Indians that treachery on their part was suspected. Through the night the ramparts were very carefully watched.

A strong body guard was ordered to be present at the council, with their muskets loaded and primed ready for instant action. They were placed in a position where, the signal being given, they could cut down the Indian warriors with a storm of deadly bullets. In the fort the night passed away tranquilly. But in the Indian camp, on the outside, there was great revelry, with dancing and shouting.

In the morning the Indian warriors had a great carouse. They sang their war songs and danced their war dance with much enthusiasm. They then repaired to the fort, and were admitted without any hesitation. But the quick eye of Pontiac discerned that the garrison was under arms, that the guards were doubled, and that all the officers were armed with swords and pistols. As they passed along the little village, to the appointed place of council, he perceived unusual activity on the streets, and indications of a special movement among the troops.

He inquired of the British commander what was the cause of this unusual movement. He was answered that it was necessary to keep the young men busy, in the performance of duty, lest they should lose their discipline, and become idle and ignorant.

The council was soon convened. But Pontiac was evidently very uneasy. He had not at all expected to meet such preparations for defense; and undoubtedly feared that the plot had been either fully or partially divulged. Still he assumed a bold imperial air. He made a genuine Indian speech, with impassioned words, and ever increasing vehemence of gesticulation.

Just as he was on the point of presenting the belt to Major Gladwin, at a signal from the commandant, the drums at the door

suddenly beat the charge. Instantly the soldiers leveled their muskets at the very breasts of the Indians, while all the officers drew their swords from their scabbards, presenting a very formidable array of glittering steel.

The bravery of Pontiac no one has ever doubted. But this decisive proof that his treachery was discovered, and that his own life, and that of so many subordinate chiefs might, in an instant, be sacrificed, entirely disconcerted him. He trembled, and hesitated in delivering the belt. Major Gladwin, sword in hand, approached the chief, and drawing aside his blanket pointed to the shortened rifle, and reproaching him for his treachery, instead of instantly ordering all to be shot, with perhaps misjudged humanity, simply commanded them to leave the fort. Major Gladwin was honorable in the highest degree. He had promised the savages safety in coming and going. He was true to his pledge. Many would have thought that the clearly developed treachery of the savages deprived them of all right to this protection.

Humiliated and sullen they retired. But the moment they were outside of the gates they gave a yell of rage and defiance, and impotently discharged a volley of bullets against the garrison. The Indians probably outnumbered the garrison ten to one, and were almost equally well armed. They could also speedily summon a very large addition to their force. The situation of the little garrison was consequently still very precarious. Just outside of the fort there was an aged English woman, Mrs. Turnbull, residing with her two sons. The Indians murdered and scalped them all. At a little greater distance there was an English family, that of James Fisher, tilling a few acres around their lonely cabin. The savages murdered him, his wife, and four soldiers who, perhaps, had been stationed there for their protection. The children and servant maid were carried off into captivity.

CHAPTER VII.

SIEGE OF DETROIT.

ASSAULT OF THE FORT — THE CONFERENCE — PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE — DISASTER TO THE BARGES — BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT — ESCAPE OF A BOAT — THE RE-ENFORCEMENT — DEFEAT OF THE CANOES — INDIAN FIRE RAFTS — TERROR AT THE FRONTIERS — ASSASSINATION OF MAJOR CAMPBELL — ARRIVAL OF RE-ENFORCEMENTS — SHREWDNESS OF PONTIAC — THE AMBUSH — PEACE — MOVEMENTS OF PONTIAC — EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS — ANECDOTES OF PONTIAC — ELOQUENT SPEECH — ASSASSINATION OF PONTIAC — GRANDEUR OF THE GREAT VALLEY — THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

PONTIAC, HAVING been frustrated in his plan of taking Detroit by surprise, dispatched his runners, in all directions, to summon the warriors, of various tribes, to surround the fort, assail it with constant vigilance, and thus starve the garrison into capitulation. During the ninth, the warriors were rapidly assembling and taking their positions. On Tuesday morning, the tenth of May, a general assault was undertaken, to try the strength of the fort.

All the day long a hot fire was kept up on both sides. No bullets were thrown away. Every shot followed deliberate aim. On each side several were killed, and many more wounded. The savages were very careful to post themselves behind fences, trees, stumps, and particularly in, and behind several barns and other buildings, which were within musket shot of the palisades. The garrison heated some spikes red hot, and shooting them from their cannon, set fire to these buildings, and thus drove the savages from their shelter. The soldiers fired with such accuracy of aim, that soon the savages did not venture to approach within reach of their bullets.

There was a low ridge, at a short distance, from whose summit the pickets could be overlooked. The savages crept up this hill,

and, lying flat upon the ground, endeavored to continue their fire. But if they raised their head in the slightest degree to take aim, they were very sure to be struck by the bullet of some sharp-shooter. Finding that they accomplished very little in this way they gave up the plan.

It was estimated that there were over a thousand savages surrounding the extensive area of the fort. Should they make a simultaneous attack, from different points, the situation of the garrison would be hopeless. Neither were the inmates of the fort prepared for a protracted siege. They had but three weeks' provision, even when put upon the allowance of but one pound of bread and two ounces of pork for each man a day.

Through the intervention of the French, whom the Indians manifested not the slightest disposition to harm, a truce and conference were proposed. Pontiac sent a delegation of five warriors into the fort, with the request that the commandant should send two of his officers to confer with Pontiac himself at his camp. He also, for some unknown reason, suggested that Major Campbell, whom he well knew, might be one of the commissioners. Lieutenant McDougall was appointed as the other. Several of the French accompanied the commissioners.

Pontiac proposed the following fair, and, considering the desperate condition of the garrison, very liberal terms of capitulation: "Let the English troops lay down their arms as our fathers, the French, have been obliged to do. They must leave the cannon, the magazines, the merchant goods, and the two armed vessels. We will then escort the garrison in safety to their friends at Niagara."

To this proposition Major Campbell promptly replied: "My commanding officer did not send me here to deliver up the fort to the Indians or to any one else. He will defend it so long as a single man is left to stand by his side."

Hostilities were immediately recommenced. The savages pressed the siege with so much vigor that, for several weeks, "the whole garrison, officers, soldiers, merchants and servants were on the ramparts every night. Not one of them slept in a house, excepting the sick and wounded in the hospital."

The most vigorous efforts were made to replenish the stores of the starving garrison, but with only partial success. Three weeks after the commencement of the siege, on the 30th of May, the

sentinel on duty, from his look-out, announced that a large fleet of boats was seen approaching from far down the river. It was not doubted that the boats contained a supply of provisions and reinforcements from Niagara. All hurried to the bastions to gaze upon the welcome spectacle.

But Pontiac was a vigilant foe. His scouts had been stationed along the northern shores of Lake Erie to report immediately upon the appearance of any boats in the distant horizon. These sharp watchers discerned the distant squadron, and, by the swiftest runners, transmitted the intelligence to their chief.

About sixty miles east from the mouth of the Detroit River, on the northern or Canada shore of Lake Erie, there is a remarkable cape called Point Peleé. Pontiac sagaciously surmised that the fleet of barges would draw up under the shelter of that cape for the night. Here he stationed a large party of warriors in ambush. These boats were not sufficiently large for the boatmen to sleep in them, or in them to cook their food. As Pontiac had imagined, the little fleet entered a sheltered cove on the cape, and the voyagers prepared for their night's encampment. The boats were carefully moored, and the weary boatmen, having built their fires, cooked and eaten their supper, and stationed their guard, fell asleep. No one apprehended danger at such a distance from Detroit.

Just before the dawn of day these warriors crept from the ambush, and, more noiseless than the panther, in their moccasined tread, approached the spot where the English were soundly sleeping. A tremendous discharge of musketry was heard; a storm of lead fell upon the sleepers, and apparently an innumerable company of savages came rushing from the darkness, making night hideous with their yells and their war whoops. Brandishing their tomahawks they fell upon the surprised boatmen with awful slaughter.

One officer and about thirty men effected their escape. Being very near the beach they sprang into a boat and crossed the lake to the southern or Ohio shore. The others were all either killed or taken captive. The exultant savages formed all the barges in a line, and compelling their prisoners to navigate the boats, entered the mouth of the river and were ascending with their valuable booty of provisions and ammunitions to Detroit.

Four English boatmen were placed in each boat under a strong

guard of Indians. The boats were kept close to the shore, along which marched a large detachment of warriors, rifle in hand, ready instantly to shoot down any one who should make the slightest attempt at escape.

The poor creatures who were killed were scalped, and their bloody trophies of barbarian victory were borne along on poles as banners. It was this captured fleet of batteaux which the sentinel had descried ascending the river. Terrible was the disappointment of the starving garrison when they heard, from the boats in the distance, and from the escort on the shore, the exultant yells and the defiant war whoop, which told them that the boats, with all their precious cargoes, had fallen into the hands of their foes.

When the line of boats was directly opposite the town, four soldiers, in one of the boats, choosing rather to die by the rifle than by torture, which they knew to be the fate for which they were reserved, resolved upon an utterly desperate attempt to escape. Suddenly they changed the course of the boat towards the western shore, where the armed vessels were at anchor. The river was here about three-quarters of a mile in width. With frantic shouts they called upon the crew to come to their help. The movement was so sudden, and so rapidly was the boat driven out into the stream, by the energies of despair, that the Indian guard leaped overboard and swam ashore. One of them dragged one of the soldiers with him, and both were drowned. The Indians in the other boats fired upon the fugitives, but did not dare to pursue them, in consequence of the cannonade with which they were assailed from the armed schooner. These heroic men soon reached the vessel. One only of the three was wounded.

The Indians, alarmed by this escape, immediately landed all the boats, and transferred their cargoes to the shore. Then these human demons scalped and roasted their victims. The shrieks of the sufferers, under the dreadful torture, was borne across the water to the garrison, causing every bosom to burn with the desire for vengeance.

A few days after these appalling events, an armed vessel was sent from Niagara with supplies, and with a reinforcement of about fifty troops on board. Early in the month of June the vessel entered the mouth of the river. A large detachment of Indians was sent down the river, from the siege of Detroit, to

intercept the vessel. In the darkness of the night they embarked in a fleet of canoes, and silently they descended the swift current of the stream.

The wind having died away, the vessel dropped anchor near the head of a small island called Fighting Island. The captain of the vessel ordered his men to lie concealed, with guns loaded and primed. The small cannon, also, which he had on board, was charged almost to the muzzle with grape shot. The Indians were suffered to approach close to the vessel, when the signal was given by the stroke of a hammer upon the mast, and the little vessel itself quivered with the explosion which ensued. It seemed suddenly to be converted into a volcano in violent eruption. The nearest canoes were almost blown out of the water. The men all took sure, though hasty aim, and scarcely a bullet failed of accomplishing its deadly mission. The slaughter of the Indians, crowded together in their frail canoes, must have been terrible. How great their loss was never known. The panic-stricken warriors paddled away with the utmost speed.

The next morning the vessel dropped a little farther down the river, where she was detained six days for want of wind. On the thirteenth of June a fair breeze came in from the south, and on the thirteenth of the month the blessed relief reached the half-famished garrison in safety. There were now three armed vessels lying at anchor before the fort, in the broad and rapid river. Pontiac was anxious to destroy them. He was fully conscious that he could not capture them.

With the skill of an European engineer he commenced building far up the river several immense fire rafts which, laden with combustibles, would be almost like solid islands on fire floating down against the vessels. Several such attempts were made, but they were thwarted by English energy and skill. The following extract from a letter dated Detroit, July 6, 1763, gives one a vivid idea of the condition of the English settlement and garrison during the siege.

"We have been besieged here two months by six hundred Indians. We have been upon the watch night and day, from the commanding officer to the lowest soldier, since the 8th of May. We have not had our clothes off, nor slept a night since the siege began. We shall continue so till we have a reinforcement. Then we hope to give a good account of the savages. Their camp lies about



DEFEAT OF THE CANOES.

a mile and a half from the fort. That is the nearest they choose to come now.

"For the first two or three days we were attacked by three or four hundred of them. But we gave them so warm a reception that they do not care for coming to see us, though they now and then get behind a barn or a house and fire at us at three or four hundred yards distance. Day before yesterday we killed a chief and three others, and wounded some more. Yesterday we went up with our sloop and battered their cabins in such a manner that they are glad to keep farther off."

The next day, the 9th of July, another letter was written, from which we make the following extracts. It is composed in a peculiar style of forced mirth and irony :

"You have, long ago, heard of our pleasant situation ! But the storm is blown over. Was it not very agreeable to hear, every day, of their cutting and carving, boiling and eating our companions ? To see every day dead bodies, floating down the river, mangled and disfigured ? But Britons, you know, never shrink. We always appeared gay to spite the rascals. They boiled and ate Sir Robert Devers. And we are informed by Mr. Panly, who escaped the other day from one of the stations, which was surprised at the breaking out of the war, and which he commanded, that he had seen an Indian have the skin of Captain Robertson's arm for a tobacco pouch.

"Three days ago a party of us went to demolish a breast-work which the Indians had made. We finished our work and were returning home. But the fort, espying a party of Indians following us as if they intended to attack us, we were ordered back, and making our dispositions, we advanced briskly. Our front was fired upon warmly, and we returned the fire for about five minutes. In the meantime Captain Hopkins, with about twenty men, filed off to the left ; and about twenty French volunteers filed off to the right, and got between the Indians and their camp fires.

"The savages immediately fled, and we returned, as was prudent ; for a sentry, whom I had placed, informed me that he saw a body of the Indians coming down from the woods. Our party, being but about eighty, was not able to cope with their united bands. In short, we beat them handsomely, and yet did not much hurt to them, for they ran extremely well. We only killed their leader and wounded three others. One of them fired at me

at the distance of fifteen or twenty paces. But I suppose my terrible visage made him tremble. I think I shot him."

The leader who was killed was one of the prominent chiefs of the Ottawas. It is said that both of the English commissioners, Major Campbell and Major McDougall, were, it would seem perfidiously, detained by Pontiac. There may have been some explanation of this which has not been transmitted to us. A direct act of treachery of that kind was not in character with Pontiac.

One of the Ottawa tribe, in revenge for the death of his chief, fell upon Major Campbell and murdered him. "The brutal assassin," writes Mr. B. B. Thatcher, "fled to Saginaw, apprehensive of the vengeance of Pontiac. And it is but justice to the memory of that chieftain to say, that he was indignant at the atrocious act, and that he used every possible exertion to apprehend the murderer."

On the 26th of June a detachment, of three hundred regular troops, arrived from Niagara. They came in strong, well-armed vessels, which the savages could not venture to attack from their frail birch canoes.

Apprehensive that Pontiac, in view of such an accession of strength to the garrison, might immediately raise the siege, and escape with his warriors unpunished, arrangements were made to attack him that very night. But Pontiac proved himself decidedly a more able captain than the English leader.

He immediately sent all the women and children away, apparently broke up his camp, and stationed his whole force of warriors in ambush upon the route which he knew the garrison must take to attack his camp. It is astonishing that the English, after all their past experience, could again be caught in such a trap. With singular infatuation they pressed heedlessly along in the darkness till they came to a bridge, which crossed quite a wide brook, which, since that time, has been not inappropriately called Bloody Run. Very high grass and dense thickets were on both sides of the sluggish stream. Here the warriors were concealed, every one with his rifle in hand, ready to take deadly aim at any who might be crossing the bridge.

The thoughtless troops, two hundred in number, were crossing the bridge, hastening forward to catch the savages before they could have time to escape. Suddenly a volley of musketry was

poured in upon the troops. Nearly every bullet struck a man. Many were killed. Many more were wounded. The commandant was one of the first who fell. All were thrown into consternation. As the English turned, in disorderly retreat, the bullets of the foe pursued them. The unerring aim of the Indians may be inferred from the fact, that while seventy were killed outright, but forty were merely wounded. This was an extraordinary case. Generally in battle many are wounded to one who is killed.

This engagement took place at night about a mile and a-half above the fort. This humiliating defeat aroused the English to more energetic action. An army of three thousand men was promptly raised, and sent to the relief of the posts on the lakes. Pontiac saw at once that he could not successfully compete with such a force. Too proud himself to negotiate for peace, he retired, far away, to Illinois. The chiefs of several of the coalesced tribes settled the terms with the English officers.

The movements of Pontiac were still watched with much anxiety. It was greatly feared that his busy mind was active in organizing a new coalition among the remoter tribes. In a letter from Detroit, dated December 3, we find the following expressions of alarm:

"We have been lately very busy in providing abundance of wheat, flour, Indian corn and peas, from the country. In this we have so far succeeded as not to be in danger of being starved out. 'Tis said that Pontiac and his tribe have gone to the Mississippi, but we do not believe it. The Wyandotts, of Sandusky, are much animated against us. They have been reinforced lately by many villains from all the nations concerned in the war."

Shortly after this it was written: "About twelve days ago several scalping parties of the Pottawatamies came to the settlement. We now sleep in our clothes, expecting an alarm every night."

Early in the Summer of 1764, General Bradstreet succeeded in convening an immense council of Indians at Niagara. Nearly two thousand Indians attended. They represented twenty-two tribes. This fact shows very clearly how vast were the operations which the mind of Pontiac had been controlling. The haughty chieftain, while he gave his consent that the tribes, in the vicinity of Detroit, should make peace with the English, by whom they were now overpowered, would assume no personal responsibility in the act.

suddenly beat the charge. Instantly the soldiers leveled their muskets at the very breasts of the Indians, while all the officers drew their swords from their scabbards, presenting a very formidable array of glittering steel.

The bravery of Pontiac no one has ever doubted. But this decisive proof that his treachery was discovered, and that his own life, and that of so many subordinate chiefs might, in an instant, be sacrificed, entirely disconcerted him. He trembled, and hesitated in delivering the belt. Major Gladwin, sword in hand, approached the chief, and drawing aside his blanket pointed to the shortened rifle, and reproaching him for his treachery, instead of instantly ordering all to be shot, with perhaps misjudged humanity, simply commanded them to leave the fort. Major Gladwin was honorable in the highest degree. He had promised the savages safety in coming and going. He was true to his pledge. Many would have thought that the clearly developed treachery of the savages deprived them of all right to this protection.

Humiliated and sullen they retired. But the moment they were outside of the gates they gave a yell of rage and defiance, and impotently discharged a volley of bullets against the garrison. The Indians probably outnumbered the garrison ten to one, and were almost equally well armed. They could also speedily summon a very large addition to their force. The situation of the little garrison was consequently still very precarious. Just outside of the fort there was an aged English woman, Mrs. Turnbull, residing with her two sons. The Indians murdered and scalped them all. At a little greater distance there was an English family, that of James Fisher, tilling a few acres around their lonely cabin. The savages murdered him, his wife, and four soldiers who, perhaps, had been stationed there for their protection. The children and servant maid were carried off into captivity.

CHAPTER VII.

SIEGE OF DETROIT.

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One of the Ottawa tribe, in revenge for the death of his chief, fell upon Major Campbell and murdered him. "The brutal assassin," writes Mr. B. B. Thatcher, "fled to Saginaw, apprehensive of the vengeance of Pontiac. And it is but justice to the memory of that chieftain to say, that he was indignant at the atrocious act, and that he used every possible exertion to apprehend the murderer."

On the 26th of June a detachment, of three hundred regular troops, arrived from Niagara. They came in strong, well-armed vessels, which the savages could not venture to attack from their frail birch canoes.

Apprehensive that Pontiac, in view of such an accession of strength to the garrison, might immediately raise the siege, and escape with his warriors unpunished, arrangements were made to attack him that very night. But Pontiac proved himself decidedly a more able captain than the English leader.

He immediately sent all the women and children away, apparently broke up his camp, and stationed his whole force of warriors in ambush upon the route which he knew the garrison must take to attack his camp. It is astonishing that the English, after all their past experience, could again be caught in such a trap. With singular infatuation they pressed heedlessly along in the darkness till they came to a bridge, which crossed quite a wide brook, which, since that time, has been not inappropriately called Bloody Run. Very high grass and dense thickets were on both sides of the sluggish stream. Here the warriors were concealed, every one with his rifle in hand, ready to take deadly aim at any who might be crossing the bridge.

The thoughtless troops, two hundred in number, were crossing the bridge, hastening forward to catch the savages before they could have time to escape. Suddenly a volley of musketry was

poured in upon the troops. Nearly every bullet struck a man. Many were killed. Many more were wounded. The commandant was one of the first who fell. All were thrown into consternation. As the English turned, in disorderly retreat, the bullets of the foe pursued them. The unerring aim of the Indians may be inferred from the fact, that while seventy were killed outright, but forty were merely wounded. This was an extraordinary case. Generally in battle many are wounded to one who is killed.

This engagement took place at night about a mile and a-half above the fort. This humiliating defeat aroused the English to more energetic action. An army of three thousand men was promptly raised, and sent to the relief of the posts on the lakes. Pontiac saw at once that he could not successfully compete with such a force. Too proud himself to negotiate for peace, he retired, far away, to Illinois. The chiefs of several of the coalesced tribes settled the terms with the English officers.

The movements of Pontiac were still watched with much anxiety. It was greatly feared that his busy mind was active in organizing a new coalition among the remoter tribes. In a letter from Detroit, dated December 3, we find the following expressions of alarm:

"We have been lately very busy in providing abundance of wheat, flour, Indian corn and peas, from the country. In this we have so far succeeded as not to be in danger of being starved out. 'Tis said that Pontiac and his tribe have gone to the Mississippi, but we do not believe it. The Wyandotts, of Sandusky, are much animated against us. They have been reinforced lately by many villains from all the nations concerned in the war."

Shortly after this it was written: "About twelve days ago several scalping parties of the Pottawatamies came to the settlement. We now sleep in our clothes, expecting an alarm every night."

Early in the Summer of 1764, General Bradstreet succeeded in convening an immense council of Indians at Niagara. Nearly two thousand Indians attended. They represented twenty-two tribes. This fact shows very clearly how vast were the operations which the mind of Pontiac had been controlling. The haughty chieftain, while he gave his consent that the tribes, in the vicinity of Detroit, should make peace with the English, by whom they were now overpowered, would assume no personal responsibility in the act.

"When I make peace," he said, "it shall be such a one as will be useful to me, and to the King of Great Britain. But he has not as yet proposed his terms."

It was very evident that, for many months, the movements of Pontiac caused great solicitude throughout all the extreme western frontier posts.

"Mr. B. B. Thatcher, in his *Life of Pontiac*, writes: "It would appear that Pontiac was instigated by *some* of the French. It is believed that only *individuals* among them were guilty of the practice alleged. Those at Detroit conducted themselves amicably even during the war; and some of them, as we have seen, volunteered to fight against the Indians. Still where Pontiac now was, there would be the best possible opportunity of exerting a sinister influence over him, there being many Frenchmen among the Illinois, and they not of the most exemplary character in all cases.

"On the whole it seems to us probable, that while the last mentioned combination was really an undertaking of his own, it might have been checked at any moment, and, perhaps, never would have been commenced, had not Pontiac been renewedly and repeatedly prejudiced, against the English interest, by the artifice of some of the French and, perhaps, some of the Indians.

"However his principles in regard to that subject might remain unchanged, no abstract inducement, we think, would have urged him to his present measures, under the circumstances to which he was now reduced. But, be that as it may, the principles themselves need not be doubted. Nor can we forbear admiring the energy of the man in pursuing the exemplification and vindication of them in practice. His exertions grew only the more daring as his prospects became the more desperate."

It is difficult for us now to conceive of the terror which the coalition of Pontiac inspired. His allies were found as far north as Nova Scotia, as far south as Virginia, and on the west nearly to the banks of the Mississippi. The following brief extracts from letters, written from the several posts during the year 1763, show how extensive and deep was the alarm which was excited. From Fort Pitt, on the 31st of May, 1763, it was written:

"There is most melancholy news here. The Indians have broken out in divers places, and murdered Colonel C—— and his family. An Indian has brought a war belt to Tusquerora, who

says that Detroit was invested and St. Dusky cut off. All Levy's goods were stopped at Tusquerora by the Indians. Last night eight or ten men were killed at Beaver Creek. We hear of scalping every hour. Messrs. Gray and Allison's horses, twenty-five, loaded with skins are all taken."

A fortnight after this we read in a letter from the same post:

"We have destroyed the upper and lower towns. By to-morrow night we shall be in a good posture of defense. Every morning, an hour before day, the whole garrison are at their alarm posts. Ten days ago the Indians killed Patrick Dunn, and a mare of Major Smallman's; also two other men. Mr. Crawford is made prisoner, and his people are all murdered. Our small posts I am afraid are all gone."

We have previously described the destruction at Point Peleé of the party sent from Niagara with reinforcements and supplies for the garrison at Detroit. In the following letter from Albany, dated June 16, there is reference to this calamitous event:

"You must have heard of the many murders committed on the English by different tribes of Indians, at different places. This makes many fear that the rupture is, or will become, general among the southern tribes. Lieutenant Cuyler, with a party of Green's Rangers, consisting of ninety-seven men, set out from Niagara with provisions for Detroit. Cuyler sent his servant to gather greens. The lad being gone so long, a party was sent for him, who found him scalped. He put his men in the best position for a sudden attack. The Indians fell upon them, and killed and took all but the Lieutenant and thirty of his men, who retreated back to Niagara, leaving near two hundred barrels of provisions with the enemy."

In a letter from Winchester, Virginia, June 22, we find the following statement: "Last night I reached this place. I have been at Fort Cumberland several days, but the Indians having killed nine people there, made me think it prudent to remove from those parts, from which I suppose near five hundred families have run away within this week. It was a most melancholy sight to see such numbers of poor people, who had abandoned their settlements in such consternation and hurry that they had scarcely anything with them but their children."

The next day we find the following, in a letter from Philadelphia: "By an express just now from Fort Pitt, we learn that the

Indians are continually about that place. Out of one hundred and twenty traders, but two or three escaped. It is now out of doubt that there is a general insurrection among all the Indians."

A gentleman writes again from Philadelphia on the 27th of July: "I returned home last night. There has been a good deal said in the papers, but not more than is strictly true. Shippensburg and Carlisle are now become our frontiers. None are living at their plantations but such as have their houses stockaded. Upwards of two hundred women and children are now living in Fort Loudoun, a spot not more than one hundred feet square. Great Briar and Jackson's River are depopulated. Upwards of three hundred persons have been killed or taken prisoners. Over a territory one hundred miles in breadth and three hundred in length not one family is to be found. By these means there are near twenty thousand people left destitute of their habitations."

Nothing can show more conclusively than the foregoing extracts the wide-spread terror which pervaded the frontier community, and the genius of the man who could organize and control so vast a coalition of untutored savages. Every well authenticated anecdote of Pontiac exhibits him as a man of remarkable nobility of character, considering his origin and the influences by which he was surrounded.

It will be remembered that the first detachment of British troops sent to take formal possession of the posts on the lakes conquered from the French were led by Major Rogers. Pontiac met the detachment and escorted it safely to Detroit. Major Rogers confesses that, but for his protection, he and his men would inevitably have been massacred.

As a compliment for this protection, Major Rogers sent Pontiac a bottle of brandy, His counselors advised him not to taste it. "It must be poisoned," said they; "and it is sent with a design to kill you." Pontiac laughed at their suspicions, saying, "He cannot take my life, for I have saved his."

Though the French had surrendered all their posts upon the lakes, there was still a station, under their control, among the powerful tribe of the Illinois Indians. To this station Pontiac, with quite an imposing retinue of his warriors had retired. The English, then at peace with France, sent Lieutenant Frazer, with a company of soldiers, to that station,—undoubtedly as a spy upon the movements of the chieftain.

Pontiac understood it in that light, and considered it an act of aggression. He, therefore, called upon the French Commandant to deliver his visitor into *his* hands. The officer attempted to pacify him. Pontiac replied :

“You, the French, were the cause of my striking the English. This is your tomahawk which I hold in my hand.”

The Indians had by this time assembled in such large numbers as to be quite capable of taking the law into their own hands. Pontiac ordered all the English to be arrested at once. This was promptly done. The whole company was seized, with the exception of Frazer, who effected his escape to the protection of the French garrison. The exasperated savages threatened the death of all the prisoners unless their leader should be given up. The gallant Englishman, to save the lives of his comrades, came forward and surrendered himself.

The Indians were eager to put them all to death. Even with civilized nations this is the penalty of spies in time of war. Pontiac protected them all, and held back the tomahawks of his warriors. But considering the state of excitement among the Indians, and the improbability of his restraining individual vengeance, he advised Lieutenant Frazer to leave the country. He could not, in safety, traverse the wilderness, which was filled with roving Indian bands. A batteaux was therefore provided for him, and he floated down the river safely to New Orleans. “Pontiac,” said Lieutenant Frazer, “is a clever fellow. Had it not been for him, I should never have got away alive.”

We have but very scanty memorials of the eloquence of this extraordinary man. It is perhaps probable that he excelled in deeds rather than in words. We have, however, one of his speeches recorded, which he delivered in a conference with the French, at Detroit, on the 23d of May, 1763. He was endeavoring to persuade the French to unite their forces with his, in the coalition against the English. It will be perceived that his speech indicates a very strong and a very logical mind. He spoke as follows :

“My brothers, I have no doubt but that this war is very troublesome to you. My warriors, who are continually passing through your settlements, frequently kill your cattle and injure your property. I am sorry for it. I hope that you do not think that I am pleased with this conduct of our young men.

“As a proof of my friendship, recollect the war you had seven-

teen years ago, and the part I took in it. The northern nations combined to destroy you. Who defended you? Was it not myself and my young men? The chief, Mackinac, said, in council, that he would carry to his native village the head of your chief warrior, and that he would eat his heart and drink his blood.

"Did I not then join you? Did I not go to his camp, and say to him, 'If you wish to kill the French, you must pass over my body and the bodies of my young men?' Did I not take hold of the tomahawk with you, and aid you in fighting your battles with Mackinac, and in driving him home to his country? Why do you think I would turn my arms against you? Am I not the same French Pontiac who assisted you seventeen years ago? I am a Frenchman, and I wish to die a Frenchman.

"My brothers, I begin to see that, instead of assisting us in our war with the English, you are actually assisting them. I have already told you, and I now tell you again, that when I undertook this war it was only your interest I sought, and that I knew what I was about. I yet know what I am about. This year they must all perish. The Master of Life so orders it. His will is known to us, and we must do as He says. And you, my brothers, who know Him better than we do, wish to oppose His will.

"Until now, I have avoided urging you upon this subject, in the hope that, if you could not aid, you would not injure us. I did not wish to ask you to fight with us against the English. But I did not believe that you would take part with them. You will say that you are not with them. I know it; but your conduct amounts to the same thing. You will tell them all we do and say. You carry our counsels and plans to them. Now, take your choice. You must be entirely French, like ourselves, or entirely English. If you are French, take this belt, for yourselves and your young men, and join us. If you are English, we declare war against you."

In the year 1767 there was a large council of Indians held in Illinois to deliberate upon the posture of affairs. It is probable that the question was whether the war against the English should be renewed. An Indian of the Peoria tribe was present as a spy, to report the proceedings to the English. This Indian, at the close of a speech by Pontiac, plunged his knife into his heart, and the great chieftain fell dead upon the spot. Carver says that he committed the foul deed, "either commissioned by one of the

English governors, or instigated by the love he bore the English nation."

The savage assassin fled. But the love of the Indians for their great chieftain was such that they avenged his death with the utmost severity of barbarian punishment. Four tribes—the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatamies, Sacs and Foxes—made common cause with the friends of Pontiac to annihilate the tribe to which the murderer belonged. The Peoria tribe, and two others who joined them, were, it is said, utterly exterminated,—men, women and children. Mr. Thatcher, writing of this event, says:

"There is little doubt that Pontiac continued firm in his original principles and purposes—that he endeavored to influence, and did influence, a large number of his countrymen—and that the Peoria savage, whether a personal enemy or spy, or, what is more probable, both, did assassinate him with the expectation, to say the least, of doing an acceptable service to some foreign party, and a lucrative one for himself.

"We need not assert that he was commissioned by an English governor. Pontiac was an indefatigable and a powerful man, and a dangerous foe to the English. He was in a situation to make enemies among his countrymen, and the English were generally in a situation and disposition to avail themselves of that circumstance."

The death of Pontiac terminated, for several years, all hostile ties between the English and the Indians. For eight years there was comparative peace on the frontiers; and this peace would doubtless have been continued but for the atrocities inflicted upon the Indians by vagabond white men.

English traders, crossing the Alleghanies, spread rapidly through all the extensive Valley of the Ohio, both north and south of that river, exchanging their commodities for the peltries of the red men. Quite a mania for emigration rose on the east side of the mountains. The Valley of the Ohio was described as a paradise in its genial clime, its fertility, and its wonderful beauty of hills and vales and crystal streams. It was said, and perhaps with truth, that there was no other river on the globe which surpassed the Ohio in all the elements of attractiveness for happy homes.

The La Belle Riviere of the French, from its rise at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela at Pittsburgh, flows gently, in a southwesterly direction, through beautifully undulating hills

and wide-spread lovely valleys, a distance of nine hundred miles to the Mississippi River. It is six hundred and forty miles, in an air-line from Pittsburgh to its mouth. There is certainly not a more luxuriant realm or a more genial clime upon the globe.

At the present time this magnificent valley is divided into ten states, all of which are drained by the Ohio and its many tributaries. These states are Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama.

"The southern streams have freshets in them, one after another, so as scarcely ever to be all up at any one time. When the freshets in the southern branches have done pouring their increased waters into the Ohio, the northern ones begin to pour theirs into it, though, inasmuch as the streams in the State of Ohio all rise in about the same latitude, and on the same elevation, they often rise about the same time. The Alleghany and Monongahela branches rise in the Alleghany Mountains, among the snows and ices of that Alpine region, and these are the last to swell the Ohio. Those who dwell along the banks of this fine river, know, from the driftwood and other indications, what particular stream has produced the freshet. The Big Sandy sometimes brings down, from its sources in North Carolina, the reed-cane. The hemlock floats from the head-waters of the Alleghany. When this last river is up—and it is the last to rise—the rafts of pine-boards descend the Ohio covered with families removing into the Western States. These bring along with them their all—their wives, children, horses, cattle, dogs, fowls, wagons, and household furniture of all sorts."^{*}

In the early history of the country, this broad, gentle, beautiful stream of crystal water, about eight hundred yards in average breadth, presented a most animating and joyous spectacle. Large and commodious flat-bottomed boats would float down the current in a bright June morning. Each boat would contain a single family, men, women and children, with all their animals and household furniture. A little cabin at one end of the boat furnished protection from the weather. It was the parlor, the bed-room, and the kitchen of the little emigrant household. Water-fowl of great variety sported upon the glassy surface of the stream. A great abundance of game was seen upon the shores, including the buffalo and elk.

^{*} History of Ohio by Caleb Atwater.

Sometimes a single raft of pine-boards, half an acre in extent, would contain a neat log hut, and present a very peculiar aspect of rural beauty, as horses, sheep, dogs and poultry, were blended with the family of the emigrant. There was no toil in this journey. Two oars, appropriately placed, very easily kept the raft in the center of the stream. With corn-meal, milk from the cow, and the abundance of game, with which the rifle supplied them, the larder of the emigrant was luxuriously stored. Not unfrequently, several of these rafts would join together; the aspect then would be beautiful, as the little floating village of six or seven families, with all the variety of live-stock, was gently borne down the windings of the stream. Reaching their destination, the rafts were broken up and the voyagers established themselves on the shore.

These emigrants were generally a joyous, musical race. Not unfrequently, bugle blasts were heard reverberating among the green eminences which bordered the stream. Again the violin would give forth its merry notes, and groups would be gathered on the level planks in the dance. The settler from his log-cabin on shore, would wave his hat, and shout a "God-speed" to the passers by. And even the Indian warriors, from their picturesque lodges, in the sheltered coves, would gaze silently, yet with friendly feelings, upon the novel scene. The emigrant brought almost to their doors, knives, and hatchets, and rifles, and many of the conveniences of civilized life, which the Indians could obtain in exchange for their peltries, their game, and their garments of softly dressed deer-skins. The Indians ever welcomed the French into their borders, for even the most humble among the French were gentle and fraternal, and were disposed to incorporate themselves with the tribes. The English might thus have found happy homes with their brother, the red man, but for the atrocious conduct of desperate and bloody minded individuals, who, in the wilderness, were restrained by no law, and who remorselessly trampled all the rights of the Indians beneath their feet.

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The leader who was killed was one of the prominent chiefs of the Ottawas. It is said that both of the English commissioners, Major Campbell and Major McDougall, were, it would seem perfidiously, detained by Pontiac. There may have been some explanation of this which has not been transmitted to us. A direct act of treachery of that kind was not in character with Pontiac.

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CHAPTER VIII.

LORD DUNMORE'S WAR.

THE OHIO LAND COMPANY — THE FRENCH AND INDIAN TREATY — EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS — SPEECH OF LAWANGQUA — INDIAN RECEPTION OF MR. CROGHAN — ENGLISH INJUSTICE — PURCHASE OF SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON — CRESAP'S VILLANY — MURDERS BY GREATHOUSE — INDIAN REVENGE — PLAN OF LORD DUNMORE — ROUTE OF GENERAL LEWIS — THE HOCKING AND SCIOTO — LEWIS' FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS — ANCIENT POETRY — ROUTE OF LORD DUNMORE — HIS PREPARATIONS — SPEECH OF CORN PLANTER — LOGAN — TREATY OF LORD DUNMORE — DEATH OF LOGAN — ABILITY AND ELOQUENCE OF CORNSTALK — AUTHENTICITY OF LOGAN'S SPEECH.

AS EARLY as the year 1748, nearly twenty years previous to the time of which we are now writing, several gentlemen of the Virginia Council, associated themselves with certain London merchants, and obtained from the crown, a grant, of half a million of acres of land, to be taken principally from the south side of the Ohio River, between the Monongahela and Kanawha Rivers. This organization was called, The Ohio Land Company. One of its principal objects was, to establish an English colony in the much coveted valley, which, it will be remembered, was then claimed by the French. The French, at that time, had between forty and fifty forts, missionary stations, and trading posts, in various parts of the valley. The English had not a single settlement there.

The King of France, to render his claim to the region still more unquestionable, entered into a treaty with the Indians, by which they very cordially placed the whole country under his protection. It would seem that even then, the Indians feared the encroachments of the English. It must be confessed, that the English authorities, were not disposed to pay much respect to the claims of the Indians, to the vast realms over which they wandered in pursuit of game.

When, four months before the fall of Fort Duquesne, the English sent commissioners across the mountains to endeavor to detach them from the French, one of their orators said :

“Why do you not fight your battles at home, or on the sea, instead of coming into our country to fight them? The white people think we have no brains; that they are many, and we a little handful. But remember where you hunt for a rattlesnake you cannot find it. But perhaps it will bite you before you see it.”

By the treaty of peace to which we have referred, after the fall of Pontiac, the Indians agreed to surrender all the prisoners whom they had taken from the English. These prisoners were dispersed far and wide, mainly along the villages which fringed the shores of the Muskingum, the Sciota, the Great and Little Miami, the Sandusky, and others of the lovely streams which were tributaries of the Ohio. The savages had taken many little boys and girls, and had incorporated them into their tribes. They had manifestly loved them sincerely, and cared for them tenderly. It was a custom of the Indians to adopt these little captives in the place of their own lost sons and daughters.

It was often with deep emotion that they surrendered these objects of their affection. With sighs and tears, and broken ejaculations of grief, they often brought them to the office appointed to receive them. Many of the children, also, whose parents had been slain, whose homes were burned, and who had spent many years with their foster parents, having forgotten the relationships of their infant years, had formed such strong attachments for their new homes that they were very reluctant to be returned to the settlements of the pale faces. A Shawanese chief, Lawaugqua by name, was entrusted with a number of these captives to convey them to Fort Pitt. As he surrendered them to the officer he said :

“Father, we have brought your flesh and blood to you. They have all been united to us by adoption. Though we now deliver them, we shall always look upon them as our relations, whenever the Great Spirit is pleased that we may visit them. We have taken as much care of them as if they were our own flesh and blood. They are now become unacquainted with your customs and manners, and, therefore, we request you to use them tenderly and kindly, which will induce them to live contentedly with you.”

After this touching address he then spoke of the desire of the

Indians to live in peace with the English. "Father," he said, "we will now comply with everything you have asked of us. We assure you that we are sincere in everything we have said. Here is a belt with a figure of our father, the King of Great Britain, at one end, and the chief of our nation at the other. This represents them holding the chain of friendship. We hope that neither side will slip their hands from it so long as the sun and moon give light."

This scene took place in May, 1765, after the overthrow of Pontiac's power, but several months before his assassination. A very important council was at this time held at Fort Pitt, to deliberate upon the various questions which would naturally arise under the new posture of affairs. An English gentleman, Mr. George Croghan, was present at this council as deputy commissioner. When the council broke up he accompanied several Indian chiefs on a friendly visit to the tribes of Illinois. It will be remembered that among these tribes Pontiac had taken refuge, and that the English were very solicitous respecting the influence he might exert over them. In the report he made of this visit of observation, he testifies that he found these tribes greatly under the influence of the French, and strongly attached to them. The French had quite important settlements at Vincennes, Cahokia and Kaskaskia, from which they received their supplies.

He could not be blind to the fact that the Indians loved the French, and hated the English. He says that they had imbibed from their Canadian friends, and the traders that constantly visited them, an intense hatred of his own countrymen; that they were extremely reluctant to exchange the easy and friendly rule of the French, who called the red man brother, slept in his wigwam, married into his tribe, and who, through benignant missionaries, were teaching him the principles of the Christian religion; for what they deemed the haughty and imperious domination of the English, who treated them with but little respect, and manifested but slight regard for their rights. The Indians received Croghan with civility, but with no marks of friendship or confidence. He could not fail to see that he was not a welcome guest; and he was deeply impressed with the conviction that the peace then existing would prove of but transient duration.

A year after this, in the Spring of 1766, numerous families from the English colonies crossed the Alleghany mountains, and select-

ing for themselves the most fertile and attractive spots on the Monongahela River, erected their cabins and commenced clearing their lands. This they did without any purchase from the Indians, and without the slightest recognition that they had any title whatever to the country in which they had settled. It would seem that many of these settlers were unprincipled men, quite devoid of any sense of justice. They despised the Indians, treated them insolently, and if any of them ventured to remonstrate, replied only with menaces and insults.

The Indians felt justly and deeply aggrieved. They perceived that thus the English would eventually rob them of all their lands without any remuneration. Neither the English government nor the Colonial governments approved of these measures. But they were powerless to prevent the wanderings of these individual pioneers. The Indian agent entered his earnest protest against this injustice. They laughed at him. General Gage, Commander-in-Chief of the English forces in America, issued his proclamation denouncing such proceedings. They bade him defiance. Fearless alike of the authorities of their own country, and of the hostility of the Indians, they selected their lands wherever they pleased.

In the Spring of 1768, Sir William Johnson, Indian Agent, succeeded in purchasing from the Iroquois Indians whatever right and title they possessed to any portion of the Great Valley south of the Ohio River. But there were many other tribes who claimed this magnificent territory, which was profusely stocked with game, as their common hunting-ground. Immediately after this George Washington, and three of the distinguished family of Lee, formed a large company called the Mississippi Company. An agent was sent to England to solicit a grant from the ministry of two million of acres. This enterprise however failed. Various other schemes of the same kind were undertaken, with more or less of success. All eyes were directed to this Canaan of the New World.

In the meantime the flood of emigration was continually flowing across the Alleghanies and penetrating the luxuriant and blooming solitudes on each side of the Ohio. These emigrants, often traveling in quite large bands, were very rapidly possessing the whole country.

As was to have been expected, this unhappy state of affairs, these very needless and unjust proceedings, soon led to conflict,

bloodshed and woe. The contest which ensued, though short, was very sanguinary. It is called Lord Dunmore's War.

It originated in this way. On the twenty-seventh of April, 1774, a vagabond desperado by the name of Cresap, residing in the vicinity of the present City of Wheeling, heard of two families of Indians, who were a few miles farther up the river hunting and trapping. He took with him a gang of congenial villains, attacked these unoffending people, in cold blood murdered them all, and carried off their game and furs. These murderers came down the river that night to Wheeling in their canoes, laden with plunder. They found shooting Indians to be far better sport than shooting any other kind of game.

Soon after this they heard that there was a small band of Indian hunters, encamped a few miles farther down the river at the head of Captina Creek. Armed to the teeth, these men went down and robbed and murdered them all. Not long after this, there was quite a large party of Indians peacefully encamped about forty miles up the river, at the mouth of Yellow Creek, on the right or northern bank of the Ohio. A man by the name of Greathouse, took with him a party of seven men, and ascended the river to attack them. They landed on the south side of the Ohio, at Baker's Station, opposite, but just below the point of the Indian encampment. Greathouse concealed his gang of assassins there, and at night crossed the river in his canoe to reconnoiter the ground, and ascertain how many Indians there were in the encampment. As he was skulking along he fell in with an Indian woman. She was very friendly, and urged him not to show himself to the Indians. She said that they had heard of the murders which had been perpetrated by Cresap, and that they were drinking, and were very angry.

Greathouse paddled back across the river, to Baker's station, and in the morning succeeded in enticing quite a number of the savages across the river to his concealed encampment. Here, after getting them intoxicated, he deliberately shot them. The Indians on the other side of the river hearing the report of the guns, sent two of their number across to ascertain the cause. These men had but just stepped out of their birch canoe upon the shore, when, pierced by bullets, they fell dead. The report of these guns excited suspicion among the Indians, and they sent over quite a large armed force to investigate affairs. They crossed

the river in quite a number of birch canoes. But, before they landed, this villainous gang of white men fired upon them from an ambush, and killed a large number. The survivors, in consternation, returned to their encampment. Greathouse and his gang pursued them, and put all to death whom they could reach; men, women and children. In this atrocious massacre, the family of a noted Indian chief, Logan, ever the firm friend of the white men, were all put to death.

These unprovoked murders soon reached the ears of all the tribes throughout the great valley. There were hundreds of settlers who had then crossed the Alleghanies, and were quietly cultivating their farms, seeking friendly relations with the Indians, and treating them with true brotherly kindness. They abhorred these deeds as much as any reader of this narrative can abhor them. But the poor Indians knew not how to discriminate. The innocent had to suffer with the guilty. Every where, through the forest, over mountain and prairie, the war-whoop resounded, and the hosts rallied for war.

The governments of Virginia and Pennsylvania immediately dispatched messengers to all the frontier settlements to warn them of their danger. There was universal consternation. Many settlers abandoned every thing, and fled across the mountains. Others sought refuge in forts. In the meantime the Indians were roving in all directions, burning, killing, scalping, without mercy. The Legislature of Virginia raised four hundred volunteers, who were rendezvoused at Wheeling. They descended the Ohio River to the mouth of the Muskingum, where Marietta now stands. Ascending that river, they destroyed the Indian towns as far as Zanesville, killing many Indians, and adding greatly to their exasperation.

A vigorous campaign was now organized, to be composed of three thousand men. One division, of eleven hundred men, was to rendezvous in September, at Fort Union, in Green Briar County, Virginia. Near this point the Kanawha River takes its rise, among the western declivities of the Alleghanies. They were then to descend the valley of this river to its mouth, on the Ohio River. Here, at a spot known as Point Pleasant, they were to encamp and await the arrival of Lord Dunmore. He, with two thousand men, was to ascend the Cumberland, in Maryland. Thence he was to force his way across the Alleghany Mountains

to the Monongahela River. He was to follow that river until he reached the Ohio. Thence he was to descend to Point Pleasant, where he was to form a junction with Lewis.

On the 11th of September, 1774, General Lewis commenced his march. His route lay mainly through a pathless wilderness, where not even the trail of the Indian could be found. All his baggage, including provisions and ammunition, could be carried only on pack-horses. They had to wind their way through wild ravines and dense forests, and over crags, which it would seem that the mountain-goat could with difficulty climb. There is perhaps no region on the continent, of more majestic scenery, than these gloomy gorges and sublime heights of the Alleghany Mountains.

For nineteen days this gallant little band was toiling along, surmounting innumerable difficulties, until the formidable barrier was passed, and descending the western declivities, they reached the lovely Valley of the Kanawha. The distance across the mountains, from Camp Union, in Virginia, to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, in what is now Kentucky, was one hundred and sixty miles. It is said that the march was more difficult than Hannibal's celebrated passage of the Alps.

At Point Pleasant, where the Kanawha enters the Ohio, General Lewis expected to meet, and form a junction with Earl Dunmore. It was the first of October, 1744, when he reached the place of his destination. Finding that Lord Dunmore had not arrived, he went into camp. After waiting nine days, a messenger came with the intelligence that the Governor had changed his plan. Instead of descending the Ohio in his barges, to Point Pleasant, he would stop about thirty miles farther up the stream, at the mouth of the Hocking River. Then, ascending that stream in a northerly direction, as far as the Falls, he would strike directly across the country, to the west, a distance of about sixty miles, till he should reach the banks of the Scioto, where the Indian villages, they were about to attack, were thickly clustered.

The Hocking River would, in most countries, be deemed quite an important stream. It flows through one of Ohio's lovely valleys, which is about eighty miles in length, and fifteen or twenty in breadth. Boats can ascend the stream about seventy miles, when they come to falls, forty feet in perpendicular height. Here Lord Dunmore was to leave his boats, as he crossed over to the Scioto.



ARTHUR ST. CLAIR
Governor 1788-1802.

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The Scioto, in its peaceful beauty, is one of the most attractive streams on earth. It takes its rise far away in the north, on the prairie-like summit-level which approaches Lake Erie. It has twelve quite important tributaries. These branches the Indians called its Legs. They therefore gave the river its name "Seeyotoh"—Greatlegs. In Atwater's History of Ohio we find the following very interesting account of this stream:

"The soil where these branches rise and run, is as fertile as any can be in the world. At Chillicothe, the Scioto enters a hilly sand-stone region, and passes through it to the Ohio River in a valley of several miles in width. Above Chillicothe, the Scioto spreads its branches like the frame-work of a fan fully expanded, forming a semi-circle of about seventy miles in diameter at its upper extremity.

"The Scioto may be estimated by the contents of the surface of its valley. It is one hundred and thirty miles in a direct line from its summit to its mouth, at Portsmouth. Its breadth, from east to west, will average seventy miles. From the Town of Delaware to Chillicothe, a distance of seventy miles, from north to south, in the summer months, the traveler sees the most beautiful country in Ohio. It is a perfect paradise, waving with grass and grain, as far as his eye can see. The country is animated by a people living either in beautiful towns, or along the roadside on farms. Sometimes are presented to view large droves of cattle, horses and hogs. From Delaware to Columbus the road runs near the Olentangy. From Columbus downwards, the traveler almost everywhere sees the canal, with its boats, he hears the sound of their horns, and sees the Scioto winding its way along to the Ohio River.

"This is the *Scioto country*, famed in all time, since man dwelt on its surface, for its beauty and fertility. That ancient race of men, who were the earliest inhabitants, dwelt here in greater numbers than anywhere else in the Western States. The Indians of the present race preferred this country to any other, and lived here in greater numbers, in towns. Here the wild animals lived in the greatest numbers. And we have placed Columbus, our Capitol, on the most beautiful spot of the Scioto country. Nature has already done her part for this region, and man has done, is doing, and will continue to do his to make it all that man can ever desire it to be forever, 'A Home, Sweet Home.'"

It was to this beautiful region, and to the villages which fringed the luxuriant banks of the river, that the military expedition was sent to sweep its whole extent with conflagration, ruin and death. Was this dreadful deed a necessity? Upon that point judgments will differ. The Indians, like demons, were devastating the frontiers. But, by universal admission, they had been roused to these horrible outrages by atrocious wrongs, and wrongs which the government could not prevent, which were inflicted by vagabonds whom the law could not reach.

On the tenth of October, the latter part of the afternoon, two of the soldiers of General Lewis were two or three miles from the camp, hunting along the banks of the Ohio River, when a large party of Indian warriors rushed from their concealment upon them. One was instantly killed. The other fled and reached the camp in safety. The Indians had their scouts vigilantly watching every movement of the English. With much military sagacity they had sent a large detachment of their warriors to cross the Ohio some miles above Point Pleasant, and attack the English hemmed in between the Ohio and the Kanawha Rivers.

General Lewis, not knowing the strength of the Indians, the next morning sent out two companies to attack them. The Indians were already within a quarter of a mile of the English camp. They were well armed with rifles. Raising hideous yells, they furiously commenced the battle by discharging a volley of well-aimed bullets upon their foes. The English recoiled from an attack so formidable, and so unexpected in its strength. As they were retreating before the savages, the reserve came up and checked the onward rush of the foe.

The Indians, not at all disconcerted, and apparently sure of victory, extended their line of battle from the Ohio River to the Kanawha, thus carrying out their original plan of hemming in their foes between the angle formed by the junction of these rivers, so that there should be no possibility of escape. Here the warriors took their stations, behind logs, and trees, and stumps. It was early in the morning, just as the sun was rising, when the battle commenced. The Indians fought desperately, and there was no cessation of the conflict until evening, when the Indians, abandoning their enterprise, retired.

It will be remembered that General Lewis had under his command eleven hundred men. The force of Indian warriors must

have been still larger, as they extended in an unbroken line from river to river. The ferocity and ability with which they fought may be inferred from the fact that of the English, two colonels, five captains, three lieutenants, and about a hundred private soldiers were killed. The wounded, officers and men, amounted to one hundred and forty. Many of these were severely wounded, and subsequently died of their injuries.

The loss of the Indians was never known. They were in the habit of carrying off or concealing their dead. As the English soldiers were all sharpshooters, it is supposed that the savages suffered very severely. This opinion is confirmed by the fact that the Indians retreated in the night, and did not venture again to attack either body of the invading army. Thirty-three dead were found. Many others it is supposed were thrown into the two rivers. The savages were commanded by a distinguished Indian chieftain called Cornstalk. While the conflict raged, his voice was often heard rising above the din of battle, shouting to the men in their own language, "Be strong! Be strong!"

In the night the vanquished savages crossed the Ohio in their canoes, and retreated, greatly disheartened, as it afterwards appeared, to their villages on the Scioto. The warriors of four tribes were united in this great battle, the Shawnees, Delawares, Mingoes and Wyandots. This bloody conflict was long remembered in the homes of the pioneers. Some rural bard celebrated it in a ballad, which for many years was sung in the hamlets of the great valley. We give three of the verses:

"Let us mind the tenth day of October
Seventy-four, which caused woe,
The Indian savages, they did cover
The pleasant banks of the Ohio.

"Seven score lay dead and wounded.
Of champions who did face their foe,
By which the heathen were confounded
Upon the banks of Ohio.

"O, bless the mighty King of Heaven,
For all his wondrous works below,
Who hath to us this victory given,
Upon the banks of Ohio."

Military genius is rare. General Lewis, *after* the battle and the loss in killed and wounded of about two hundred and fifty

men, fortified his camp by throwing up entrenchments of earth and logs. Had he done this before the battle, during the nine days when his soldiers were idle, he might have been spared this slaughter. Great is the responsibility of one who is entrusted with the lives of a thousand men. It is but a poor excuse, for the want of precaution manifested, that General Lewis, upon his arrival at Point Pleasant, expected every hour to see the batteaux of Lord Dunmore descending the river, and that he had no idea that the Indians would venture across the Ohio to attack him.

In a few days, after burying the dead and making the wounded as comfortable as possible, he left the latter under a strong guard, and, in obedience to orders from Governor Dunmore, marched up the Ohio River, along the southern banks, to effect a junction, at the mouth of the Hocking, with the Governor's troops. We must now leave this little band, struggling through the dense and pathless forest, and turn to the adventures of the other division of the army.

Lord Dunmore, with two thousand efficient, well armed men, crossed the mountains by the same route which Braddock took in his fatal expedition. Ascending the beautiful, and then somewhat settled Valley of the Potomac to Cumberland, he effected the arduous passage of the mountains in safety, and descended into the Valley of the Monongahela in good condition. He marched up this beautiful region, which was sprinkled with the cabins of the settlers, until he reached Fort Pitt.

Here he obtained several large flat bottomed boats, and a hundred canoes of various sizes. With these he floated his army down the gentle current of the Ohio to Wheeling, which had then become quite an important settlement. After the delay of a few days here, obtaining additional supplies, he continued his truly delightful voyage upon the placid stream to the mouth of the Hocking. It was the month of October, the most lovely season of the year in that clime. The majestic river rolled its broad, silver current through most charming scenery of hills and vales, crowned with luxuriant verdure, presenting Eden-like charms, which neither ax nor plow had disturbed. There was no toil in that voyage. The flotilla was borne along by the power of the stream alone. War seemed to have lost all its horrors, in this apparently holiday excursion.

At this spot he left his flotilla, having first thrown up efficient entrenchments, which he strongly garrisoned. This military post he called Fort Gower. He then ascended the Hocking River, in a march of two or three days, until he reached a point near where the Town of Logan now stands. In the meantime he had sent orders to General Lewis to cross the Ohio, and direct his steps, as rapidly as possibly, towards the Indian villages on the Scioto, near the present site of Circleville. The two armies were to form a junction on this march.

Governor Dunmore left the Valley of the Hocking, and, in a march of about two days, passed over the gentle eminences between the two rivers. When he had arrived within three or four miles of the Indian towns, he constructed an entrenched camp, awaiting the arrival of General Lewis. Lord Dunmore was cautious as well as brave. He had no idea of being the victim of Indian cunning, as so many of the English leaders had been before him. His encampment consisted of an enclosure of about twelve acres, surrounded by a strong breastwork of trees and logs. Behind these ramparts his two thousand sharpshooters could defend themselves against any force which the Indians could bring forward. But to render assurance doubly sure, he erected in the center of this enclosure another fortress, or citadel, of still stronger construction. It consisted of an area of about an acre of land, encircled by a ditch and earthworks, and these were so surmounted with logs as to render the citadel quite impregnable to a foe who could assail him only with arrows and bullets. His whole force could promptly be concentrated within this inner inclosure, in case of necessity. In the center of this citadel Lord Dunmore pitched the elegant and commodious marquee provided for himself and his superior officers. Over the marquee proudly floated the flag of England. This fort he named Charlotte, in honor of the then reigning queen.

The intelligent Indian chieftains, disheartened by the repulse at Point Pleasant, appreciating the military ability of Lord Dunmore, and conscious that the two armies would in a few days be united in an attack upon their villages, which attack they knew they were entirely unable to repel, were in consternation. They sent delegation after delegation, more and more importunately, soliciting peace. Lord Dunmore was a humane man. He knew full well that unendurable outrages, inflicted by vagabond white

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men, had driven the Indians into the war. He had no disposition to burn their villages and to consign the inhabitants to indiscriminate slaughter. Still, he wished the Indians to be taught that the power which they had set at defiance was one which had no fear of the conflict.

With characteristic caution, he would allow but eighteen warriors to enter even his outer gate. There they were compelled to leave their arms. They were then conducted into the citadel and presented to the governor, who, surrounded by his officers in their most imposing attire, received them in state. A distinguished chief, whose English name was Corn Planter, opened the council by a truly powerful and impressive speech, in a tone of voice so loud and impassioned that it could be heard by every man in the garrison. He described the former power of the Indians, the number and population of their tribes, in their undisturbed hunting grounds. He then, with a very full comprehension of his subject, described the several treaties which the Indians had made with the white men, ceding to them certain portions of their territory. He then affirmed, with a proud spirit of conscious right, and with truthfulness that none could deny, that the Indians had been perfectly faithful in their observance of these treaties. Then, growing warm in his just indignation, he exclaimed :

“What, on the contrary, has been the conduct of the white men? They have paid no regard to these treaties. They have encroached upon our lands, they have cut down our forests, they have reared their houses on our soil,—soil which we had sacredly reserved; they have robbed again and again, and murdered Indians peacefully engaged in hunting. For years we have patiently endured these wrongs, till at length we have been driven into this bloody war. We do not wish for war; we wish for peace. We know the power of the white man; we know that he can overpower the Indian. But the white man is the sole cause of this war. Had we not resented the wrongs we have endured, even the white man would have despised us for cowardice.”

Another celebrated Indian chief, whose name has obtained renown in two hemispheres, sent in his speech carefully written, probably by some interpreter. Logan would not condescend to accompany commissioners who were suing for peace. He was then at Shawnee Town, a large Indian village on the Scioto, about four miles from Fort Charlotte. Speaking of this remarkable man, and

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his still more remarkable speech, Mr. Atwater writes, in his History of Ohio :

“ Though he would not attend on Dunmore’s council in person, yet, being urged by the Indians, who were anxious to be relieved from Dunmore’s army, he sent his speech in a belt of wampum, to be delivered to Lord Dunmore, by a faithful interpreter. Under an oak on the farm of Mr. Wolf this splendid effort of heart-stirring eloquence was faithfully delivered by the person who carried the wampum. The oak tree, under which it was delivered to Lord Dunmore, still stands in a field seven miles from Circleville, in a southern direction. An interpreter delivered it, sentence by sentence, and it was written as it was delivered. Its authenticity is placed beyond the shadow of a doubt, and it of right belongs, and forever will belong, to the history of Ohio.”

LOGAN’S SPEECH.

I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he came naked and cold, and I clothed him not. During the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen, as they passed me, said, Logan is the friend of the whites. I had thoughts of living among you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, last Spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not one drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice in the beams of peace. But do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?

President Jefferson has written, of this powerful address of Logan, “ I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator, if Europe has furnished more eminent, to produce a single passage superior to the speech of Logan.”

The poet Campbell, in his Gertrude of Wyoming, has thus beautifully verified its sentiments :

"He left, of all my tribe,
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth ;
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth
Escaped that night of blood upon our plains.
All perished, I alone am left on earth!
To whom not relative nor blood remains,
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins."

While these scenes were transpiring, General Lewis had marched up the southern bank of the Ohio, to a point nearly opposite the mouth of the Hocking. Here his troops were ferried across the river, by Lord Dunmore's flotilla. They were on a rapid march to effect a junction with the Governor's army, when a messenger met them from the Governor, with the information that peace was about to be concluded, and that, therefore, they were ordered to return to Virginia. But neither General Lewis nor his men were disposed to pay any attention to this message. Many of them had lost friends, who had been murdered by the savages, and all were burning with a desire for vengeance. In defiance, therefore, of the order of the Governor, they pressed forward, resolved to inflict the most terrible punishment upon the Indians, now in their power, by sweeping the Valley of the Scioto with war's utmost devastation of fire and blood.

General Lewis had arrived within a few miles of Fort Charlotte, when Lord Dunmore, accompanied by his staff, rode out to meet him. He then peremptorily ordered the angry general and his equally irritated army, to return immediately to Virginia. General Lewis and his men very reluctantly obeyed. But when they reflected that the Governor had double the force of their own, and that he could instantly call to his aid all the Indian warriors, whose friendship he seemed to be courting, they judged it best to conceal their chagrin, and retire. Lord Dunmore tarried some time at the fort, until he had entered into very amicable relations with the Indians, when he also returned to Virginia.

The fate of Logan was a very sad one. His few past years were melancholy in the extreme. Homeless, childless, friendless, he wandered about, from tribe to tribe, with never a smile, and apparently without a joy. His friends were all dead, his tribe dwindling away, and, in his great dejection, he resorted to the fatal stimulus of strong drink. He was at last murdered by an Indian. Logan was sitting by the camp-fire, silently musing with his blanket over his head, his elbows upon his knees and head upon



DEATH OF LOGAN.

his hands. An Indian, influenced by some unknown motive of revenge, stealthily approached him from behind, and buried his tomahawk in his brain. Thus fell this unfortunate chieftain, the last of his race.

It is very evident that many of these Indian sachems were men of sound judgment, and very considerable intelligence. But, as in more civilized communities, they were often forced, by popular clamor, to act in opposition to their own views. The chieftain, Cornstalk, who led the Indians at the assault at Point Pleasant, was a man of true greatness of soul. By his scouts he had kept himself informed of the numbers of the English troops, and of their movements. He was confident that the Indians could not cope with so formidable a force, and urged that before risking a battle, they should make proposals of peace. But the young warriors would not listen to these counsels. Being compelled to yield; with commensurate ability and bravery, he led his troops to the onset. They fought with determination, never before surpassed on any Indian battle-field. Though they inflicted terrible loss upon their foe, they retired hopelessly discomfited. Cornstalk, with his remaining band, repaired to the Scioto, where he convened a general council. A large number of warriors were gathered around him dejected and despairing.

"What," said Cornstalk, "is now to be done. We ought to have made peace before we had exasperated our enemy by a battle. The Longknives are coming upon us in resistless strength. We shall all be killed. There is no escape. Let us put our women and children to death, and then go and fight until we all are slain."

To this speech there was no response. All were silent. After a moment's pause, Cornstalk struck his tomahawk into a log, in sign that it was no longer to be used in battle, and said:

"I will try to make peace."

To this there was a general ejaculation of assent. Peace commissioners were immediately dispatched to Fort Charlotte, and thus the Lord Dunmore war came to an end.

Many persons have expressed doubts whether the speech of Logan was genuine. They have thought it impossible that an unlettered savage could have spoken with such beauty of rhetoric and force of logic. The following extract of a letter upon this subject, from President Jefferson, to Governor Henry, of Maryland, must put this question at rest in all candid minds:

"President Jefferson speaks of Mr. Gibson as *translating* the speech. He probably should have said he wrote it down. William Robinson, who took the speech from Logan's lips, says that 'Logan spoke English well.' Simon Kenton, who was intimately acquainted with Logan, says of him, 'His form was striking and manly, his countenance calm and noble, and he spoke the English language with fluency and correctness.'

"When Lord Dunmore returned from the expedition against the Indians, in 1774, he and his officers brought the speech of Logan, and related the circumstances connected with it. These were so affecting, and the speech itself so fine a morsel of eloquence, that it became the theme of every conversation, in Williamsburgh particularly, and generally indeed wherever any of the officers resided or resorted. I learned it in Williamsburgh—I believe at Lord Dunmore's; and I find in my pocket-book of that year (1774) an entry of the narrative, as taken from the mouth of some person, whose name however is not noted, nor recollected, precisely in the words stated in the notes on Virginia. The speech was published in the *Virginia Gazette* of that time (I have it myself in the volume of *Gazettes* of that year), and though in a style by no means elegant, yet it was so admired that it flew through all public papers of the continent, and through the magazines and other periodical publications of Great Britain; and those who were boys at that day, will now attest that the speech of Logan used to be given them as a school exercise for repetition. It was not till about thirteen or fourteen years after the newspaper publications, that the notes on Virginia were published in America. Combating in these the contumelious theory of certain European writers, whose celebrity gave currency and weight to their opinions, that our country, from the combined effects of soil and climate, degenerated animal nature, in the general, and particularly the moral faculties of man, I consider the speech of Logan as an apt proof of the contrary, and used it as such; and I copied, verbatim, the narrative I had taken down in 1774, and the speech as it had been given us in a better translation by Lord Dunmore. I knew nothing of the Cresaps, and could not possibly have a motive to do them an injury with design. I repeated what thousands had done before, on as good authority as we have for most of the facts we learn through life, and such as, to this moment, I have seen no reason to doubt. That any body questioned it, was never sus-

pected by me, till I saw the letter of Mr. Martin, in the Baltimore paper. I endeavored then to recollect who, among my contemporaries of the same circle of society, and consequently of the same recollections, might still be alive. Three-and-twenty years of death and dispersion had left very few. I remembered, however, that General Gibson was still living, and knew that he had been the translator of the speech. I wrote to him immediately. He, in answer, declares to me that he was the very person sent by Lord Dunmore to the Indian town; that, after he had delivered his message there, Logan took him out to a neighboring wood, sat down with him, and rehearsing with tears, the catastrophe of his family, gave him that speech for Lord Dunmore; that he carried it to Lord Dunmore; translated it for him; has turned to it in the Encyclopedia, as taken from the notes on Virginia, and finds that it was his translation I had used, with only two or three verbal variations of no importance. These, I suppose, had arisen in the course of successive copies. I cite General Gibson's letter by memory, not having it with me; but I am sure I cite it substantially right. It establishes, unquestionably, that the speech of Logan is genuine; and, that being established, it is Logan himself who is author of all the important facts."

CHAPTER IX.

BATTLES ON THE FRONTIER.

DISSATISFACTION WITH LORD DUNMORE — CONDUCT OF GREAT BRITAIN — INDIAN ELOQUENCE — EFFORTS OF COLONEL MORGAN — INFAMOUS CONDUCT OF CAPTAIN ARBUCKLE — INDIAN MURDER, AND CRUEL REVENGE — TORY VILLANY — DEATH OF CORNSTALK — REV. MR. HECKEWELDER — SPIRITED ADDRESS OF THE DELAWARE CHIEF — DEATH OF WHITE EYES — HIS CHARACTER — REMARKABLE SPEECH OF CHIEFTAIN PIPE — SIMON GIRTY, THE TORY — THE SIEGE OF FORT HENRY — HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE — WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF GENERAL McCULLOCK — THE SIEGE RAISED.

LORD DUNMORE was the last royal governor of Virginia. Very serious difficulties were now rising between the colonists and the mother country. These difficulties in a few months led to the Declaration of Independence. Lord Dunmore was very unpopular in Virginia, and was soon compelled to seek protection on board a British fleet. The Virginians were greatly exasperated with the peace which the governor had made with the Indians. They firmly believed that the governor, in anticipation of the strife, which soon after arose between the colonists and the mother country, had framed this peace, so as to make the Indians friendly to the British Crown, and hostile to the colonists. Even then it was believed that he was contemplating the alliance of the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savage, with the powerful enginery of war, which Great Britain could send to crush her rebellious subjects. George Washington, and Chief Justice Marshall, two of the most candid and illustrious of Virginia's sons, were ever of this opinion.

We must not omit to mention, that while Lord Dunmore was on the march, the inhabitants of Wheeling sent a volunteer force of four hundred men, across the Ohio river, to move directly west,

a distance of fifty or sixty miles, to destroy the Indian villages on the Muskingum. This river takes its rise within thirty miles of Lake Erie, and draining by its tributaries a very rich valley, nearly two hundred miles in breadth, empties into the Ohio at Marietta, after a serpentine flow of between two and three hundred miles.

The Indians in this region, unprepared for war, fled in all directions. The expedition, unopposed, burned their towns, destroyed their crops, and took a few prisoners, who were subsequently exchanged at the Dunmore treaty.

Six months before the peace made with the Indians at Fort Charlotte, the first skirmish between the colonists and the British troops took place at Lexington, Massachusetts. The British government, hoping to alarm the colonists with the menace of a frontier war with the Indians, aided by the strength of the British armies, sent agents to all the prominent tribes, to rally their warriors under the flag of the English monarchy.

Colonel Guy Johnson was sent by the British government to enlist the aid of the Iroquois Indians in its war against the infant colonies. The Iroquois then occupied a large territory, whose central power seems to have been in the heart of the present State of New York. It was the most powerful Indian nation on the continent, and was composed of a confederacy of five very warlike tribes,—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onandagas and Senecas. Smith, in his History of New York, writes :

“The Five Nations laid claim to all the territory from the mouth of Sorel River, south of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and on both sides of the Ohio River, until it falls into the Mississippi; and on the north side of these lakes, the whole tract between the Outawas River and Lake Huron.”

This would give them a territory twelve hundred miles in length by eight hundred in breadth. They could bring nearly twenty-five hundred warriors into the field. Indeed, the English actually enlisted under their banners fifteen hundred of these savage warriors. When we consider what savage warfare is, with its conflagrations of peaceful homes, and its indiscriminate butchery of men, women and children, this must be pronounced a very inhuman deed. But the rich British government could offer very powerful bribes to the poor Indians; and, on the other hand, the English colonists had treated the Indians so haughtily, with so

little spirit of conciliation, that they were not at all reluctant to take up arms with the prospect of gratifying their revenge.

It would seem that the intelligent Indian chiefs had a pretty clear comprehension of the nature of the conflict in which they were solicited to engage. At a council held about this time by the chiefs on the Miami River, one of them, a very renowned warrior, by the name of Buckongahelas, addressed his brethren in the following eloquent and logical strain :

" Friends, listen ! a great and powerful nation is divided. The father is fighting against the son ; the son against the father. The father has called on his Indian children to help him punish his children the Americans. I took time to consider whether I should receive the hatchet of my father to assist him. At first I thought it a family quarrel, in which I was not interested. At length it appeared to me that the father was right, and that the children deserved to be punished a little. I so thought from the many cruel acts his children have committed on the Indians.

" They have encroached on our lands, stolen our property, murdered, without provocation, men, women and children. Yes ! they have murdered those who were friendly to them, who were placed for protection under the roof of their father's house, the father himself standing sentry at the door at the time."

Here the orator described a very atrocious case, in which a number of Indians were massacred in a *jail* in Pennsylvania. They were not known to be guilty of any crime, but that of being Indians. In a time of popular excitement, they were in danger of being put to death by the mob. The government, for their protection, gave them shelter in the jail. The mob broke in and killed them all. He then continued :

" Often has the father been compelled to make amends for the crimes of his children. But they do not grow better. They will continue the same they have been, so long as any land remains to us. Look at the murders committed by them upon our friends who were living peaceably on the banks of the Ohio. Did they not kill them without any provocation ? Are they any better now ? No !"

The colonists were much alarmed by the many indications that the savages in a body would become the allies of the British government. The emissaries of England were visiting nearly all the

tribes from Canada to the Gulf, and westward even to the shores of the Pacific, to combine them in the most dreadful of conceivable warfares, against the long line of frontier settlements. To use the language of the Indian, "the indignant father hoped by this severe punishment to bring back his refractory children to obedience." To thwart these plans, the colonial government promptly organized three Indian departments. Over each of these commissioners were appointed, who were to make constant and earnest endeavors to win over to the colonists those tribes who had not yet joined the English, or, at least, to induce them to remain neutral.

At one of the conferences, one of the American commissioners made use of the following illustration to explain to the Indians the origin of the quarrel between the colonists and the British government.

"A cruel father placed upon the back of his son a pack heavier than he could bear. The boy complained, and said the burden was too heavy. The father paid no heed to his complaint. The boy totters along, staggering beneath his pack, when he again told his father that the load was heavier than he could possibly bear. The father, instead of lightening it, added to the burden. The boy toiled along a little farther, until crushed by the weight, and with his back almost broken, he threw the load to the ground. The angry father came with a whip to compel his son again to lift the burden and carry it."

Still it was very manifest that the sympathies of the Indians were with the British government, and against the colonists, from whom they had received so many wrongs. Among the colonists there was a Colonel Morgan, who had been a trader among the Indians, and, from his upright dealings, was respected and beloved. He was, very judiciously, appointed as commissioner for the middle departments. He took up his residence at Pittsburgh, and devoted his energies to conciliate the tribes in Ohio. But though they respected Morgan as a man, they were not friendly to his cause. With great difficulty he succeeded in convening a small council of the chiefs of a few of the tribes at Pittsburgh.

While arduously engaged in the endeavor to win these tribes whose villages were upon the banks of the Muskingum, the Scioto, and the Miami, his efforts were frustrated by a very untoward event. These tribes were then smarting from the blows which



WM. HENRY HARRISON.
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they had received in the Dunmore war, and in those preceding outrages which had goaded them into the conflict.

It will be remembered that the illustrious Shawanese chief, Cornstalk, who led the warriors at the battle of Point Pleasant, was opposed to the war. He did not deem it unjust, on the part of the Indians, but his intelligence convinced him that they were not sufficiently strong to contend with so powerful a foe. It will be remembered that after the battle, which he conducted with so much ability and bravery, it was his influence which led to proposals for peace. Neither will it be forgotten that Lord Dunmore, in anticipation of the conflict which had now arisen, did, as was supposed, everything in his power, to win the Indians to the British arms. And the Indians perfectly understood that when the colonial army, under General Lewis, were inflamed by the intense desire utterly to annihilate their tribes, Lord Dunmore stood between them and destruction.

And now the time had come when there was a fair opportunity for these Indians to satiate that spirit of revenge, which is so dear to the savage heart. Notwithstanding all this, Cornstalk, a man of great native strength of mind, and of unusual intelligence, was opposed to taking any part in the war between the Americans and the English, as we shall designate the two parties. He knew that war could bring to his tribe only disaster and suffering; that the paths of prosperity could lead only through fields of peace. But the masses of the Indian people, like those of more enlightened communities, in those hours of excitement were deaf to the voice of reason. With great unanimity they clamored for vengeance and war. Cornstalk found it almost impossible to stem the torrent. Still, desirous of peace, he repaired to the American Fort Randolph, at Point Pleasant, which was then under the command of Captain Arbuckle.

Another Shawanee chief, Red Hawk by name, with a private Indian, accompanied him. Cornstalk held an interview with Arbuckle, and informed him of his earnest desire to avoid the war, and of his wish to confer with him, to see if anything could be done to prevent hostilities. He said that so far as he knew, he was the only man in his tribe who was not eager to enter upon the war-path, and that the war feeling was so unanimous and strong that he was afraid that he himself would be swept along by the resistless current.

In response to this communication, Arbuckle infamously ordered the two Shawanese chieftains, and their attendant, to be arrested and held in close confinement in the fort. He then sent word to the Shawanese tribe that should they manifest any hostility against the Americans, he should retaliate upon his prisoners. Soon after the son of Cornstalk, Ellenipsico, came to the fort to visit his father, probably not aware that he was held a prisoner. He also was arrested. Thus Arbuckle had four Shawanese captives, whom he detained as hostages.

The morning after the arrival of Ellenipsico, two soldiers, by the names of Hamilton and Gillmore, crossed the Kanawha and followed down the southern banks of the Ohio for several miles in the pursuit of game. In the meantime a small party of Indians came stealthily through the forest, and from lurking places on the western side of the river, were carefully examining the condition of the fort, its assailable points, and its means of defense. While thus employed the two hunters commenced their return. Passing very near one of these scouts, the Indian fired upon them, and Gillmore was instantly killed. It so happened that Captain Arbuckle, with Colonel Stuart, were standing on the bank of the river at that time looking across to the opposite shore. The stream was about two hundred yards wide. Surprised that a gun should be fired so near the fort, which was contrary to orders, they suddenly saw Hamilton rushing down the bank shouting for help, and saying that Gillmore was killed.

Several soldiers immediately leaped into a canoe, shot across the river, and rescued Hamilton. The Indians had disappeared. They brought back with them the bloody corpse of Gillmore, his head being scalped. The canoe had scarcely reached the shore, when the soldiers, exasperated by the sight of the gory body of their slain comrade, cried out with one accord:

"Let us kill the Indians in the fort."

Pale with rage, and with their loaded muskets in their hands, they ascended the river's bank, and rushed towards the cabin where the captives were confined. Captain Arbuckle and Colonel Stuart did every thing in their power to dissuade the men from the atrocious deed. But, mad with rage, and reckless of consequences, they cocked their guns and threatened their commanders with instant death, if they made any opposition to their vengeance.

There was in the camp an Indian woman, the wife of the interpreter. She ran to the cabin, and informed the captives of the doom which awaited them. The clamor of the approaching soldiers was now distinctly heard by the prisoners. The young son of Cornstalk was greatly agitated. His noble father, apparently as calm as if no danger threatened, said to him :

"My son, do not give place to fear. If the Great Spirit has sent you here to be killed, submit to his will. Die like a man."

As a mob rushed in at the door, Cornstalk advanced with dignity to meet them. He instantly fell dead, pierced by eight bullets. His companion, Red Hawk, endeavored to escape by climbing the chimney. He was immediately shot down. "The other Indian," writes Colonel Stewart, indignantly, "was shamefully mangled. I grieved to see him so long dying."

The tidings of the atrocious murders reached the chiefs in council at Pittsburgh. They dispersed angrily. There was no longer hope that they could be induced to side with the colonists.

There was, at this time, a distinguished chief of the Delaware Indians, by the name of White Eyes. Though his tribe was infuriated against the Americans, he espoused their cause. His enemies accused him of having been bribed by the colonists to act the part of a traitor to the Indians. A large council of the Delawares was called. Some *Tories*, as the American partisans of England were called, escaping from Pittsburgh, appeared at this council, and urged the Indians to immediate hostilities. They represented that the colonists were marching upon them in great strength, to annihilate them, if possible, before the British could come to their aid. They assured the Indians that their only salvation was to be found in assailing the Americans all along their frontiers before they had time to organize their armies for the invasion of the Indian territory.

White Eyes found it impossible to stem the torrent of popular feeling. He, however, ventured to urge that they should delay hostilities for ten days, till they could ascertain the truth of these rumors. A rival chief, who was eager for the war, rose and said, knowing that his words would meet with the sympathy of nearly every one present :

"I declare that every man should be called an enemy to his nation who throws any obstacle whatever in the way of instantly taking up arms against the American people."

This blow, which White Eyes knew was aimed at himself, called forth from him the following strain of impassioned eloquence: "If you *will* go out in this war, you shall not go without me. I have been for peace that I might save my tribe from destruction. If you think me wrong, if you give more credit to runaway vagabonds than to your friends—to me, a man, a warrior and a Delaware—if you insist upon fighting the Americans, go! and I will go with you. And I will not go like the bear-hunter, who sets his dogs upon the animal, to be beaten about by his paws, while he keeps himself at a safe distance. No! I will lead you. I will be in the front. I will fall with the first of you. I will not survive. I will not live to bewail the destruction of a brave people who deserved, as you do, a better fate."

This very spirited address produced such an impression upon the Indians, that, with much unanimity, they voted to wait ten days before committing themselves to hostilities. The nature of the representations made to the Delawares by the renegade Tories may be inferred from the following incident.

A few days before the appointed time had expired, a clergyman, Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, who had been a missionary among the Indians, and who was highly respected by them, came to the Delawares to endeavor to influence them not to join the British. White Eyes immediately convened a large council, which Mr. Heckewelder was invited to attend. Then addressing the missionary, he said, with emphatic words:

"You will tell us the truth with regard to the questions I now put to you. Are the American warriors all cut to pieces by the British troops? Is General Washington killed? Is there no longer a Congress? Have the British hung some of the members, and taken the rest to England to be hung? Is the whole country, beyond the mountains, in the possession of the British? Are all of the Americans, who have escaped the vengeance of the British, now huddled together on this side of the mountains, preparing to seize our country by killing all our men, women and children? Is this true?"

Such were the reports which had been brought to them by the Tories to stimulate them to war. Mr. Heckewelder replied:

"There is not one word of truth in these statements. The Americans were never more determined in their opposition to the British than now. They were never more sure of finally con-

quering them. Instead of wishing to destroy your villages, or to kill your people, they earnestly desire to live with you as brothers. They have sent me to offer to you the right hand of friendship."

These influences held back the Delawares for a few months. But nearly all the tribes in Ohio joined the British. Not long after this White Eyes took the small pox, and died. Through his whole life he had proved the warm friend of the colonists. To the honor of the American Congress, it should be stated, that they took his son under their protection to be educated. The following entry is to be found in the journal of that body in the year 1785 :

"*Resolved*, That Mr. Morgan be empowered to continue the care and direction of George White Eyes for one year; and that the Board of Treasury take orders for the payment of the expenses necessary to carry into execution the views of Congress in this respect."

White Eyes was, in all respects, a very remarkable man. He had listened reverently to the teachings of the missionaries. The Moravian Christians had established a mission among the Delawares. Many of the pagan Indians were for driving the missionaries away. Loskiel, in his history of these missions, says that "God raised up for their protection White Eyes, the ablest chief among the Delawares." He at length succeeded in inducing the tribe to vote that the Christian missionaries should be taken under their special protection. The good old chief was so overjoyed at this that he said in the council :

"I am an old man, and know not how long I may live. I, therefore, rejoice, that I have been able to induce you to this decision. Our children and grandchildren will reap the benefit of it. Now I am ready to die whenever God pleases."

Not long before his death he took the Bible in his hands and said to the assembled council of the nation : "My friends, it is my dying wish that the Delawares should hear the word of God. I will, therefore, gather together my young men and their children. I will kneel down before that Great Spirit who created them and me, and I will pray unto Him that He may have mercy upon us, and reveal His will to us. And as we can not declare that will to those who are yet unborn, we will pray unto the Lord our God to make it known unto our children and our children's children."

Mr. B. B. Thatcher, in his Indian Biography, writing of White

Eyes, says: "He was a man of enlarged political views, and no less a patriot than a statesman. The ends he aimed at were far more his country's than his own. He observed the superiority of the white man to the red; and, nearer home, the prosperity and happiness of the Christian Delawares; and he convinced himself thoroughly of the true causes of both. He therefore earnestly desired that his whole nation might be civilized, to which result he considered Christianity, as he had seen it taught by the good Moravians, the best possible promotive."

Mr. Loskiel writes: "The chieftain, White Eyes, who had often advised other Indians, with great earnestness, to believe in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, but had always postponed joining the believers himself, on account of being yet entangled in political concerns, was unexpectedly called into eternity. The Indian church, to whom he had rendered very essential services, was much affected at the news of his death. And they could not but hope that God our Saviour had received his soul in mercy."

The death of White Eyes left the Delawares under almost the exclusive influence of the Chieftain Pipe. He was a very different man — a confirmed pagan, immoral in his habits, and a reviler of Christianity. Still he was a man of much intelligence, of remarkable abilities. He had heard of negro slavery, and loved to tell stories of the unmerciful beating of negroes. "These are the benefits," he would add mockingly, "of what you call Christian civilization."

Chieftain Pipe frankly confessed that he deemed it for the interest of the nation to join the English against the Americans, though he declared that he hated both parties alike. "The Americans," said he, "are so poor that they cannot give a blanket or a shirt in exchange for our peltries. But the English are rich. They will give us all we need. Unless we make them our friends we shall perish of want."

A few months after the death of White Eyes, and after the Delawares had joined the English in many bloody forays against the settlers on the frontiers, there was a large council of the Indian allies convened by the British authorities, at Detroit. Chieftain Pipe was present. Fixing his eyes sternly upon the commandant he made the following extraordinary speech:

"Father!" then pausing for a moment, and turning to the Indian chiefs around him, he pointed his finger to the command-

ant and said, scornfully: "I do not know why I should call *him* Father. I have never known any father but the French. Still as this name is imposed upon us, I will use it.

"Father! sometime ago you put a war hatchet into my hands. You said, 'Take this, and try it on the heads of my enemies, the Long Knives. Then let me know if it is sharp and good.' When you gave me the hatchet, I had no wish to go to war against a foe who had done me no harm. But you say that you are my father; that I am your child. I obeyed. I knew that if I did not, you would withhold from my tribe the necessities of life. We could obtain them nowhere else.

"Father! perhaps you think me a fool for risking my life at your bidding, and in a cause where I could gain nothing. It is your cause, not mine. You Long-Knives raised a quarrel among yourselves, and you ought to fight it out. You should not compel your children, the Indians, to expose themselves to danger for your sake.

"Father! many lives have already been lost on *your account*. The tribes have suffered, and have been weakened. Children have lost parents and brothers. Wives have lost husbands. It is not known how many more will perish before *your war* will end.

"I have said that you may think me a fool for rushing thoughtlessly on your enemy. Do not believe this. Do not think that I am ignorant that soon you may make peace with the Long-Knives. You say that you love the Indians. It is for your interest to say so, that you may have them at your service.

"Father! listen, while you are setting us on your enemy as the hunter sets his dog upon the game; while we are rushing on that enemy of yours, with the bloody hatchet you have given us, we may chance to look back to the place from which you started us. And what shall we see? Perhaps we shall see our Father shaking hands with the Long-Knives, with those he now calls his enemies. I may then see him laugh at my folly for obeying his orders. And yet am I not risking my life at his command? Father remember this."

Then handing the commandant a stick, upon which there was strung a large number of scalps of Americans, he continued:

"This is what has been done with the hatchet you gave me. I have obeyed your commands. The hatchet I found sharp. And yet I did not do all that I might have done. No! I did not. My

heart failed me. I felt compassion for your enemy. Innocent women and children had no part in your quarrels. Therefore I spared them. I took some prisoners. As I was bringing them to you, I spied one of your large canoes, upon which I placed them. In a few days you will receive these prisoners. If you examine their skin you will find that it is of the same color as your own.

"Father! I hope you will not destroy what I have spared. You have the means of preserving that which would perish with us from want. The Indian warrior is poor. His cabin is always empty. Your house is always full."

This remarkable and well authenticated speech certainly indicates anything but a strong attachment for the English on the part of their Indian allies.

The State of Virginia had quite an important fort on the south banks of the Ohio, about a quarter of a mile above the creek at Wheeling. This fort contained a square enclosure of nearly an acre. The pickets which enclosed it were eight feet high, with a strong block-house at each of the corners. It was called Fort Henry, in honor of Patrick Henry, Virginia's renowned orator and patriotic governor. Within the enclosure was a magazine for provisions and ammunition, an unfailing well, barracks for the soldiers, and a number of small log cabins for the use of families. Its location was admirable, in beauty as well as in utility. The fertile land around was cleared and cultivated, so as to afford pleasant accommodations for thirty cabins. This happy and thriving little village was the commencement of what is now the City of Wheeling. The works were considered sufficiently strong to repel any assaults which savages could make. As the requisition of the war called for the services in the field of all the vigorous men, the works were feebly garrisoned with but forty soldiers. Half of those were enfeebled old men, and the remainder were mere boys.

It is remarkable that the savages themselves were often more merciful in their treatment of the colonists, than the renegade white men who joined them. One of the most notorious of these renegades, who proclaimed himself a Tory, and who fought under the banners of Great Britain, was a man named Simon •Girty. He had become an adopted member of the Wyandot tribe. He stood high among them as hunter, orator and warrior. In all the councils of the Indians, the most ferocious sentiments came from

his lips. The cause of the peculiar venom of this man has probably the following explanation.

In Lord Dunmore's war, he, Girty, was attached to the division of General Lewis. It would appear that this general was an arrogant, opinionated, passionate man. Girty was merely a private in the ranks. He had, however, performed some very important services as a scout, and was an exceedingly bold and self-reliant man. In some altercation with the General, Lewis struck him over the head with his cane, cutting a deep gash in his forehead, and causing the blood to stream profusely down his cheek and upon the floor.

Girty turned to leave the apartment. Upon reaching the door, he stopped for a minute, fixed his eyes sternly upon the General, and said, with an oath: "Your quarters, sir, shall swim in blood for this." He immediately escaped from the fort, and joined the army of Wyandots, under Cornstalk, then advancing upon Point Pleasant. He fought fiercely by the side of his new Indian friends during all that bloody day. Maddened almost to frenzy, it is probable not a few of his former comrades fell by the bullets from his rifle. When the Wyandots, after their repulse, retired to their distant homes on the Sandusky, he declared that he had fore-sworn his white blood, and hereafter leagued himself with the red man forever. Dressed in the garb of the Indian, with his plumed head-dress, his painted flesh, his features bronzed by long exposure, no ordinary observer could distinguish him from the rest of the tribe.

Perfectly acquainted with the state of affairs at Fort Henry, he organized, secretly, an army to strike it by surprise. Five hundred Indian warriors, armed with rifles and accustomed to their use, and led by his intelligence, would, it was thought, make short work with a garrison of forty old men and young boys. The British government furnished them with the best of rifles and a full supply of ammunition. With stealthy tread these mocasined warriors crossed nearly the whole breadth of Ohio, and effecting the passage of the river, in their canoes, took their positions, undiscovered, in the dense surrounding forest. Their first object was, to prevent any possibility of escape, that no messenger might be sent to distant stations with tidings of the siege. The next was, to prevent any parties from reaching the fort with reinforcements or supplies.

Colonel David Shepherd, who was in command, was a brave and resolute officer. Though he had a sufficient supply of small arms within the fort, the magazine was not well supplied with ammunition. There was, however, another magazine only about sixty yards from the fort, where larger supplies were stored. Colonel Shepherd kept out his scouts in all directions to give warning of approaching danger. Though Girty succeeded in eluding their vigilance, still a vague rumor had reached the garrison that a large army had been concentrated on the Sandusky to enter upon some military expedition. But its destination was not known.

On the morning of the 26th of September, 1777, the alarming report spread through the little village that Indian warriors had been seen in the vicinity, prowling through the woods. Almost instantly there was a simultaneous rush into the fort. The villagers caught up such articles as were nearest at hand, and abandoned their homes. The next morning, Colonel Shepherd thought it expedient to dispatch an express to the nearest settlement for reinforcements. A negro and a white man were sent out to a pasture, at a little distance from the fort, to bring in some horses. As they were passing through a corn-field, six Indians suddenly rose upon them. The white man, at whom they probably all first aimed, instantly fell dead, riddled with bullets. The fleet-footed negro reached the fort unharmed.

Colonel Shepherd immediately sent fourteen of the most able of his men to pursue the Indians. They passed through the corn-field, and were cautiously proceeding, down the river, when they fell into an ambush, and were suddenly assailed in front, flank and rear by several hundred of Girty's party. Eleven of these men were almost instantly killed. Captain Mason, though severely wounded, succeeded in creeping, unseen by the Indians, into a heap of logs and brush, where, in the endurance of terrible suffering, he concealed himself till the Indians abandoned the siege. Two of his soldiers also escaped death in the same way.

Colonel Shepherd, in the fort, hearing the firing, immediately sent Captain Ogle, with twelve men, to rescue the imperiled party. He also fell into an ambush, and two-thirds of his party were immediately killed. Captain Ogle was severely wounded, but succeeded in concealing himself. Three of the soldiers, one of them mortally wounded, escaped into the woods. Thus out

of the garrison of forty, thirty were either killed or dispersed. Ten only were left in the fort. Still it is probable that some of the villagers, who had fled from the surrounding cabins, were men accustomed to the rifle. Many of the women, also, in those stormy times, were taught to use that weapon with skill.

Girty now, with his whole force, advanced to the assault, rending the air with hideous yells. He encountered, however, shots from the garrison, which, though, few in number, were so accurately aimed, striking down several of his warriors, that the Indians recoiled. He then changed his plan of attack. Parties of his sharpshooters were placed in every house in the village, and at every other point where they could find protection, and which commanded the fort. These men kept up an incessant fire whenever there was the slightest chance of striking one within the palisades. At length Girty approached the window of one of the cabins, and waving a white flag, with a loud shout demanded the surrender of the fort to the King of Great Britain. All the inmates were threatened with massacre should the garrison attempt any further defense. The response came back, through one of the port-holes, that Colonel Shepherd would never surrender the fort to the renegade so long as a single man was left to defend it.

Immediately the battle was renewed, and a spirited fire was kept up on both sides. The Indians were very much more exposed than the garrison. And generally even boys of sixteen were keen marksmen. Almost every report from behind the pickets was death to some Indian warrior. This was one of the most beautiful of autumnal days, calm, serene and brilliant. The surrounding scene of the placid river, the green hills and the fertile vales was very lovely. It seemed as though God intended this for a happy world, and that his children might live here in the enjoyment of peace and prosperity. But the infuriate passions of men were converting the Eden-like loveliness into a pandemonium. Yells of demoniac savages, blended with the uproar of the battle, and horrid war held high carnival. For six hours there was no cessation of the conflict which had commenced early in the morning. There was a blacksmith's shop in the village. Girty got a large oaken log, which he converted into a cannon, binding it firmly around with iron hoops. This he loaded almost to the muzzle with slugs of iron. With this he hoped to batter



HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

down the gate. Though he took the precaution to stand at a safe distance himself, many of the Indians, thinking it impossible for such a gun to explode, gathered around to witness the effect of the discharge. The match was applied. The gun burst into a hundred fragments. Many of the warriors were killed and others severely wounded. A loud yell proclaimed to the inmates of the fort the disaster.

One act of heroism merits special notice. The ammunition in the fort was nearly exhausted. It will be remembered that there was another magazine within about sixty yards of the fort. The Indians had not seized it, for they could not do so without being shot. It was a necessity that some one should go to bring a keg of powder. The enterprise was hazardous in the extreme, for hundreds of Indian sharpshooters were on the watch. Colonel Shepherd, unwilling to order any man thus to expose himself to almost certain death, called for a volunteer. Several young men promptly stepped forward. Colonel Shepherd said that the weakness of the garrison was such, that one only would be permitted to go. As they were discussing the question, a young girl, Elizabeth Zane, stepped forward and said :

"In the present weak state of the garrison no man ought to be allowed needlessly to peril his life. I can perform the duty as well as any man can perform it. If I fall the loss is of but little consequence, if one of our soldiers fall, it may prove a fatal calamity, involving the captivity and death of all in the garrison."

After some hesitation the proposition of the heroic girl was accepted, and she sallied forth on her dangerous errand. On leaving the gate the savages observed her, but not molesting her, she secured the prize for which she went and commenced her return. The Indians, on seeing a keg of powder in her hand, discharged a volley at her; but with the swiftness of a deer she sped on and into the gate unharmed. By her daring she infused new courage into the trembling garrison, and by her cheery words, and constant labors, in running bullets, and in every other way rendering assistance, "she did what she could" to help those who were struggling for life.

As night came on the Indians dispersed, in small bands, throughout the forest, and gathered around their camp-fires to rehearse the events of the day. Their defiant yells, songs and revelry fell painfully upon the ears of the feeble and exhausted garrison.

The Indians, five hundred in number, had no fear that the few men in the fort could think of venturing outside of the palisades to attack them. They, therefore, took no pains to establish sentinels.

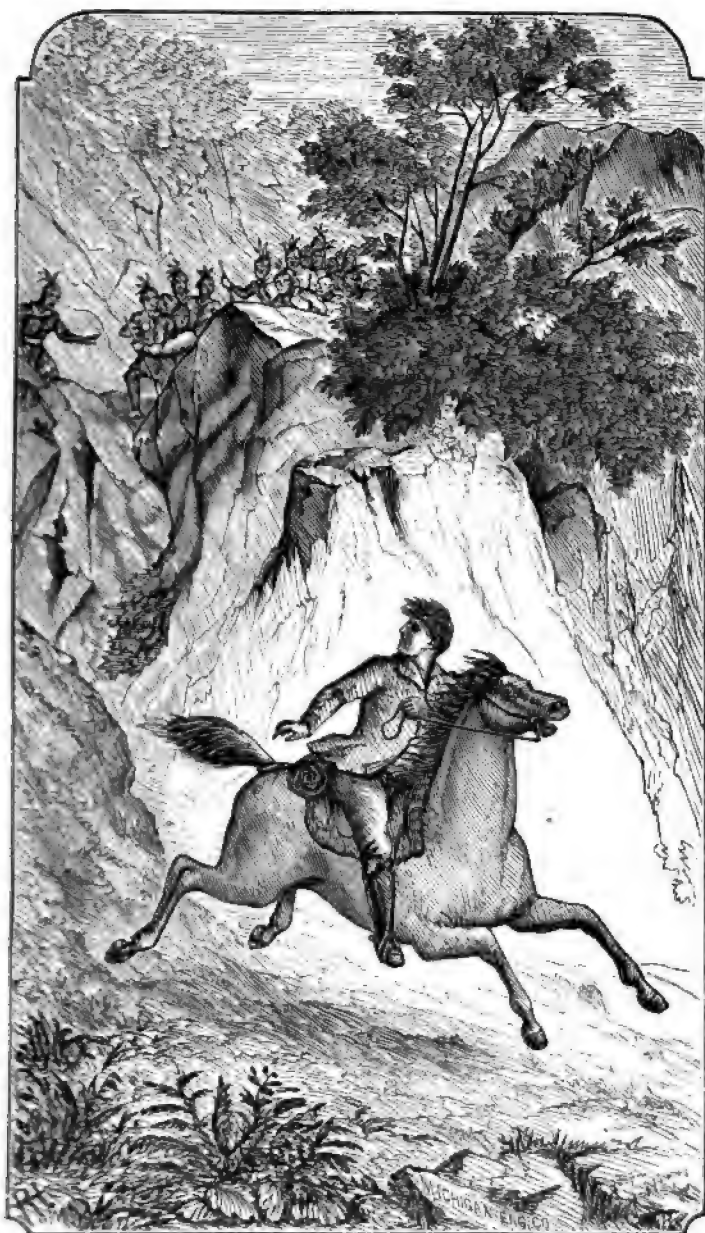
In some unknown way, tidings of the attack reached one of the American stations not far distant. A little after midnight, Colonel Swearingen, from Cross Creek, at the head of fourteen men, succeeded in cautiously creeping through the Indian lines, and in entering the fort unharmed.

Just before the day was breaking, General Samuel M'Culloch, who had already obtained much renown as a frontier warrior, reached the fort, with forty mounted grenadiers, from Short Creek. In this movement the post of danger was the rear. There the heroic general was found, anxious to see all his men safe in the fort before he entered himself. The men, though closely beset by the Indians, crowded in at the gate, which was thrown open to receive them. But the leader was cut off. With all ease the Indians could have shot him, but they were desirous of taking him a captive—perhaps, that they might satisfy their vengeance by putting him to the torture,—perhaps, admiring his courage they hoped to adopt him, as a chief, like Girty, into their tribe.

It is said that he had participated in so many conflicts with the Indians that almost every warrior was familiar with his person. His name had been among them all a word of terror. There was not a Wyandotte chief, before Fort Henry, who would not have given twenty of his warriors to secure the living body of General M'Culloch. When, therefore, the man, whom they had long marked out as the first object of their vengeance, appeared in their midst, they made almost superhuman efforts to acquire possession of his person.

A large number of Indians rushed to secure him. Mounted on a very fleet and powerful steed, he wheeled his charger, and plunging through the line of his foes, reached the top of Wheeling Hill, at some little distance east of the fort. Hundreds of Indians were pursuing him, like hounds after a hare, and the solitudes of the forest resounded with their clamorous war cries.

His situation now seemed hopeless. On two sides he was surrounded by his pursuers. The third side presented impending cliffs and rocky steepes which were quite inaccessible. On the fourth side there was a long precipice, nearly perpendicular,



ESCAPE OF GENERAL McCULLOCH.

descending about one hundred and fifty feet to Wheeling Creek. There was no time for deliberation. Capture was, in his view, certain death, and probably death by the most dreadful tortures. The howling savages were close upon him. Leaning far back in his saddle, and, firmly bracing his feet in the stirrups, he pressed his spurs into his horse's flanks. The noble steed seemed to share the consciousness of his master. Terrified by the fiend-like yells rising from several hundred throats, he glared with distended eye-balls for a moment upon the savages, rapidly approaching, in their flaunting war dress resembling demons rather than men, and gave the awful plunge. For a moment it seemed as though both horse and rider must roll over and over, down the almost perpendicular declivity, till they should reach the bottom in a mangled mass of death.

But over the rocks, and through the thickets, the well trained steed, sliding and stumbling, held his way, until, almost miraculously, the bottom was reached in safety. Horse and rider then instantly disappeared in the depths of the forest, and the heroic general returned to his friends with new laurels of victory upon his brow.

The Indians had sufficient intelligence to perceive that the fort thus reinforced could not be taken. They, however, before retiring, set fire to all the houses and fences in the village, destroyed everything which could be destroyed, and killed or carried off three hundred head of cattle. The loss of the colonists was a little over thirty in killed and wounded. Twenty-six were killed outright. It was estimated that the loss of the savages was from sixty to one hundred. This, however, was mostly a matter of conjecture, as the savages either concealed or carried off their dead.

Such were the horrid ravages of this storm of war, thus bursting upon the peaceful village, in one of the most lovely of autumnal days. The storm passed speedily away, but left behind it smouldering ruins, blood, death, tears, and, with many a mourner, life-long woe.

CHAPTER X.

THE INDIANS OF THE OHIO VALLEY.

LETTER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN — BRITISH EFFORTS WITH THE IROQUOIS — GRAND COUNCIL AT OSWEGO — DANIEL BOONE AND HIS COLONY — MAKING SALT — BOONE'S CAPTURE — HIS TREATMENT BY BRITISH OFFICERS — HIS ADOPTION — LIFE WITH THE SAVAGES — NEW CAUSE OF ALARM TO BOONE — HIS ESCAPE AND ARRIVAL AT BOONESBOROUGH — MEASURES FOR DEFENCE — AFFAIR NEAR PAINT CREEK — MARCH OF THE ARMY — DEMAND OF CAPTAIN DUQUESNE — HIS TREACHERY — THE SIEGE — WORDS OF DEFIANCE.

THE BRITISH government had sent its agents to all the Indian tribes, to enlist the savages against the Colonists. The Americans sent Benjamin Franklin to Paris, to secure, if possible, the aid of France in favor of his countrymen. Dr. Franklin wrote an article for the American *Remembrancer*, which, in that day, exerted a very powerful influence, in both Europe and America. It purported to be a letter from a British officer to the Governor of Canada, accompanying a present of eight packages of scalps of the Colonists, which he had received from the chief of the Seneca tribe. As a very important part of the history of the times, the letter should be recorded. It was as follows :

" May it Please Your Excellency :

" At the request of the Seneca Chief, I hereby send to your Excellency, under the care of James Hoyd, eight packages of scalps, cured, dried, hooped, and painted with all the triumphal marks, of which the following is the invoice and explanation :

" No. 1. Containing forty-three scalps of Congress soldiers, killed in different skirmishes. These are stretched on black hoops, four inches in diameter. The inside of the skin is painted red, with a small black spot, to note their being killed with bullets ;

the hoops painted red, the skin painted brown, and marked with a hoe; a black circle all round, to denote their being surprised in the night; and a black hatchet in the middle, signifying their being killed with that weapon.

"No. 2. Containing ninety-eight of farmers killed in their houses; hoops red, figure of a hoe, to mark their profession; great white circle and sun, to show they were surprised in the day time; a little red foot to show they stood upon their defense, and died fighting for their lives and families.

"No. 3. Containing ninety-seven of farmers; hoops green to show they were killed in the fields; a large white circle, with a little round mark on it, for a sun, to show it was in the day time; black bullet mark on some, a hatchet mark on others.

"No. 4. Containing one hundred and two of farmers, mixture of several of the marks above; only eighteen marked with a little yellow flame, to denote their being of prisoners burnt alive, after being scalped; their nails pulled out by the roots, and other torments. One of these latter being supposed to be an American clergyman, his band being fixed to the hook of his scalp. Most of the farmers appear, by the hair, to have been young or middle aged men, there being but sixty-seven very gray heads among them all, which makes the service more essential.

"No. 5. Containing eighty-eight scalps of women; hair long, braided in the Indian fashion, to show they were mothers; hoops blue, skin yellow ground, with little red tadpoles, to represent, by way of triumph, the tears of grief occasioned to their relatives; a black scalping knife or hatchet at the bottom to mark their being killed by those instruments. Seventeen others, hair very gray, black hoops, plain brown color, no marks but the short club or *cassetele*, to show they were knocked down dead, or had their brains beat out.

"No. 6. Containing one hundred and ninety-three boys' scalps of various ages. Small green hoops, whitish ground on the skin, with red tears in the middle, and black marks, knife, hatchet, or club, as their death happened.

"No. 7. Containing two hundred and eleven girls' scalps, big and little; small yellow hoops, white ground tears, hatchet, scalping knife.

"No. 8. This package is a mixture of all the varieties above mentioned, to the number of one hundred and twenty-two, with

a box of birch bark, containing twenty-nine little infants' scalps, of various sizes; small white hoops, white ground, to show that they were nipped out of their mothers' wombs. With these packs, the chiefs send to your Excellency the following speech delivered by Conicogatchie, in council, interpreted by the elder Moore, the trader, and taken down by me in writing:

"Father,— We send you here with many scalps, that you may see we are not idle friends. We wish you to send these scalps to the great king, that he may regard them and be refreshed; and that he may see our faithfulness in destroying his enemies, and be convinced that his presents have not been made to an ungrateful people," etc.

This document was a true representation of the nature of the conflict which the government of Great Britain was waging against its revolted colonies. There was not the slightest exaggeration in this. All alike were compelled to admit its truthfulness. The impression which it consequently produced throughout the courts of Europe was very profound.

It should be remembered that at the time of which we are now writing, about one hundred years ago, the names Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, were quite unknown as designations of states. The whole vast Valley of the Ohio west of the Alleghanies, to the head waters of the streams flowing both from the north and the south, was a wilderness, almost entirely uninhabited by white men. It was a sublime wilderness, of apparently boundless extent, upon most of whose wonders of forests, prairies and rivers, no white man's eye had ever gazed. South of the Ohio, in what is now Kentucky, a few white settlers, following the adventurous footsteps of Daniel Boone, had reared their block-houses at three points only — Boonesborough, Harrod's Station and Logan's Fort. North of the Ohio, in the region now embraced in that magnificent state, there was probably not a single settlement. The few trading posts which had been established at the mouths of several of the rivers had been abandoned. But the numerous and powerful tribes clustered in the valleys of the Great and Little Miami, the Scioto, to the Muskingum and the Sandusky, were employed by the British Government, to march hundreds of miles to assail the colonial settlements, wherever they could be found, along the western frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, and especially those in the region of Kentucky.

Consequently, as a measure of defense, colonial troops were frequently sent into the heart of Ohio, to check the incursions, and weaken the power of the savages, by attacking them in their own homes. The narrative of these bloody conflicts constitutes an essential part of the history of the state.

Immediately after Lord Dunmore's War, the colonial authorities made strenuous endeavors to induce all the Indian tribes in the West to remain neutral during the conflict of the Revolution. This war was already assuming very terrible proportions. We have already alluded to the successful efforts of the British Government to enlist the warriors of the six nations on their side. This case illustrates all the rest. The circumstances were as follows:

Early in June, 1776, General Schuyler, duly authorized by the colonial government, met the chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations in a grand council at German Flats. After many very imposing ceremonies and eloquent speeches, the pipe of peace was smoked, a treaty was formed, and the Indians stipulated to observe a strict neutrality in the impending conflict. About a year after this, in 1777, the British Government sent commissioners to each of these tribes requesting their chiefs and warriors to meet in a grand council at Oswego, on the southern shores of Lake Ontario. We give an account of the proceedings of this council as described by the distinguished British traveler, Mr. Buckingham, in his "Travels in America." He quotes from a narrative, which he pronounces to be of unquestionable historical truthfulness:

"The council convened, and the British commissioners informed the chiefs, that the object in calling a council of the Six Nations, was to engage their assistance in subduing the rebels who had risen up against the good king, their master, and were about to rob him of a great part of his possessions. The commissioners added, that they would reward the Indians for all their services. The chiefs then informed the commissioners of the nature and extent of the treaty, into which they had entered with the people of the States the year before; informing them also that they should not violate it now by taking up the hatchet against them.

"The commissioners continued their entreaties without success, until they addressed their avarice and their appetites. They told the Indians that the people of the States were few in number,

and easily subdued; and that, on account of their disobedience to the king, they justly merited all the punishment which white men and Indians could inflict upon them. They added that the king was rich and powerful, both in subjects and money; that his rum was as plenty as the water in Lake Ontario; that his men were as numerous as the sands on the lake shore; that if the Indians would assist in the war until the close, as the friends of the king, they should never want for money or goods."

These savage chieftains and warriors disregarded their stipulated neutrality, and entered into a treaty with the British commissioners, for abundant rewards, many of which were already before their eyes, and others still more alluring were promised for the future. They agreed to assail the colonists with tomahawk and scalping knife till the war should end.

The commissioners were delighted with their success. They immediately presented to each Indian warrior a suit of clothes, a brass kettle, a gun, a tomahawk, a scalping knife, and one piece of gold. They also promised a bounty for every scalp which should be brought in.

These demoniac warriors immediately entered upon a career of devastation and blood, against men, women, boys, girls, and even unborn babes, whose horrors no imagination can conceive. Inspired by British gold and British rum, they swept with flame and blood the lovely valleys of the Wyoming, the Cherry, the Mohawk and the Susquehanna.

While his majesty's government was perpetrating such crimes in the north, Sir John Stewart was sent to rouse the Cherokees to a similar war against the frontiers of Virginia and the two Carolinas. We hesitate in recording these fiend-like atrocities of the British government. But history would be false to herself in spreading any veil over such crimes.

It was thus that the flame of Indian war was simultaneously lighted up, over all the region west of the Alleghany mountains. Wherever a settler had reared his lonely hut in the wilderness, he was sure soon to be surrounded by a gang of yelling savages. Fortunate was he if he and his family could perish in the flames of his own dwelling. If any of them were taken alive, they were probably reserved for the most awful of conceivable deaths, torture by the Indians.

Daniel Boone, one of the most heroic of the pioneers of the

wilderness, had formed a small colony at Boonesborough in Kentucky. The little settlement consisted of twenty six men, four women, and four or five boys and girls of various ages. It was surrounded with palisades, with strong block-houses at the corners, arranged with loop holes for defense. Daniel Boone was a very remarkable man, combining almost feminine delicacy of sensibilities, with heroism, fortitude and courage, never surpassed.

A powerful war party of the savages on the Little Miami River and Scioto, amounting to several hundred in number, was organized to march down to the Ohio River, cross in their canoes, steal silently through the forest upon Boonesborough, and utterly destroy it. Colonel Boone, himself, was absent from the fort a few miles, with a few men well armed, making salt, of which the garrison stood in pressing need. He was at a place called Salt Licks, on the Licking River. The salt was obtained by evaporating the water, boiling it in large kettles.

Colonel Boone had succeeded in obtaining a small reinforcement to his garrison, so that he took with him thirty-two well armed men, on this enterprise. It was one of the boldest of adventures, for they had to thread their way through the wilderness, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, to reach the Salt Springs. It was certain that the powerful tribes on the Miami and Scioto, would have their scouts out, and would learn of this movement. This would lead them, not only to attack the weakened garrison, but to surround and to cut off, if possible, the party at the Springs. They consequently worked night and day, never allowing themselves to be for one moment beyond the grasp of their rifles.

The news of this enterprise speedily reached the Indians, and they immediately made vigorous preparations to attack both the fort and the detachment at the Licks. Daniel Boone, like Kit Carson at a later day, was feared, respected and beloved by the Indians. He was universally known by the warriors, and had ever treated them with courtesy and consideration. They had no personal antagonism to him. The leading chiefs were very anxious to take him alive. They feared his prowess, and they probably hoped that he, like Simon Girty, might be incorporated into their tribe.

A party of more than one hundred picked warriors, was immediately sent forward, from old Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, to capture the detachment on the Licks, while another party

advanced upon Boonesborough. On the morning of the 7th of February, Colonel Boone had gone a little distance into the forest, in search of game for his men. Suddenly he found himself surrounded by more than one hundred savages. Being exceedingly fleet of foot, he endeavored to escape. But the whole band was after him, and they soon ran him down. Daniel Boone was never depressed by disaster. He took everything good naturedly. He knew many of his captors, and the cheerfulness with which he submitted to his fate, quite won their kindness. They promised him that if the party at the Springs would surrender without resistance, they should meet with no unkind treatment.

The Indians knew full well that should these well armed white men make a desperate fight, many of their own warriors would inevitably fall by their unerring bullets. Boone, who was almost supernaturally brave, was greatly perplexed. Had he been with his men, he would have fought to the last gasp. His presence would invigorate them to the most heroic, and possibly successful defense. But taken by surprise, deprived of their leader, and surrounded by veteran warriors, three or four to one, and these armed with the best of rifles, provided with an ample supply of ammunition furnished by the British Government, their case seemed hopeless.

Colonel Boone had sent three or four of his men back to Boonesborough, laden with salt. There were therefore only twenty-seven at the Licks. Should they be captured after a desperate resistance, which had resulted in the fall of many of the warriors, the prisoners would all certainly be put to death by the most dreadful tortures.

Under these circumstances, Colonel Boone wisely decided upon a surrender. As a humane man he could not do otherwise. Boone having once given his word, the Indian chiefs had implicit confidence in it. It was a curious spectacle to see these hundred plumed and painted warriors, silently following their captive through the forest, towards the camp of the white men. The trust of these savages in the honor of their prisoner was so extraordinary, that they allowed him to leave them, and go to his men in the camp, to explain to them the necessity of the surrender. They all saw the necessity and laid down their arms.

The victors were so elated with this great achievement, which had been accomplished without the loss of a single warrior, that

they immediately set out with their captives for one of their headquarters, on the Little Miami River. This beautiful little stream is about eighty miles in length, and flows through a rich, warm and fertile valley, about twenty miles in breadth. It enters the Ohio River only a few miles above the mouth of the Licking. Several miles up the Valley of the Little Miami there was a celebrated Indian village called Old Chillicothe. The exultant savages led their prisoners by a rapid march to the Ohio River, crossed the broad stream in their birch canoes, and ascended the beautiful valley, through clustered Indian villages, in a triumphal march to their central rendezvous. It seems that there were two Indian towns called Chillicothe—one on the Little Miami and one on the Scioto.

Daniel Boone in the account which he gives of these transactions, writes:

“The generous usage the Indians had promised before my capitulation was afterwards fully complied with. We proceeded with them as prisoners to Old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on Little Miami. Here we arrived, after an uncomfortable journey, in very severe weather, on the eighteenth of February, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived on the thirtieth day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity. During our travels the Indians entertained me well; and their affection for me was so great that they utterly refused to leave me there with the others, although the Governor offered them one hundred pounds sterling for me on purpose to give me a parole to go home.

“Several English gentlemen there, being sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy, generously offered a friendly supply for my wants, which I refused with many thanks for their kindness, adding ‘that I never expected it would be in my power to recompense such unmerited generosity.’”

The British officers at Detroit were fully aware that their Indian allies were not united to them by any ties of affection whatever. They could pay higher bribes to the chieftains than the colonists could pay. Still they were ever fearful that the capricious savages might desert their cause, and they were placing great dependence upon the terrors of the tomahawk and the scalping knife to force

the colonists back to subjection. Under these circumstances they could not venture to do anything which would be displeasing to these wayward chieftains.

There was much in the character of Daniel Boone which was peculiarly calculated to win the admiration of the Indians. His gentle demeanor, his unvarying cheerfulness, and his marvelous bravery, won their highest commendation. They all admitted that he was more than the equal of their most accomplished warriors in traversing the pathless forest. No Indian could surpass him on the hunting ground. Many of these chiefs fully appreciated the vast superiority of the white man on the war path, and they would gladly adopt Boone into their tribe as one of their chiefs.

The party spent ten days at Detroit, where they disposed, for a ransom, of all their captives excepting Colonel Boone. They then returned, by a weary journey of hundreds of miles, to their villages on the Little Miami. The country they then traversed, now so full of wealth, activity and all the appliances of the highest civilization, was then an almost unbroken wilderness of silent prairies and lonely forests, only occasionally trodden by small hunting bands. Having reached the Indian villages, which, far removed from the clamor of war, were reposing on the banks of this lovely stream, Colonel Boone was adopted by a chief of the Shawanese tribe, whose name was Blackfish. The Colonel in his autobiography, in the following words alludes to this event :

“At Chillicothe, I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect. I was adopted, according to their custom, into a family where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at their shooting matches. I was careful not to excel them when shooting, for no people are more envious than they in their sports.

“I could observe in their countenances and gestures, the greatest expressions of joy when they excelled me; and when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese King took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect, and entire friendship, often trusting me to hunt at my liberty. I frequently

returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him expressive of my duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging were in common with them. Not so good, indeed, as I could desire, but necessity makes everything acceptable."

The spirit which Boone manifested, while thus held for months in almost hopeless captivity, was not influenced by policy alone. He was fully aware of the outrages which the Indians had endured from unprincipled white men, and he could hardly blame the savages for seeking revenge. He had himself always treated them, not only with the strictest justice, but with kindness. The generous treatment he was receiving in return called forth his gratitude. Naturally endowed with a remarkably placid disposition, which virtue he had very carefully cultivated, he was never known to complain or worry, even under the most adverse circumstances.

He could not, however, forget his home and the beloved wife and children whom he had left. He was, therefore, continually on the alert to avail himself of any opportunity to escape which might occur.

The ceremony of his adoption into the tribe, and as the son of one of the chiefs, was severe and painful. By a very tedious operation every hair of his head was plucked out, one by one, excepting a small tuft, three or four inches in diameter on the crown. This was called the scalp lock. It was a point of honor with the warrior to leave it, that, should he fall in battle, his antagonist might have the opportunity of bearing away this trophy of his bravery.

The scalp lock was like the banner of an army, the pledge of victory. The hair was allowed to grow very long, and was quite gaudily decorated with ribbons and feathers. After the head of Boone was thus denuded of all its superfluous hairs, and the scalp lock carefully dressed, he was taken to the river and very thoroughly scrubbed, that all the white blood might be washed out of him. His face was then painted in the most imposing style of an Indian brave. He was then led to the council lodge. The chiefs and the warriors were there assembled in full dress. One of the leading chiefs then addressed him in a long and formal harangue, in which he expatiated upon the honor thus conferred, and upon the corresponding duties expected of him.

After this transformation it would require an eagle eye to dis-

tinguish the adopted son from a native of the tribe. The Indians, however, notwithstanding the kindness with which they treated their captive, seemed to be conscious that it must be his desire to return to his friends. Though they had sufficient delicacy of feeling not to apprise him of their suspicions, they adopted very careful precautions to prevent his escape.

Though it was one hundred and sixty miles from the Indian village, on the Little Miami, to his home at Boonesborough, such a skillful hunter as Boone, with his rifle and ammunition, would find no difficulty in supplying himself with ample game by the way. But if deprived of his rifle, or of the necessary ammunition, he would almost inevitably starve.

The Indians were, therefore, very careful not to allow him more powder and shot than were just sufficient for his daily hunting excursions. As he never missed his aim, they always knew, by the game he brought in, just how many times he had discharged his rifle.

But the white man can outwit the Indian. Boone cut his bullets in halves, and, creeping very near his game, used but half charges of powder. Thus he gradually accumulated quite an amount of ammunition, which he concealed in the hollow of a tree. His plans for an immediate escape were, however, frustrated.

The Scioto, as we have mentioned, runs through the heart of Ohio, in a line nearly parallel with the Little Miami, and about sixty miles east of that stream. Upon one of the branches of the Scioto, there were some salt springs, or licks, to which the Indians were in the habit of resorting to make salt. Early in June, a party of the Indians set out for these licks. They took Colonel Boone with them, as he was perfectly acquainted with the process, was a very energetic workman, and would be more safe from escape with them than if left behind.

After the absence of a fortnight they returned to the Little Miami with an ample supply. Here Boone found, much to his alarm, that during his absence, a war party of four hundred and fifty of the most distinguished braves of the tribe had been organized to march, under the lead of British officers, to attack Boonesborough. His wife and children were, as he supposed, there. He knew that the garrison would not yield without a desperate fight. He knew that such a force of warriors, guided by British intelligence, would in all probability take the fort. He

knew that the savages, maddened by the battle, would massacre, without discrimination, every one — men, women and children, — taken within the palisades.

Colonel Boone was sufficiently acquainted with the Shawanese language to understand every word which was spoken. Sagaciously, however, he assumed from the moment of his capture, entire ignorance of their speech. Thus he listened to all the details of their plan to surprise the fort. It had become to him a matter of infinite moment to escape from his captivity, and convey to his friends the tidings of their peril. But the jealous Indians were very wary. The slightest suspicion of any attempt to escape on his part would expose him to a vigilance of watchfulness, which it would be impossible for him to elude. So skillfully did he conceal his feelings, and with such apparent eagerness did he aid in all their military operations, that the Indians remitted even their ordinary vigilance.

Just after the break of day, in one of the most lovely mornings of the middle of June, Colonel Boone left the lodge of his adopted father to go out on his usual hunt. His service in bringing in game had become unusually important, as nearly all the warriors of the tribe were engrossed in preparations for the great enterprise. The British officers had enlisted about a dozen French Canadians in their service, and the French and English banners were blended with those of the savages in readiness for the march. The Indians had allowed Boone ammunition for the hunt of only one day. As soon as he had entered the forest, beyond sight of the crowd of savage warriors clustered in the village, he hastened to his little magazine in the hollow of a tree, and filled his pockets with the ammunition which he had so carefully stored away there. He then commenced his rapid flight, with sinews as tireless as if made of steel, down the Valley of the Miami towards the Ohio River. Many hours would elapse before the slightest suspicion would arise of his attempt to escape.

But he knew that the moment his flight was suspected four hundred and fifty warriors would be in hot pursuit after him. Many of them would be mounted on fleet horses, and all of them were swift runners. They would all be breathing vengeance, for they deemed it one of the most atrocious and unpardonable of crimes, for an adopted son to desert his tribe. • If captured, the

infuriated Indians would wreak upon him all their vengeance. His death by the most cruel torture was inevitable. It is, however, not probable that these thoughts seriously disturbed the equanimity of Colonel Boone. He was always hopeful, and never yielded to desponding presentiments. An unwavering trust in the protection of God seemed to sustain and soothe him in the darkest hours.

He was then forty-three years of age. In power of endurance, in skill in threading the forest and in eluding his foes, there was no Indian of any tribe who surpassed him. It was often said that he had never experienced the emotion of fear. Though four hundred and fifty veteran warriors and athletic young braves would crowd the Valley of the Miami, like bloodhounds baying after their victim, he, in his great modesty, seems to have been quite unconscious of the sublimity, peril and grandeur of the achievement he had undertaken. In his autobiography he alludes to the enterprise, only in the following words :

"On the sixteenth of June, before sunrise, I departed from Old Chillicothe in the most secret manner. I arrived at Boonesborough on the twentieth, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles, during which I had but one meal."

It was, of course, necessary for Colonel Boone, as soon as he was out of sight of the Little Miami Village, to fly with the utmost speed, that he might put as great a distance as possible between himself and the Indians before they could commence the pursuit. He subsequently learned that it was not till late in the afternoon that his flight was suspected. The greatest agitation, and even consternation, was then manifested in the camp. Should he escape and carry to Boonesborough the tidings of the contemplated foray, all their plans would be frustrated.

Immediately a large party of the swiftest runners and keenest hunters were put upon his track, while the rest were to follow the next day. But Boone had already put many leagues between himself and his foes. Still, he dared not fire a gun or kindle a fire, or, in the exhaustion of his flight, take an hour for sleep. Onward and still onward he pressed, by night as by day, till at length he reached the Ohio River. The majestic stream was swollen by spring floods, and it was now rolling in a swift and turbid current half a mile in width, filling the bed of the stream from shore to shore with almost fathomless waters. Thus far

Colonel Boone had appeased his hunger with a few cuts of dried venison, with which he had secretly provided himself.

He now stood upon the banks of the stream and looked with great anxiety upon the wild rush of the waters. Though experienced in woodcraft, he was not an expert swimmer. It seemed impossible for him to cross the river. Unless he could cross it, his capture was inevitable. As he was rapidly following up the stream, trying in vain to form some plan of escape, he came providentially upon an old canoe, which had drifted among the bushes upon the shore. There was a large hole at one end, and it was nearly full of mud and water. He succeeded in bailing out the water and in plugging up the hole, and, though at the imminent peril of foundering, paddled his way across the stream. Then, with the broad Ohio between himself and his pursuers, he ventured to indulge a little in the luxury of food and sleep. Shooting a turkey, he kindled a fire and cooked it, and feasted upon the delicious viands with the appetite of a half-famished man. He then found a covert, where even the keen eye of the Indian would not search him out, and indulged in a few hours of sweet sleep. This was the only real meal, and the only refreshing sleep, he enjoyed during his flight.

At the close of the fifth day he entered the little gate of the fortress at Boonesborough, where he was received as one risen from the dead. He had been absent nearly six months, and as no tidings had been received from him, not even as to the circumstances attending his capture, all had supposed he was no longer living. Much to his disappointment, he found neither wife nor children at Boonesborough. Mrs. Boone, who seems to have been a very estimable woman, despairing of ever seeing her husband again, had taken her children, and returned to her father's house in North Carolina. It was a long, dreary and perilous journey through the wilderness, but it is gratifying to record that it was accomplished in safety.

Colonel Boone found the fort, as he had expected, in a very bad state of defense. But his presence and the tidings which he brought infused new energies into the little community. Every available hand, of men, women and boys, was put to work, night and day, to strengthen the defenses. Everything was done, which skill could devise, to repel an assault from an overpowering band of savages, armed with English rifles and led by British officers.



ESCAPE OF DANIEL BOONE.

In ten days Boonesborough had made all the preparations which were possible for the dreadful onset. The heroic Boone then — acting upon the principle of Napoleon I., that, in a defensive war, it was often the best policy to assume the offensive, and that when a battle was inevitable, it should be fought, if possible, on the enemy's soil — selected a small party of but nineteen men and commenced a bold march to the very homes of the Indians.

Boonesborough was in the heart of Kentucky, on the Kentucky River, nearly two hundred miles, as one follows the windings of the stream, from where it enters the Ohio. By marching directly through the wilderness in a line due North, leaving the Kentucky River far away, in its serpentine flow, on the left, the Ohio was reached, opposite the mouth of the Little Miami, after a journey of about one hundred miles. Much of the route led along the valley of the Licking River. For the whole distance it was an unbroken solitude. Not a single settler's cabin cheered the gloom, and not even an Indian village was found on the way. The region was regarded by many tribes as common hunting-ground, which no one tribe was allowed to appropriate to itself.

Through such a wilderness this band of heroes commenced its march, to meet in deadly battle and in their strongholds a British army of nearly five hundred savages. One of the greatest of captains has said: "An army of deer led by a lion is better than an army of lions led by a deer." But here was an army of lions led by the most royal of them all. There was no trail through the forest to guide their march. On they eagerly pressed, over hills and through valleys, wading morasses and fording streams, until they reached the Ohio. How they crossed the broad and rapid river we know not. But they did cross, and soon found themselves in the Valley of the Miami.

Silently, with moccasined feet and in single file, this little army of one score men entered the country of their foes. They cautiously avoided the trails leading along the valley, which the Indian's foot, for countless generations, had trodden smooth. Should they meet a single Indian by the way, he, by rapid flight, would convey the tidings which would bring down the warriors in overwhelming numbers upon them. Their only hope of success was in striking their foes by surprise.

Creeping cautiously along they had arrived within about four miles of an Indian village called Paint Creek, where they intended

to make their first attack, when suddenly they came upon a band of thirty savage warriors, who were descending the valley to join other bands on the march to Boonesborough. Instantly Boone ordered the charge. The savages, taken by surprise, and supposing that there must be an army of white men, who had thus ventured into their country, fled precipitately, leaving behind them three horses and all their baggage. Two of their warriors were shot dead and two others wounded. The white men suffered no loss.

Colonel Boone, as cautious as he was brave, sent forward two swift runners to spy out, from some covert, what was going on in Paint Creek. If the main body of the army were assembled there, ready to rush upon him, his position would be perilous indeed. His only possible safety would be found in the most hasty flight. This was so manifest that he at once commenced slowly a retreat.

The runners soon returned with the tidings that there was a large army of warriors at Paint Creek, and that they all were in a state of great commotion, preparing for some immediate movement. Fearing that their retreat might be cut off, these hardy men commenced a very rapid flight back to the fort, which they reached after an absence of but seven days. Had they succeeded in entering the valley by surprise, they could have swept its whole extent with desolation never to be forgotten. Indian runners would have hastened to Boonesborough to apprise the warriors of the invasion. This would have rendered it necessary for the savages to abandon the siege and hasten back for the protection of their own homes. As it was, much good was accomplished. It inspired the savages with new ideas of the valor and strength of the white men. It also greatly emboldened the garrison, and gave them the important intelligence that their foes were on the march.

On the eighth of August, the Indian army arrived. It consisted of four hundred and forty-four privates. Of these, all were savages excepting eleven, who were Canadians that had enlisted in the service of the English. They were commanded by a Captain Duquesne. With considerable military pomp they approached the fort—the banners of France and England flying side by side, and the savages marching beneath their proud pennons, decorated with scalps. As soon as Captain Duquesne had posted his troops, so as to command all the important points, he sent a

flag of truce, demanding, in the name of his Britannic Majesty, the immediate surrender of the fortress and all its inmates.

Colonel Boone requested two days to consider the question. As escape was impossible, and it was certain that no reinforcements could arrive, and since the rest of two days would prepare the savage warriors for a more furious onset, the request was granted. Colonel Boone, writing of this event, says :

"It was now a critical period with us. We were a small number in the garrison. A powerful army was before our walls, whose appearance proclaimed inevitable death. Death was preferable to captivity. If taken by storm, we must inevitably be devoted to destruction. The summons for the surrender was made on the morning of the eighth. The British commander, impatient of delay, demanded an answer on the evening of the ninth. It was not deemed expedient to admit him within the gates, as he might thus spy out the measures which were adopted for the defense. Knowing, however, that he was dealing with civilized men, he approached near enough to the fort to receive his answer from Colonel Boone himself."

The heroic commander said to him: "I shall not surrender this fortress, while there is a single man left alive to defend it. We laugh at your preparations for an attack, and still we thank you for giving us time to complete our preparations to repel you. You will not take this fort. Our gates will forever deny you admittance."

These were very bold words. Captain Duquesne was apprehensive that Colonel Boone might have some means of defense which he could not overcome. He knew, as did every man in the fort, that should the savages take the place by assault, no earthly power could restrain their fury. Every one within the palisades, men, women and children, would fall beneath their tomahawks, and, with fiend-like yells, their bloody scalps would be waved in triumph from their pennon poles. Perhaps this consideration moved the heart of a British officer, and induced him again to try the influence of diplomacy.

And still, in the account which we have of these events, he is represented as contemplating an act of treachery of which we can hardly conceive it possible that a British officer should be guilty. He represented that it would be utterly impossible for him to save the life of a single inmate of the fort, should his savage allies take

it by violence; but that if he would come out, with nine of his leading men, they could undoubtedly enter into a treaty, binding the garrison not to take any part in the war between the colonies and the mother country, which would satisfy Governor Hamilton, of Detroit, under whose orders he was acting. It will be remembered that Governor Hamilton knew Colonel Boone, and regarded him with friendly feelings. Having formed this treaty, Captain Duquesne promised to withdraw his savage soldiers, and recrossing the Ohio River, to return them peaceably to their homes in the Valley of the Miami. An account of the results of this proposition must be reserved for the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

DISASTER AND REVENGE.

COUNCIL AT BOONESBOROUGH — PERFIDY OF BLACKFISH — THE TREACHERY THWARTED — PROPOSED TERMS OF CAPITULATION — RENEWAL OF THE BATTLE — HONEST LOYALTY OF BOONE — SITE OF THE FORT — RETREAT OF THE SAVAGES — THEIR CHAGRIN — THE DISASTER TO COLONEL ROGERS — EXPEDITION OF COLONEL BOWMAN — ENTIRE FAILURE — EARLY HISTORY OF SIMON KENTON — SURPRISED BY THE INDIANS — THE HUT IN THE WILDERNESS — ATTRACTIVE SCENE — SINGULAR CONFLICT WITH A WHITE MAN — VISIT TO BOONESBOROUGH — KENTON SAVES THE LIFE OF BOONE — AWFUL FATE OF WILLIAMS — CAPTIVITY OF KENTON — HIS TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS — THE SERENE EVENING OF HIS LIFE — HIS CHRISTIAN DEATH.

THERE WERE but fifty men in the garrison at Boonesborough. They were assailed by a body of Indian warriors, outnumbering them more than eight to one. These savages were led by the renowned Shawanese Chieftain, Blackfish, who had adopted Boone as his son, and who was tremendously exasperated against him, for his ungrateful escape from so loving a father. The British commander had but very slight control over these wild men. He could supply them with the best of the weapons of war, and through their Chieftain, guide their general movements, but there his authority ended. Still the alliance of savage ferocity, with British intelligence, was dreadful.

Captain Duquesne, as before mentioned, was acting under instructions from Governor Hamilton. This induced Boone to accede to his proposal of holding a council to confer respecting a treaty of peace. He, however, having spent his life among the Indians, was far better acquainted with their character, than was Duquesne. He knew full well that if his father-in-law, the Chieftain, Blackfish, meditated perfidy, Duquesne had no power whatever to arrest his

uplifted hand. He therefore, to guard against treachery, appointed the place of meeting at but one hundred and twenty feet distant from the fort, upon a spot which would be perfectly commanded by its rifles. Every man in the garrison was secretly placed in position, with guns loaded and primed, to take fearful vengeance upon the enemy, if any perfidy were attempted. In addition to this, he selected to accompany him nine of the most muscular and athletic men under his command, each one of whom was more than a match for the most powerful of the Indians.

The terms proposed by Captain Duquesne were liberal, and it is by no means certain that he intended to be guilty of any dishonor. They were such as ought to have been satisfactory to any fair-minded Englishman. Colonel Boone therefore thought it not improbable that he might be sincere in the suggestion. The only object of the British government was, to bring the colonists back to their allegiance to the crown. But the Indians, on the war-path, were like wolves who had lapped blood rushing towards the sheep-fold. They were not only eager to drive the colonists back from their hunting-grounds, but they wished to load themselves with the plunder of their dwellings—to obtain glory by the exhibition of their scalps, and to gratify their savage natures by the shrieks which torture could extort from their prisoners at the stake.

Boone, and his little band of hardy pioneers, had for years been buried in the depths of the wilderness, hundreds of miles west of the Alleghany Mountains. They could know very little of the controversy which had arisen between the colonists and the mother country, and could take but little personal interest in the quarrel. They had always regarded the British King as their lawful sovereign. When, therefore, Captain Duquesne proposed that they should take the oath of allegiance to the king, they were not particularly averse to doing so. And even should it be insisted that they should abandon Boonesborough, and return, unmolested with their possessions, to their old homes and friends east of the mountains, this was far preferable to remaining in the wilderness to be attacked by thousands of merciless savages, abundantly provided with the munitions of war from British arsenals.

The commissioners on both sides appeared at the appointed

time and place, as usual entirely unarmed. After brief discussion, a treaty was drawn up and signed, allowing the inmates of the fort to withdraw with all their transportable property, under the pledge of protection from harm. While the conference was going on, the watchful eye of Boone observed that a large number of Indian warriors, the old chieftain Blackfish among them, who seemed to be listlessly loitering around, were gradually approaching the place of council. As the ceremony of signing the treaty was proceeding, they drew near, as if lured by curiosity alone. He noticed that Blackfish regarded him with an exceedingly unamiable expression of countenance. As soon as the signatures were attached to the articles, the old chief stepped forward and said, in the most pompous style of Indian eloquence, that the bravery of the two armies was equal, and that he and his warriors desired only peace and friendship with all the white men. He closed his long harangue with the words:

"It is the invariable custom with the Indian braves to ratify every important treaty by shaking of hands. On such occasions, in token of our entire fraternity, two red men shake hands with each white man, one Indian taking the right hand, and the other the left at the same time."

This very shallow pretense was, of course, at once comprehended. It was scarcely up to the sagacity of ordinary children. Blackfish supposed that two savages grappling, at the same moment, the hand of one of the garrison, would be able at least to make him a prisoner. Thus the whole nine would be captured. Then, by binding them to stakes, piling the fagots around them, and threatening them with death by the most cruel tortures, in face of the whole garrison, they might compel the surrender of the fort.

The precautions of Colonel Boone had prepared him for the emergency. No two savages could drag away any one of the burly pioneers whom he had brought with him from the fort. And there were forty unerring riflemen ready to strike down, in an instant, forty warriors, should the crime be attempted. They had also other guns ready at their sides to repeat, with scarcely an instant's cessation, the volley of death.

Boone, assuming to be satisfied of their honesty, assented to the arrangement. The grasp was given. Instantly the fiend-like savages raised the war-whoop, as they endeavored to drag off their victims. Terrible was the scene that ensued. Eighteen



EDWARD TIFFIN
Governor 1803 1807

savages had seized nine white men. Without one moment's delay the report of forty rifles was heard, and nearly every one of those eighteen warriors dropped in his blood. The intended victims were thus released from their clutches. At the same moment more than four hundred savage warriors made the welkin resound with their yells, as they rushed forward to seize those whom they supposed to have been captured. But the soldiers, protected by the incessant fire of their comrades, on swift feet reached the fort in safety; only one, the brother of Colonel Boone, being slightly wounded.

We have no means of knowing whether the British officer was ashamed of the perfidy of his savage allies. We simply know that Captain Duquesne and Chieftain Blackfish immediately combined all their energies in the prosecution of the siege. They divided the savage army into two forces of about two hundred and twenty men each. They had an abundant supply of ammunition, and, for nine days and nights, they kept up almost an incessant fire upon the fort.

This fort, so important in the early history of the great valley, was built upon the left bank of the Kentucky River, not far from the center of the state. It consisted of several log huts, so arranged as to enclose a square of about one acre of ground. The spaces between the log houses were filled with palisades of stout timbers planted closely together, and about twelve feet high. These palisades and walls were bullet-proof. The fort was built so near the river that one of the angles reached into the river, furnishing them thus an unfailing supply of water. Each of the corner houses projected a little, so that from the port-holes any assailant could be shot who should approach with ladder or hatchet. It was really an artistic structure, and presented a very formidable obstacle to any foe who should attack it without artillery. Colonel Boone, describing the scene from the moment when they presented their hands to the savages, writes :

"They immediately grappled us. But although surrounded by hundreds of savages, we extricated ourselves from them, and all escaped safe into the garrison except one, who was wounded by a heavy fire from their army. They immediately attacked us from every side, and a constant heavy fire ensued between us, day and night, for the space of nine days. In this time the enemy began to undermine our fort. They began at the watermark and pro-

ceeded in the bank some distance, which we understood by their making the water muddy with the clay. We immediately proceeded to disappoint their design, by cutting a trench across their subterranean passage. The enemy discovering our countermine, by the clay that we threw out of the fort, desisted from that stratagem. Experience now fully convincing them that neither their power nor their policy could effect their purpose, on the twentieth of August they raised the siege and departed.

"During this siege, which threatened death in every form, we had two men killed and four wounded, besides a number of cattle. We killed thirty-seven, and wounded a great number. After they were gone, we picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of our fort, which is certainly a great proof of their industry."

At one time the Indians succeeded in throwing upon the roof of one of the buildings some flaming combustibles attached to an arrow. The roof was almost as dry as powder. The fort was threatened with immediate and fatal conflagration. One of the young men, at the imminent peril of his life, exposing himself to the fire of the savage sharpshooters, succeeded in extinguishing the flames. All the region directly around the fort was cleared of stumps and trees, so that the rifles of the garrison compelled the assailants to keep at a very considerable distance.

The repulse of the savages at Boonesborough greatly disheartened them. They returned, much chagrined, across the Ohio to their homes on the Little Miami, without a single scalp to exhibit as the trophy of their expedition. Soon, however, they had an opportunity for petty revenge. Colonel Rogers, an officer of the colonial army, was ascending the river from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, with supplies for that station. He had several boats, protected by a force of between sixty and seventy soldiers. When he arrived near the mouth of the Little Miami, he saw a large number of Indian warriors, decorated with their war paint and well armed, crossing the Ohio River to the Kentucky shore. They were on the march to carry fire and blood to some lonely settlement on the frontier.

Colonel Rogers, supposing himself to be unseen by the savages, and greatly under-estimating their numbers, resolved to attack them, hoping to take them by surprise. He accordingly landed his men, and was cautiously advancing through the forest, when

he suddenly found himself almost surrounded by an overwhelming number of savages, thoroughly armed with rifles. They fell upon him with great fury. In a few moments, Colonel Rogers himself and sixty of his men were shot down. Two or three only escaped to carry up the river, to the settlements, the sad tidings of the massacre.

It was immediately resolved by the colonial authorities to avenge this disaster. Colonel Bowman issued a call for all the frontiersmen, in the various posts and settlements, who were willing to volunteer to punish these Ohio Indians, to rendezvous at Harrodsburgh, a small station about fifty miles west of Boonesborough. A well-armed body of hardy pioneers, three hundred in number, were soon assembled at that point. With rapid march, they directed their steps northward, a distance of more than a hundred miles, before they reached the Ohio River, nearly opposite the present site of Cincinnati. In frail boats, hastily constructed, they crossed the river, and soon entered the Valley of the Little Miami. With cautious but rapid tread, they pressed along in the ascent of the valley, till just before nightfall, about the middle of July, they reached the vicinity of Old Chillicothe, the most important Indian town in the valley. It was determined to divide their forces and attack the town by surprise, just before the dawn of the morning. Colonel Bowman was to attack in front. Colonel Logan, leading a hundred and fifty men, groped his way through the forest to be ready, at a given signal, to attack the foe in the rear.

Successfully and undiscovered he accomplished his movement, and was concealing his men behind trees, stumps and logs, to await the signal of attack, when the sharp ear of a watch dog caught some unusual sound, and he commenced barking very furiously. The troops were then at the distance of but a few rods from the Indian lodges. A savage came out from his hut, and looking anxiously around, came near the concealed troops. One of the party, either by accident or through great imprudence, discharged his gun. The savage immediately gave an exceedingly shrill war whoop. The Indians lose no time in dressing. In an instant every man, woman and child was out of the lodges. The bewildered warriors were rushing about, preparing to battle an unseen foe. In the dim light Colonel Logan could see the women and children, in a continuous line, fleeing over a ridge to the pro-

tection of the distant forest. The Indian warriors, in the display of unexpected military skill—which skill was probably taught them by British instructors in the art of war—immediately gathered in several strong block-houses. These were admirably arranged for defense, being impervious to bullets, supplied with loop-holes, and the ground around so cleared as to afford no protection whatever to an assailing foe.

In an instant the whole aspect of affairs was changed. The Indians were in an impregnable position. To advance upon them was certain defeat and certain death. Colonel Logan, greatly chagrined, was compelled to order the immediate retreat of his men, that all the troops could be reunited to meet any assault which might be made upon them. The Indian warriors manifested great bravery. As soon as they caught sight of their foes, and saw them on the retreat, they emerged from their protecting walls, and, cautiously pursuing, kept up a constant fire upon the rear of the fugitives. The valiant Blackfish led this band of warriors.

The result of the conflict might have been still more fatal than it was, had not a chance bullet struck down the chief in instant death. The warriors were so disheartened by this calamity that they abandoned the pursuit, and returned to their fortress with the dead body of their chief. The colonists, having lost nine men in killed and one severely wounded, continued their flight all that day and the ensuing night, until they had placed the broad Ohio River between them and their foes. They then, chagrined and greatly dejected, continuing their retreat, returned to their homes. They had accomplished nothing, and the savages of the Little Miami were greatly elated by the repulse which they had effected.

An instance of individual heroism and suffering which occurred about this time, and which is peculiarly illustrative of the nature of this warfare, may be recorded here. Colonel Boone had organized what might be called a corps of explorers, whose business it was to go out, two and two, in various directions through the wilderness, in search of indications of the approach of Indians. One of these explorers, Simon Kenton, was a very remarkable man, whose achievements as a pioneer and an Indian fighter, ever manifesting the most reckless and desperate bravery, had already acquired for him much renown. He had fled from seri-

ous difficulties, on the other side of the mountains, to the haunts of the savages, and seemed to set but very little value upon his own life. He erroneously thought that, in a quarrel, he had killed a rival lover. In grief and despair he fled from civilization. But the wounded man recovered, though he knew it not. He subsequently became, we trust, a true disciple of Jesus Christ, and was one of the prominent actors in laying the foundations of the noble State of Kentucky.

It would be difficult for the imagination of any romancer to create a tale more full of wild and wondrous adventure than is to be found in the career of this man. Simon was a boy of but sixteen years of age when he had a quarrel with another young man, by the name of Veach, who was his rival in love. They met, and, after a few words of altercation, had a pitched battle. Simon threw his antagonist to the ground and kicked him in the breast. Veach vomited blood and fainted away. Simon, terrified, raised him in his arms and spoke kindly to him. But receiving no answer, and seeing Veach apparently lifeless, he thought that he was dead. Overwhelmed with grief and remorse, the poor boy fled into the forest, directing his steps to the wildest fastnesses of the Alleghanies. Ever apprehensive that the officers of justice were after him, he concealed himself by day and traveled by night. Veach, however, soon recovered, having received no serious harm. At length, after innumerable and wonderful adventures, young Kenton reached Fort Pitt in rags and almost starved. Here he took the name of Simon Butler, and was employed as hunter for the fort.

He soon recovered equanimity of mind, and, in the congenial employment in which he was then engaged, passed, as he ever afterwards said, the happiest period of his life. He was in perfect health, was blest with a very robust constitution, which gave him great strength and agility, and he found the streams abounding with fish, and the forests and meadows alive with game. Here he spent his time in that happy state of busy idleness which is the great glory of the hunter's life.

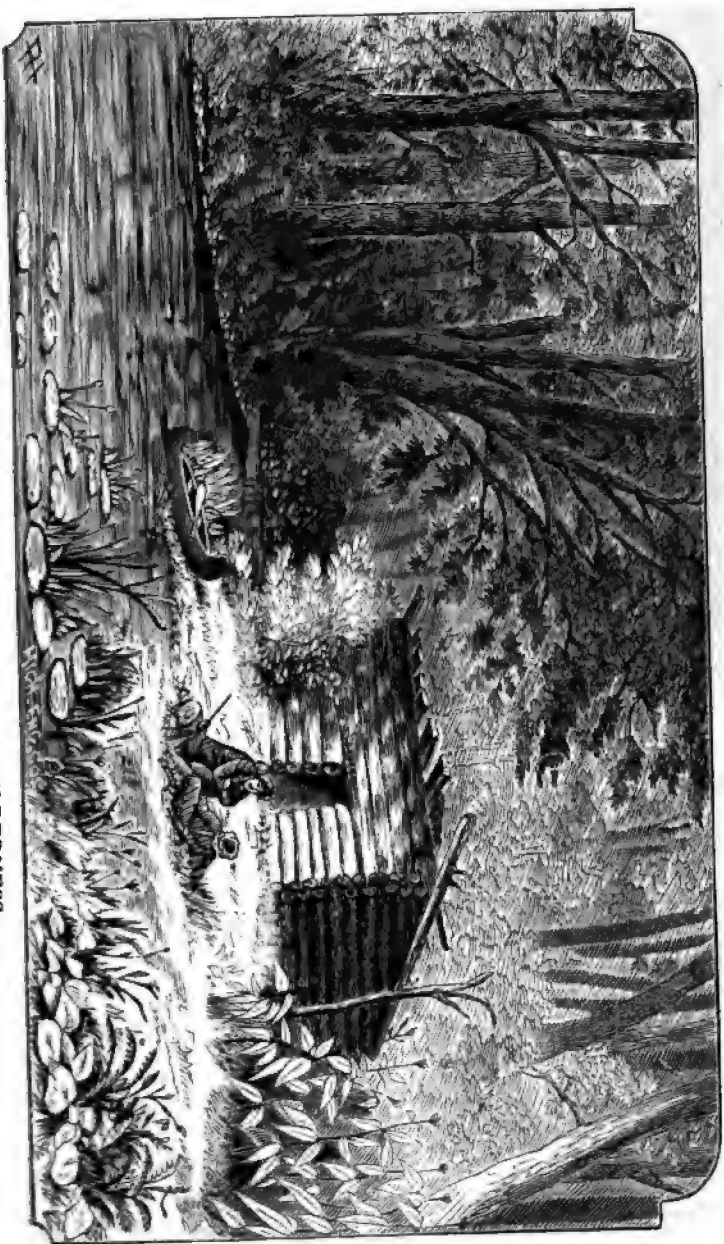
One cold evening in the month of March, Kenton and two companions had encamped for the night on the bank of the Kanawha River. They had built a rousing fire, had cooked their supper of the most delicious bits of game, and wrapped in bear-skin robes, which were impervious to the cold, they were in the enjoy-

ment, for them, of about as much luxurious indulgence as can be found in this world. The crackling of the fire was music to their ears. Its flame illumined the flowing river and the sublime forest far and wide. Suddenly the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, which laid one of their number still in death, while the yell of a small band of savages, rushing upon them, echoed through the forest.

Kenton and his surviving companion fled like deer, abandoning everything, without even time to catch their rifles. It was, as we have said, the cold and cheerless month of March. They had no means of building a fire; they could take no game; there were no berries. For six days and nights they wandered through the forest, barely sustaining life on a few roots. At length they reached the Ohio River so enfeebled, so near death, that for the last two days they had been able to travel but one mile each day. Here, fortunately, they met a party of hunters descending the Ohio River, by whom they were rescued.

During Lord Dunmore's war, Simon Kenton accompanied the expedition, discharging the difficult and very perilous office of a spy and scout. Upon his return from the war, he set out on a solitary hunting expedition, in the valley of the Elkhorn, one of the tributaries of the Kentucky River. This was, as he supposed, in the very heart of an unpeopled wilderness. One companion only, whose name was Williams, accompanied him. They descended the Ohio River to the present site of Maysville, and there struck directly across the country, a hundred and fifty miles, in a southwest direction, till they reached the valley of this lonely stream, which valley a white man's foot had never trodden, and which the Indian, even, had rarely visited. Here, in this utter silence and loneliness, these strange adventurers, enamored with the solitude of the forest, reared a log hut. They found a green and treeless lawn of a few acres, with a sunny exposure, surrounded by the forest. The crystal stream flowed gently in front of their door. It was the elysium for a hermit. There was fish in the stream, and all kinds of game in their magnificent park. The softly tanned skin of the deer supplied them with every article of clothing, which their own hands easily manufactured. A full supply of fur robes, furnished them with a couch for the night. They probably had one or two horses with them, to convey the necessary

SIMON KENTON'S LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.



camp equipage, for this was the almost invariable custom of the hunter.

In the rich pastures of Kentucky the animals would grow fat. With their tomahawks they cut through the sods, and planted their corn. Soon they had the pleasure of seeing the field waving with this most beautiful of growths. They wanted for nothing. Dressed in the Indian costume, with skin browned by exposure, no one could easily distinguish them from the Indians. Indeed it had become the custom of these hunters, as a precaution against sudden attack, to assume, in full, the disguise of the savage dress.

One day Kenton had gone out alone, some miles from the hut, in pursuit of game, when suddenly, in the dense forest, which was free from under-brush, he came upon apparently an Indian, within half rifle shot. Kenton sprang instantly behind a tree for protection. The savage did the same. There they stood, for sometime, peering at each other, and each attempting, by all the arts of Indian manœuvering, to draw the other's fire. Should one discharge his rifle, without striking his antagonist, the other could easily rush from his covert and shoot him down before he had time to reload. At length Kenton's antagonist, who was also a white hunter, in the disguise of an Indian, perceived something in the movement of his foe, which led him to suspect that he might also be in disguise. This led him to shout from his covert, "For God's sake, if you are a white man, speak." An explanation ensued, and the stranger introduced himself as Michael Stoner, of North Carolina. He accompanied Kenton to his hut, where he spent several days in the enjoyment of its profuse hospitality.

It seems that Kenton was entirely unacquainted with the little settlement at Boonesborough, which was about one hundred miles southeast from him, far up the Kentucky River. He had supposed that he and Williams were the only settlers in Kentucky. Stoner conducted Kenton to Boonesborough, and introduced him to the heroic Daniel Boone. After a short visit Kenton returned to his hut, on the Elkhorn, where he had left his companion. Here a sad spectacle was presented to him. The Indians had been there; his hut was in ashes; all its contents had disappeared. Near by there was a stake driven firmly into the ground, surrounded by blackened brands; and charred bones were found

among the ashes. This revealed too plainly the awful fate of Williams.

Kenton immediately hastened back to Boonesborough, attaching himself to a small band of settlers, who were forming a station at Harrodsburgh. Here he was actively employed as hunter and as ranger, to give warning of the approach of Indians. He had then but just attained the age of full manhood, and is described as remarkably graceful in form and handsome in features. He was over six feet tall, with light hair, a soft blue eye, and with a smile really fascinating. He was capable of the most astonishing endurance.

Not long after he repaired to Boonesborough, and became connected, as friend and companion, with Daniel Boone—a congenial spirit. One morning in 1778, Kenton and a companion were leaving the fort on a hunting excursion. Just then two men, who had gone into a field, at a little distance from the fort, to drive in some horses, were attacked by five Indians. The men fled, and were hotly pursued. The savages, in the eagerness of the chase, probably did not perceive Kenton, who was partially concealed behind tall grass and shrubs. One of them overtook one of the white men, struck him down with his tomahawk, and, uttering a triumphant yell, was just beginning to scalp him, when a bullet from Kenton's rifle pierced his heart, and he fell dead. The four, witnessing the fate of their leading warrior, turned on their heels in precipitate flight.

Daniel Boone, always on the alert, had already emerged from the gate of the little fortress, at the head of ten men, and with Kenton and his companion, entered into a full pursuit of the savages. But they soon found that the forest was full of the foes. Kenton saw an Indian from behind a tree taking deliberate aim at Colonel Boone. Quick as flash Kenton's rifle was discharged, and the savage dropped dead. He had saved Boone's life. Boone gratefully bowed his acknowledgments.

Just then, not a little to their dismay, they heard the yell of a large band of Indians, who had rushed between them and the fort, to cut off their retreat. Their peril was extreme. Their only possible hope was in a desperate charge through the savages. Boone gave orders for every man to take deliberate aim, so that each should be sure to bring down some one of their warriors, and then to dash through the band with clubbed guns, and reach the

fort, if possible. Again it was Kenton's fortune to save his commander's life. The bullet of an Indian broke Boone's leg, and he was helpless. Kenton, with gigantic strength, grasped Boone in his arms, as if he were a child, and rushed with him into the fort. All escaped, though of the twelve seven were seriously, though none mortally, wounded.

Not long after this event, Kenton and two other men, Montgomery and Clarke, were sent across the Ohio River to ascend the Valley of the Little Miami, to spy out the condition of the Indians there, and to report if they were preparing for any military expedition. Colonel Bowman had been sent from beyond the mountains, with a hundred and forty men, to protect the feeble settlements in Kentucky. Under his orders Kenton and his companions were acting. They reached the Ohio River, and succeeded in crossing the broad and rapid flood unseen. Stealthily they crept through the forest by night, concealing themselves by day, until they reached Old Chillicothe. Here they found in an enclosure, just outside of the town, seven well-fed and fine horses. They each mounted an animal, and, not willing to leave any behind, which might aid the Indians in pursuit, by hastily constructed halters led the rest. The tramp of the animals reached the quick ear of the Indians, and soon the whole town was in an uproar. The bold adventurers dashed down the valley at their utmost speed. Thus they drove on through the whole of the remainder of the night, the next day, and the next night.

On the morning of the second day they reached the Ohio River, and there the majestic flood rolled before them, its beauty being lost in its grandeur. A fierce gale was blowing, and the surface of the stream was lashed into angry waves. It was not possible for the horses to swim the stream in so boisterous a wind. Anxious to retain animals so valuable, and thinking they had got so much the start of the Indians that they could not be speedily overtaken, they very imprudently decided to remain on the northern bank till evening, trusting that the gale would abate with the setting sun. But instead of this, as night came on, the storm raged with increasing fury.

The next morning, Kenton, who chanced to be separated a short distance from his two companions, saw three Indians and one white man, all well mounted, close upon him. He instantly raised his rifle, took aim at the breast of the foremost Indian, and

pulled the trigger. The powder flashed in the pan. He then endeavored to escape by flight, but was speedily overtaken and captured. The savages seemed greatly exasperated by the loss of their horses. One of them seized him by the hair and shook him "till his teeth rattled." With the utmost scorn he exclaimed, "You horse thief." The others cut switches, and, with savage mercilessness, scourged him over the head and face, crying out at every blow, "You steal our horses, hey? you steal our horses?"

Just then Kenton saw his companion, Montgomery, running boldly to his aid. Two Indians discharged their rifles at him, and he fell dead. Probably he sought this death, as his only refuge from torture. He was instantly scalped, and the savages slapped the face of Kenton with the bloody trophy. Clarke, unseen by the Indians, plunged into the forest and escaped.

The captors threw their victim, with great violence, to the ground. Placing him upon his back, they fastened his neck strongly to a sapling. His arms, extended to their full length, were bound to stakes, and his feet were pinioned in the same manner. A stout stick was then passed across his breast, and was firmly bound to stakes. Thus fettered, he could scarcely move a muscle of his body. All this was done in the most cruel manner, interspersed with kicks and cuffs. The vagabond Indians had learned many of the white man's oaths. Kenton was assailed with a shower of these oaths, attached to the words, in broken English, of "tief," "rascal," "hoss tief."

Thus bound, and in the endurance of cruel suffering, the unfortunate man passed all that day and the next night. The ensuing morning, the Indians, having collected the scattered horses, commenced their return up the Valley of the Little Miami. They placed their prisoner on a spirited colt, bound his feet under the horse's belly, and tied his hands firmly behind him. The country was rough, with many thickets and brambles. Kenton could do nothing to protect himself. The savages took pleasure in driving the horse through those places where the flesh of their victim would be most severely lacerated.

When night came, Kenton was again bound to the earth as before. The next day they reached the village of Old Chillicothe. As they were drawing near, a courier was sent forward to announce their approach. The whole village—men, women and children—came rushing out to meet them. The renowned chief Blackfish

was there. He came to Kenton with a stout hickory stick, and angrily said :

“ You have been stealing our horses, have you ? ”

Kenton, all helpless as he was, knowing that the only way of securing any respect from the savage was to assume a bold air, defiantly replied, “ Yes, I have.”

“ Did Colonel Boone,” inquired the chief, “ tell you to steal our horses ? ”

“ No ! ” Kenton replied. “ I did it on my own account.”

The savage then assailed him with the utmost ferocity, beating him over the head so that the blood streamed down his body. In the meantime the whole crowd was dancing around him with yells of rage. A stake was planted in the ground. He was bound to it without clothing. All united then — men, women and children — in the torture.

We are told in the Bible that God created man in his own image, but little lower than the angels. Fallen man has indeed descended to a very low estate. Demons from the pit could not have been worse than were these savages. We will not describe the torture. It was loathsome and horrible. The Indian women were prominent in acting the part of incarnate fiends.

The wretched victim was kept at the stake till midnight. Wishing to prolong his sufferings, they were very careful not to pierce any vital point. Fainting and bleeding, he was carefully guarded in a hut through the night. The next morning he was led out to run the gauntlet. This was one of the principal amusements of the Indians with their captives.

Three hundred Indians, of all ages and both sexes, were ranged in two parallel lines, about six feet apart. They were all armed with sticks sufficiently stout to give painful but not deadly blows. These lines extended nearly half a mile. Kenton was to run between them while every one struck him, with all his force, in the face, over the head, or wherever he could inflict a blow. If he could thus reach what was called the council-house alive, it would prove to him, for a little time, an asylum.

At a given signal Kenton started. He ran for some distance, receiving terrible blows, when he saw, just before him, a savage with a gleaming knife in his hand. The plunge of that knife, or a severe cut from it, would be certain death. He broke through the line, and, pursued by the whole yelling crowd, rushed for the

council-house. A burly savage intercepted him, and threw him, in his exhaustion, to the ground. Here they all beset him with blows and kicks and he was left apparently lifeless.

A few hours afterwards he partially revived, and some one brought him food and water. He was taken to a hut where, under his marvelous strength of constitution, he slowly recuperated. The Indians then held a council and decided to burn him at the stake. They fixed the place of execution farther up the valley, at an Indian village called Wappatomica, upon the present site of Zanesville, in Logan County, Ohio.

At this point there was a British trading post, and here the captive met a friend of former years, the Tory, Simon Girty, who was now, by adoption, an Indian chief. Girty had come, as policy compelled him to do, with swarms of Indians, to witness the torture of the doomed captive. In the mangled condition of Kenton, Girty did not at first recognize him. But as soon as Kenton made himself known, even the hard heart of Girty was touched with compassion. He interceded for his old friend, urging upon the Indians the policy of preserving the life of one who might join them, and who was so intimately acquainted with all the white settlements. His plea was unavailing, though he obtained a respite and a removal of the prisoner to Sandusky.

The celebrated Indian chief Logan, "the friend of white men," chanced to be there. He interceded with a British officer, Captain Dwyer, in behalf of Kenton, representing that the prisoner would be of great value to the Governor, at Detroit, in giving him information respecting the location of the colonial settlements and the strength of the garrisons. He represented to the Indians that, by taking Kenton to Detroit, they could get a large ransom for him. For once, avarice prevailed over the love of revenge.

Kenton was taken to Detroit, where the commandant paid one hundred dollars for his ransom, and held him as a prisoner of war. Though humanely treated he was carefully guarded. At length he effected his escape through the friendly aid of Mrs. Harvey, the wife of one of the British traders of Detroit. It was the 3d of June, 1779, when Kenton, with two fellow prisoners from Kentucky, commenced their long and perilous flight through the wilderness to the settlements on the Kentucky River.

Mrs. Harvey had secretly concealed for them, in the hollow of a tree, powder, lead, moccasins, and a quantity of dried beef.

One dark and stormy night she met Kenton in the garden, and gave him three excellent rifles, which she had selected from some stacked near the house. To avoid the hostile bands, who were ever traversing the much-frequented route between Detroit and Kentucky, the fugitives took a very circuitous route, down the Valley of the Wabash, in the present State of Indiana. They pursued their lonely journey on foot, depending upon their rifles for sustenance. For thirty-three days they did not see the face of another human being. They then reached the Falls of the Ohio in safety.

From this time to the close of the war, Simon Kenton was the inveterate foe of the Indian race. He was never able to forget his wrongs, and was always eager to join in any expedition against those from whom he had suffered so much. He was engaged in many a bloody fight, and the savages often felt the weight of his avenging hand. Upon the conclusion of peace he retired to his farm, near Washington, in Mason County, Virginia. Here he became much endeared to the whole community for his gentle virtues, his warm affections, and his unbounded hospitality. He supposed himself to be quite wealthy; in the possession of large landed estates, and many cattle and horses, and domestic stock of various kinds. He was thus in the enjoyment of a green old age when a new storm darkened his path. Ignorant of the technicalities of the law and the intricacies of land titles, he found, to his surprise and grief, that he had no valid title to the lands he claimed. He was nearly fifty years of age. One suit after another was decided against him, and he was reduced to absolute poverty.

In the year 1802 he moved across the Ohio River into the region then called the Northwestern Territory, and took up his residence at Urbana, many miles above the head-waters of the Little Miami. This region had then been but just reclaimed from the savages. It was far in advance of any of the footsteps of civilization. But Kenton was keenly wounded in his feelings by the unjust treatment which he thought he had received. He felt that he was driven from the land which he had defended against the savages, and for which he had shed his blood and endured the most dreadful tortures. In his poverty he preferred the solitudes of the wilderness to the more busy haunts of civilized men. Though poor, and retiring in his habits, he was highly

esteemed as a useful member of the slowly growing community.

He was subsequently chosen brigadier general in the new military organization of the state. In the year 1810 he found repose, after his stormy life, in the bosom of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He continued a consistent and beloved member of that communion until his death. In 1820 he removed to the head of Mad River, in Logan County, near the site of the old Indian town Wappatomica. This was one of the places where he had encountered, in the year 1779, all the horrors of Indian torture. Here he reared his humble cabin in the midst of a beautiful beech grove. His few wants were mainly supplied by a pension from the Federal Government of twenty dollars a month. The peaceful evening of his life passed tranquilly away in humble poverty, though free from actual want. On the 24th of June he fell asleep in Jesus.

"Peaceful sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

"Thus died," writes McDonald, "Gen. Simon Kenton, in the eighty-second year of his age; a man who, as a western pioneer, passed through more dangers, privations, perils and hair-breadth escapes than any man living or dead; a man whose iron nerve never quailed before danger, and whose patriotism warmed up the evening of his life. After a long life devoted to his country, having passed through a thousand dangers, and having outlived the sufferings of half a dozen deaths, he was permitted to die quietly in his bed at home, in peace and resignation, in the midst of a flourishing settlement, where once was the center of the Indian power. His bones repose within the bosom of the state which sheltered and protected his declining age, and well does Ohio deserve to retain them."

CHAPTER XII.

MASSACRE ON THE TUSCARAWAS AND DEFEAT ON THE SANDUSKY.

CIVILIZATION OF THE TUSCARAWAS — INIQUITOUS PROCEEDINGS OF THE COLONISTS AGAINST THE CHRISTIAN INDIANS — ACCOUNTS OF THE HORRIBLE MASSACRE — FURTHER CRUELITIES OF WILLIAMSON — EXPEDITION AGAINST THE WYANDOTS — LOGAN'S SPRING — INTERESTING ANECDOTE — CAPTAIN MACLAY AND HIS WAGER — LOVELY CHARACTER OF LOGAN — HIS ADDRESS IN COUNCIL — REASON FOR HIS CHANGE OF FEELING — MARCH OF VENGEANCE — DISAPPOINTMENT OF WILLIAMSON'S PARTY — FIERCE BATTLE — COLONEL CRAWFORD AND DR. KNIGHT CAPTURED — REMARKABLE CONVERSATION BETWEEN COLONEL CRAWFORD AND THE WYANDOT CHIEF — EMIGRATION.

THE UTTER devastation of the valley of the Little Miami, which we described in the last chapter, took place in the autumn of 1782. Pittsburgh was at this time the headquarters of all the Colonial operations in the western wilderness. As the Indians in Ohio had so generally enlisted under the banners of Great Britain, and were committing such awful cruelties, the Colonists had begun to regard an Indian as a foe, to be shot down at sight, making but little discrimination between a friendly and a hostile savage.

The tribes on the Maumee and the Sandusky, in the immediate vicinity of Detroit, were prompt in their obedience to the authorities there. But those on the upper branches of the Muskingum river, called Tuscarawas, being near Pittsburgh, were so influenced by the friendly treatment they received from the Colonists there, that they persistently refused all the solicitations of the British agents, and all entreaties of the Indian tribes, to join them in their warfare against the Americans. They persisted in a friendly neutrality, holding constantly amicable relations with the Americans at Pittsburgh. It will be remembered that White Eyes was one of

the leading chiefs of this tribe. These Indians had made decidedly greater advances in the direction of civilization than any of the other tribes. They had three quite important towns, in each of which the Moravian Christians had established quite successful missionary stations. They were all situated upon a pleasant tributary of the Muskingum, called Tuscarawas. The first of these villages, Schoenburn, was about two miles south of the present site of New Philadelphia. Seven miles further south was the peaceful little Village of Gnadenhutten, with its Christian preachers, its church, its schools, and its congregation, just emerging from the savage state. Five miles farther down the stream was the little town of Salem, on the western banks, as was also the upper town of Schoenburn.

It was with great difficulty, as we have already seen, that these Indians had been enabled to preserve their neutrality, against the powerful influence which was brought to bear upon them. In the Autumn of the year 1781, an English officer from Detroit, Colonel Elliott, accompanied by two chiefs from the Sandusky River, and three hundred of their savage warriors, visited Gnadenhutten to persuade or compel them to join the British alliance. By means of threats and bribes, and actual violence, they succeeded in carrying off most of the able-bodied Indians to the distant home of the hostile tribes on the Sandusky. It was probably hoped that when brought so near the powerful influence of Detroit, they might be led to join the Wyandots in their bloody forays. On the other hand it was feared, that being left so near Pittsburgh, and influenced by their Christian teachers, they might be induced to embark in the cause of the colonists. These tribes were thus compelled to leave their corn in the fields, their potatoes in the ground, and the vegetables in their gardens, while they accompanied their unwelcome visitors in a weary tramp to the distant banks of the Sandusky. The Christian missionaries were also taken prisoners and carried to Detroit.

These captive Indians taken from the three villages were most of them Christians. They passed the Winter of 1781 in great destitution and suffering. Early in February, 1782, a hundred and fifty of them, including many women and children, were permitted to return to the Tuscarawas, to gather in the abandoned crop. They divided into three parties, so as to work at the three towns in harvesting the corn. About the time of their arrival, there had

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been several very atrocious burnings, murderings and scalplings, committed on the upper waters of the Ohio and the Monongahela, by the hostile Indians. The settlers around Pittsburgh believed, or affected to believe, that these depredations had been perpetrated by the Tuscarawas, or by hostile Indians whom they allowed to find shelter in their towns. They knew of the visit which the Wyandots had paid this tribe, but criminally they had not informed themselves of the fidelity with which the Tuscarawas had repelled all the threats and bribes addressed to them.

It was therefore decided that these villages were dangerous to the frontier settlements, and must be destroyed. A corps of a hundred mounted men was raised to perform the iniquitous and cruel deed. Each man furnished himself with his own arms, ammunition and provisions, with two horses, one to ride and the other to be led, and to be mounted in case of necessity. The soldiers for this fatal expedition were rendezvoused in what is called the Mingo Bottom, on the west side of the Ohio River, which stream here runs almost directly south.

After a rapid march of two days they reached Gnadenhutten late in the afternoon of the 5th of March, and encamped at a little distance from the village. Early the next morning they entered the village, and found most of the Indians gathering corn in the fields on the west banks of the river. Sixteen of Williamson's men crossed the river in a rude boat which they found upon the banks. They went strongly armed. They found the Indians in the field much more numerous than they expected. As usual they had their guns with them for protection and to take game. They either knew before, or soon ascertained, that the Tuscarawas were annoyed and not a little exasperated by their compulsory visit to the Sandusky. The whites approached them kindly, sympathized with them in their wrongs, and told them they had come as friends to protect them. They assured them that it had come to their knowledge that the British at Detroit, with their Indian allies, were about to repeat the outrage, and with still greater indignities; and that they therefore had been sent by the friends of the Tuscarawas at Fort Pitt to convey them to Pittsburgh, where they would find ample protection. The simple-hearted Indians had no reason to disbelieve this statement. Many of them had previously visited the fort, where they had always been received with the greatest kindness.



THOMAS KIRKER
Governor 1807-1808.

Under these circumstances, the Indians at once placed themselves under the protection of their newly-arrived friends. One of their number was dispatched down the river to inform the Indians there of the arrangement, and to request them to repair immediately to Gnadenhutten. Colonel Williamson and his perfidious crew accompanied their duped victims across the river. Here without difficulty they obtained possession of their guns, and then having decoyed them into two houses, shut them in, and carefully guarded them as prisoners. They then sent a party of armed men down the river to the Salem Village. The Indians had already commenced in a body the movement to join their brethren, and were met on the road. The same vile arts which already had been so successfully practiced, were again adopted to disarm and decoy their victims. They soon found themselves prisoners; the men shut up in one house, the women and children in another. The whole body of these miscreants, acting upon their own responsibility, without any governmental authority, then met, officers and men, in a council of war, to decide upon the fate of their captives. Colonel Williamson then put the question whether they should be carried as prisoners to Fort Pitt, or be put to death. He requested all who were in favor of sparing their lives to step out from the general ranks, and form a second line. There were only eighteen to be found who were in favor of that little mercy. The remainder, eighty-two in number, clamored for immediate death.

In a very interesting history of the Moravian Mission there, written by James Patrick, Esq., of New Philadelphia, we find the following graphic account of the horrible scene which ensued :

"In the majority, which was large, no sympathy was manifested. They resolved to *murder*—for no other word can express the act—the whole of the Christian Indians in their custody. Among these were several who had contributed to aid the missionaries in the work of conversion and civilization. Two of these had emigrated from New Jersey, after the death of their spiritual pastor, the Rev. David Brainerd. One woman, who could speak good English, knelt before the commander and begged his protection. The supplication was unavailing. They were ordered to prepare for death. But the warning had been anticipated. Their firm belief in their new creed was shown forth in this sad hour of their tribulation, by religious exercises of preparation. The orisons of

these devoted people were already ascending to the Throne of the Most High. The sound of the Christian's hymn and the Christian's prayer found an echo in the surrounding woods, but no responsive feeling in the bosoms of their executioners. With gun, and spear, and tomahawk, and scalping-knife, the work of death progressed in these slaughter-houses, till not a sigh or moan was heard to proclaim the existence of human life within. All perished save two. Two Indian boys escaped as if by a miracle, to be witnesses in after times of the savage cruelty of the white man towards their unfortunate race."

After committing this barbarous act, when the gory bodies of the slain lay in heaps in the dwellings where they had been slaughtered, Williamson and his gang of assassins set fire to the buildings. The roaring conflagration consuming these huts of massive logs became the funeral pyre of the dead, consuming flesh and bones, so that no marks of the atrocious deed remained but undistinguishable ashes.

The wretches then commenced their march up the river to Schoenburn to perpetrate the same enormities there. But the news of their fiend-like deed had preceded them, and the Indians in precipitate flight had escaped beyond pursuit. These savage white men took their revenge by plundering and destroying the village. Thus the fruits of ten years' labor of Christian missionaries was brought to a cruel end. The precepts of Christianity inculcated by these disciples of Jesus had ennobled many of their natures, and prepared them, we trust, for the companionship of angels in Heaven. Dr. Doddridge touchingly writes :

"They anticipated their doom, and had commenced their devotions with hymns, prayers, and exhortations to each other to place a firm reliance upon the mercy of the Saviour of men. When their fate was announced to them, these devoted people embraced and kissed each other, and bedewing each other's faces and bosoms with their tears, asked pardon of the brothers and the sisters for any offense they might have committed through life. Thus at peace with God and each other, they replied to those who, impatient for the slaughter, demanded whether they were ready to die, "that having commended their souls to God, they were ready to die."

The whole number slain amounted to ninety-six. Of these, sixty-two were grown persons, of whom one-third were women.

The remaining thirty-four were children. A few of the men who were supposed to be warriors, were taken from the slaughter houses and had their skulls split open with a tomahawk in the field. These generally knelt down and submitted to the execution without resistance. One only attempted to escape; five bullets were immediately shot through his body, and he fell dead.

One would have thought that the atrocious massacre would have satiated the revengeful spirits of those American Colonists who had perpetrated it; but it seems only to have stimulated their appetite for blood. It will be remembered that more than one-half of the Indians from these Moravian settlements, on the Tuscarawas, were in a sort of captivity to the British savages far away on the banks of the Sandusky. The Indians also from Schoenburn, the upper Moravian town, had escaped and fled to join their companions on these remote waters. Immediately an expedition was fitted out to pursue and destroy them, together with the whole body of hostile Wyandots in the Valley of the Sandusky. Four hundred and eighty volunteers were immediately raised for a rapid and secret march to the Sandusky towns. Every man was to furnish himself with arms, the very best horses that could be procured, and every necessary outfit excepting ammunition, which was furnished them by the Lieutenant Colonel of Washington County, Pennsylvania. Thus this movement assumed much more the character of a governmental expedition than did the former. Indeed an assault upon the Wyandots of Sandusky, who were the active allies of Great Britain, was a legitimate operation. And it was not unnatural for them to assume that the Tuscarawas had voluntarily gone to join them in their merciless warfare against the colonists.

The little but very efficient army mustered at an old Indian town on the west side of the Ohio River, about seventy-five miles below Fort Pitt, and very near the present site of Steubenville. This town was the central one of a little cluster of Indian villages, belonging to the Mingo Tribe, of which the celebrated Logan was chief. There is quite a remarkable spring there, which still retains the name of Logan's Spring. The following anecdote respecting this distinguished chieftain, is related by William Brown, one of the pioneer settlers in that region. It is worthy of record here, as illustrative of the region, of the chief, and of the times.

The first time I ever saw that spring, my brother, a man by the

name of James Reed and myself, had wandered out of the valley in search of land ; and finding it very good we were looking about for springs. About a mile from this we started a bear and separated to get a shot at him. I was traveling along, looking about on the rising ground for the bear, when I came suddenly upon the spring. Being dry and more rejoiced to find a spring than to have killed a dozen bears, I set my rifle against a bush, and rushed down the bank and laid down to drink. Upon putting my head down I saw reflected in the water on the opposite side, the shadow of a tall Indian. I sprang for my rifle, when the Indian gave a yell, whether for peace or war, I was not just then sufficient master of my faculties to determine. Upon my seizing my rifle and facing him, he knocked up the pan of his gun, threw out the priming and extended his open palm in token of friendship. After putting down our guns we met at the spring, and shook hands. This was Logan, the best specimen of humanity I ever met with, either white or red. He could speak a little English, and told me there was another white hunter a little way down the stream, and offered to guide me to his camp.

Mr. Brown soon visited Logan at his lodge. Here the chief and a white man named Maclay amused themselves in the customary sport of the frontier in shooting at a mark, upon the wager of one dollar a shot. The white man beat, and Logan lost five dollars. He went into the lodge and brought out five deer skins, which were valued at a dollar a-piece, and gave them in payment of his forfeiture. Mr. Maclay declined receiving them, saying: "I am your guest. We have shot merely for amusement. I did not come here to plunder you. We wished to try our skill, and the bet was merely nominal."

The proud chief straightened himself up and said: "No! me bet to make you shoot your best. Me gentleman, if me beat me take your dollar." Mr. Maclay found himself obliged to take the skins. And Logan would not even accept from him the present of a horn of powder, lest it should detract from the honest fulfillment of his engagement.

Mr. Brown who relates these anecdotes—and who subsequently became a distinguished citizen of that region, as Judge Brown—had a daughter, Mrs. Norris. She relates the following interesting incident in reference to this remarkable Indian chieftain.

Mrs. Norris had a little sister who was just beginning to learn

to walk. But there were no shoes for the child, and far away in their wilderness home none could be purchased. Logan was one day at the hut an honored guest, and as he, with a smile, watched the toddling steps of the barefooted child, who knew and loved him, he begged Mrs. Brown to let the little girl go up with him and spend the day at his cabin. The child whom he had often caressed, threw her little arms around his neck, and was all ready to go. But the cautious mother was alarmed at the proposition. She knew the sensitiveness of Logan's feelings, and how deeply he would be wounded by the slightest intimation that they distrusted his fidelity. She therefore with assumed cheerfulness, but with real reluctance, consented to the arrangement. The hours of the day wore away very slowly to her, and the sun was setting, and yet her little one had not been brought back. Just then she saw the noble chief coming down the path with the child fondly folded in his arms. He placed her on the floor at the door, and the little one trotted to her mother in great glee, pointing to a beautiful pair of ornamented moccasins, on her little feet, which the chief had made for her with his own hands.

This was Logan, the friend of the white man. We have before alluded to the circumstances which led Logan to raise his arm against his former friends. A gentleman, Judge Henry Jolly, of Washington County, Pennsylvania, was near the place of the atrocious massacre of the Indians by a band of vagabond white men, which roused the vengeance of Logan. He gives the following very interesting account of the meeting of Indians in council, at Mingo, to deliberate upon the measures to be pursued in relation to that massacre, which took place but seventeen miles farther up the river.

The Indians had for some time been aggrieved by the cruelties practiced upon them by the long knives. In the council which was convened, many of them earnestly advocated war. But Logan, who was the principal chief, and who had great influence among them in consequence of his moral worth, his bravery and his intelligence, argued for peace.

"I admit," he said, "the justice of our complaints. We have ample cause for war. But let us not forget that not a few outrages have been inflicted upon them by our people. If we engage in war, we can only harass for a short time the few settlements scattered along the frontier. The Long Knives will come over

the mountains upon us, in numbers like the trees of the forest. We shall ultimately be vanquished, and all be driven from our pleasant hunting grounds."

The Indians, though much exasperated, were influenced by these cogent arguments. They all agreed to continue in peace, and to the burial of the tomahawk. Just then an Indian runner came in, with the tidings that the massacre at the mouth of the Yellow Creek and of the Indians who had been pursued, was far more dreadful than they had at first apprehended. Among the number included in the assassination, were the father, brother and sister of Logan. They were the nearest and dearest of his friends. There was no longer any resisting the clamor for war. Logan grew pale. He raised his tomahawk and solemnly declared that he would never lay it down till he had avenged the spirits of his butchered relatives, by the slaughter of ten white men for every one of those who had been slain. He redeemed his pledge. It is said that during that Summer, which was of the year 1774, thirty white men fell pierced by his bullet, or struck down by the arm of Logan.

It was from this Logan-town-of-Mingo, that on the twenty-fifth day of March, 1783, the army of nearly five hundred men were ready for the march, for the Valley of the Sandusky. It was a long journey of more than three hundred miles, through an almost pathless wilderness, and a fortnight of very efficient movement was spent in accomplishing it. Colonel Williamson accompanied the expedition as a subordinate officer. Five hundred mounted men, with five hundred pack horses, formed in that day a very imposing army. The narrow Indian trail was often very difficult for a horse's foot to tread, and often they advanced very slowly; a long line in single file.

They first struck directly across the country west, a distance of about thirty miles to the deserted Moravian villages on the Tuscarawas, following what they called Williamson's trail. There they found in the midst of the awful desolation the ungathered harvest of golden corn still in the fields. Here they encamped for the night, feeding their steeds abundantly with the rich forage. Individuals of their band affixed to the trees the declaration that they were on a march of vengeance; that they should show no quarter; that every Indian man, woman and child they encountered would be put to death.

They reached one of the upper branches of the Sandusky River, which stream it will be remembered flows from the south to the north, entering Lake Erie at Sandusky Bay. Their first object was to attack and destroy the Moravian village, which had been gathered there, some fifty miles south of the mouth of the river. But the fugitives there had either heard of the march of the army, or from some other unknown cause, had entirely abandoned their village, and retired some thirty or forty miles south to the upper waters of the Scioto. Nothing was found there but desolation. The officers of the invading army held a council of war to decide upon the next step best to be pursued. The Valley of the Sandusky was densely populated with Indians. Their warriors were men of renown. They were near Detroit, from which point British officers could send them such supplies and reinforcements as they might need.

Among the many villages scattered along the valley there were two quite important Indian towns; the Upper and the Lower Sandusky. The Lower Town was but a few miles above the bay; the Upper Town was about twenty miles farther south. The officers of the expedition began to be very nervous. Their position was truly alarming. The flight of the Tuscarawas, they then knew not where, indicated that their march was discovered. As no Indians were to be seen, it was apprehended that, guided by British officers, and sustained by British reinforcements, they were assembling in overwhelming numbers farther down the valley. After much deliberation it was decided to continue one day's march farther, towards Upper Sandusky, which they could doubtless reach in that time. Should they find that town also deserted, it would confirm their fears of the general concentration of the foe, upon ground selected by themselves, and abundantly prepared for battle. Under those circumstances, early the next morning they cautiously recommenced their march.

About two o'clock their advanced guard entered an extended undulating plain with clusters of forest trees scattered about, and with waving tall grass. Suddenly they were assailed by a very hot fire from an invisible but evidently numerous foe, concealed behind the trees and in the grass. The main body hurried forward to support its advance. It was soon found that all their bravery and skill would be called into requisition, and would be tasked to the utmost to meet the emergency. During all the

hours of a long June afternoon, the battle raged incessantly till the sun sank beneath the horizon, and night enveloped the field. Both parties slept upon their arms.

The scene presented during the night was very picturesque, and would have been beautiful had not the circumstances rendered it awful. Each party built along its line large camp fires to reveal the approach of any foe, while both of them retired to sleep at a distance from the fires, that they might not be surprised by a night attack. The next day the battle was not renewed by either party. The Indians seemed to be busy in removing their dead and caring for their wounded. They were also probably awaiting the arrival of large reinforcements hurrying to them from the lower part of the river. It was very apparent that every hour the Indians were increasing in number. Anxiously the colonial officers held a council of war. The prevailing voice was for a precipitate retreat. Colonel Williamson urged that he should be permitted to take a hundred and fifty picked men, advance rapidly down the valley to Lower Sandusky, the principal Indian town, and utterly destroy it. But Colonel Crawford replied :

"I have no doubt but that you might reach the town. You would, however, find nothing there but empty wigwams. Having taken away so many of our best men, you would leave the rest of us to be destroyed by the host of Indians now surrounding us. On your return they would attack and destroy you. They care nothing about defending their towns. Their wives, children and property, have been removed from them long ago. Our lives and baggage are what they want. If they can get us divided they will soon have them."

The shrewd savages, or, more probably, their still shrewder British officers, perceived indications of preparations for a retreat. The wounded were to be removed on litters. The dead were buried, and large fires were built over their graves to prevent the savages from discovering or dishonoring their remains. About sundown, the Indians renewed the battle with great fury. They surrounded the army on all sides, excepting that leading down the valley. It was their evident intention to drive their foes in the direction of Lower Sandusky, as they would thus encounter the powerful band hurrying up the river, and would be placed between two fires.

The next morning the retreat commenced. The troops were

so hemmed in that they could only retire by the road which the savages left open for them. But after marching about a mile in that direction, they wheeled about, and, by a circuitous route, gained the trail along which they had advanced. With very rapid steps they continued their flight during the day, being but slightly annoyed by attacks from the Indians. The savages followed them, however, occasionally firing shots at their rear guard, by which several men were seriously wounded.

Night again came. The colonists built their camp fires, took their suppers, picketed their horses, and resigned themselves to repose without any molestation.

It is said that the post of honor in a retreat is the rear, where the foe is generally encountered, to be driven back. Colonel Crawford was, however, leading the main body, when he learned that his son, his son-in-law, and two nephews, were missing.

He accordingly halted, and allowed the long line of the army to pass by him as he searched the ranks to find his lost friends. They were not to be found. His weary horse then gave out, and he, being unable to keep up with the rest of the troops, was left behind. He was soon joined by six others of the inevitable stragglers of an army on the retreat, one of whom was severely wounded. But Indian bands were now coming down upon their trail from various directions, so that they were in imminent danger of being cut off. As night came, this little band, in great exhaustion, encamped together.

The next morning, while their more fortunate companions were rapidly retreating, they were attacked by a party of Indians, who killed four of their number, and took Colonel Crawford and Dr. Knight prisoners. They were immediately taken to an Indian encampment, where they found nine others of their party in the hands of the savages. The colonel's son and son-in-law were among the captives. All the nine prisoners, including Colonel Crawford's son and son-in-law, were tomahawked and scalped. The colonel and the doctor, being deemed more conspicuous captives, were reserved for a more dreadful fate. The former was to be burned on the spot; the latter, firmly bound, was entrusted to the care of one powerful Indian, who was to convey him to an important Indian town, forty miles distant, where he was to be burned for the amusement of the savages there.

Just before the execution of Crawford, a distinguished Wyan-

dot chief by the name of Wingenund held a short interview with him. He had known the prisoner before, had visited at his house, and had been on friendly terms with him. The chief had retired to his cabin that he might not witness the horrible execution of his former friend. But the colonel sent for him, with the vague hope that he might be saved by his intercession. The Wyandot chief greatly agitated, entered the cabin of the doomed man, and inquired, with much embarrassment :

"Are you Colonel Crawford?"

"I am," was the reply.

"Ah! indeed, indeed!" said the chief, sadly, "and is it so?"

The colonel added: "Do you not recollect the friendship which has always existed between us?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I remember all this. We have often drank together, and you have ever been kind to me."

"Then I hope the same friendship still continues," added the colonel.

"It would, of course," said the chief, "if you were where you ought to be and not here."

"And why not here?" Colonel Crawford inquired. "I hope you would not desert a friend in time of need! Now is the time for you to exert yourself in my behalf, as I should do for you, were you in my place."

"Colonel Crawford," Wingenund replied, very solemnly, "you have placed yourself in a situation which puts it out of my power, and also of that of any of your friends, to do anything for you."

"How so?" the colonel inquired.

"By joining yourself to that execrable man Williamson and his party—the man who, but the other day, murdered such a number of Moravian Indians, knowing them to be his friends; knowing also that he ran no risk in murdering a people who would not fight, and whose only business was praying."

"But I assure you, Wingenund," said Crawford, "that had I been with him at the time, this would not have happened. Not I alone, but all your friends, and all good men, whoever they are, reprobate acts of this kind."

"That may be," the chief responded; "yet these friends, these good men, did not prevent him from going out again, to kill the remainder of these foolish Moravian Indians. I say foolish, because they believed the whites in preference to us. We had often

told them that they would one day be so treated by those people who called themselves their friends. We told them that there was no faith to be placed in what the white men said; that their fair promises were only intended to allure us, that they might the more easily kill us, as they had done many Indians before these Moravians."

"I am sorry," Colonel Crawford added, "to hear you speak thus. As to Williamson's going out again, when it was determined on, I went out with him, to prevent his committing fresh murders."

"This," said the chief, "the Indians would not believe were even I to tell them so."

"Why," inquired Mr. Crawford, "would they not believe it?"

"Because," was the reply, "it would have been entirely out of your power to prevent him from doing whatever he pleased."

"Why out of my power?" inquired the colonel. "Have any of the Moravian Indians been killed or hurt since we came out here?"

"None," Wingenund answered. "But you first went to their towns on the Sandusky, and, finding them deserted, you turned on your path towards us. If you had been in search of warriors only, you would not have gone to their deserted settlements. Our spies watched you closely. They saw you when you were mustering your forces on the other side of the Ohio River. They saw you cross the river. They saw where you encamped for the night. They saw you turn off from the direct path here, towards the deserted Moravian towns. They knew that you were going out of your way. Your steps were constantly watched, and you were suffered quietly to proceed, until you reached the spot where you were attacked."

Colonel Crawford was now in utter despair. He had no additional plea to present. In doleful accents he inquired:

"And what do they intend to do with me?"

Wingenund replied, "I tell you with grief. As Williamson, with his whole cowardly host, ran off in the night at the whistling of our warriors' balls, being satisfied that he had now no Moravians to deal with, but men who could fight—and with such he did not wish to have anything to do; I say that, as he has escaped, and the Indians have taken you, they will take revenge on you in his stead."

"Is there no possibility," inquired Crawford, in anguish, "of preventing this? Can you devise no way of getting me off? You shall, my friend, be well rewarded if you are instrumental in saving my life."

"Had Williamson," the humane and intelligent chief rejoined, "been taken with you, I and some of my friends, by making use of what you have told me, might perhaps have succeeded in saving you. But, as the matter now stands, no man would dare to interfere in your behalf. The King of England himself, were he to come to this spot, with all his wealth and treasure, could not effect this purpose. The blood of the innocent Moravians, more than half of them women and children, cruelly and wantonly murdered, calls loudly for revenge. The relatives of the slain, who are among us, cry out for vengeance, and stand ready to inflict it. All the nations connected with us cry out revenge! revenge! The Shawanese, our grand-children, have asked for your fellow prisoner, Dr. Knight, and on him they will take vengeance. The Moravians whom you went to destroy having fled, instead of avenging their murdered brethren, the offense is become national, and the nation itself is bound to revenge it."

"My fate is then fixed," added Colonel Crawford, "and I may prepare to meet death in its most dreadful form."

"I am sorry," the chief replied, "that I cannot do anything for you. Had you regarded the Indian principle, that as good and evil cannot dwell together in the same heart, so a good man ought not to go into evil company, you would not now be in this lamentable situation; you see now, when it is too late, and after Williamson has deserted you, what a bad man he must be. Nothing now remains for you but to meet your fate like a brave man. Farewell, Colonel Crawford — they are coming; I will retire to a solitary spot."

As the noble chief left the room, with his eyes filled with tears, the savage warriors came in to lead their victim to his execution. The awful scene which ensued is minutely described by Dr. Knight, who was compelled to witness it all. It is too revolting to be transferred to these pages. The victim was bound to a stake, and for two hours was exposed to every variety of torture which the most demoniac ingenuity could devise. A throng of savages, men, women and boys were yelling their delight, as they vied with each other in their attempts to inflict the most exquisite torture.

At length welcome death came to the relief of the sufferer; but not until the mangled remains had lost every vestige of humanity.

Simon Girty, the Tory, was present at the execution, and it is said that he seemed to watch the progress of the awful spectacle with as much zest as the most ferocious of the savages. Colonel Crawford, in the extremity of his agony, implored Girty, with whom he was personally acquainted, to shoot him. There are some indications that Girty would have saved the captive if he could; but his savage allies watched him jealously. Had he not assumed to be delighted with the execution, he would have drawn down upon his own head the same destruction which the captive was enduring. The spot where Crawford suffered was but a few miles west of Upper Sandusky.

The next morning Dr. Knight was placed under the care of his Indian guard, to be conveyed to the Shawanese town where he was to suffer the same death of torture which he had just witnessed. They traveled that day twenty-five miles on foot. The gnats in the night were exceedingly annoying. The doctor persuaded the guide to loosen his bonds, that he might aid in building a fire to keep them off. The Indian complied with the request. While the savage was on his knees and elbows blowing the coals, Dr. Knight seized a club, and struck him over his head with all his strength, knocking him forward into the fire, but neither killing nor stunning him.

The Indian, though severely hurt, sprang up, when the doctor seized his gun; but in his agitation he pulled back the cock with such violence as to break it. The Indian, however, expecting instantly to be shot, plunged, with hideous yellings into the woods. Dr. Knight, with the useless gun in his hands to intimidate his guard should he attempt to approach him, made the best of his way towards home. For twenty-one days he continued his flight through the wilderness, ever on the most careful watch lest he should encounter some wandering bands of his foes. All this time he lived upon roots and berries, with occasionally young and unfledged birds which he found in their nests.

About three hundred of the army kept together and were only slightly harassed, without being seriously attacked. Two hundred broke up in small parties, thinking that they could thus more easily conceal their trail and elude their foes. They perished almost to a man. Colonel Williamson reached his home in safety.

Colonel Crawford is described by those who know him as a humane and worthy man. He was one of the first emigrants to the West, and was in the dreadful defeat of Braddock, in his march to Fort Duquesne. Washington commended him as a brave and active officer. He was an active soldier in the Pontiac War, and accompanied Lord Dunmore in his expedition to the Scioto. It is enough to make one's blood curdle in his veins to think of his awful fate.

In the month of April a Welsh family, of former opulence, emigrated from Beaufort, South Carolina, to the Ohio Valley. The father of the household was dead. The widowed mother was accompanied on her long journey by two sons and a daughter. The whole party of emigrants who left Beaufort together, large and small, amounted to seventy souls. In a small vessel, they ran along the coast to Alexandria, in Virginia. This was a period when emigration across the mountains was in full flood, and Alexandria was one of the principal starting points.

The road across the mountains was exceedingly rough, being mainly intended for pack horses; still, stout wagons could be dragged along. Here the party took wagons. There were log huts, called taverns, scattered along the route at the distance of fifteen or twenty miles from each other. A day's journey usually extended from tavern to tavern. These log huts could not accommodate with sleeping conveniences a large party. Many would sleep in their wagons, and cook their food on camp fires; but they could generally, at these stations, find corn for their cattle, and meal and game if they needed such supplies.

As they toiled along, several of their party became discouraged by the hardships which they encountered. Steep and rocky hills were to be climbed with the greatest difficulty. Mountain torrents were to be forded. Vast morasses they waded through — the wheels of their wagons sinking to their hubs in the mire. Some began to doubt whether there were any lovely and fertile valleys beyond the awful barriers of the Alleghanies, and, in great despondency, they abandoned the enterprise and returned to Carolina.

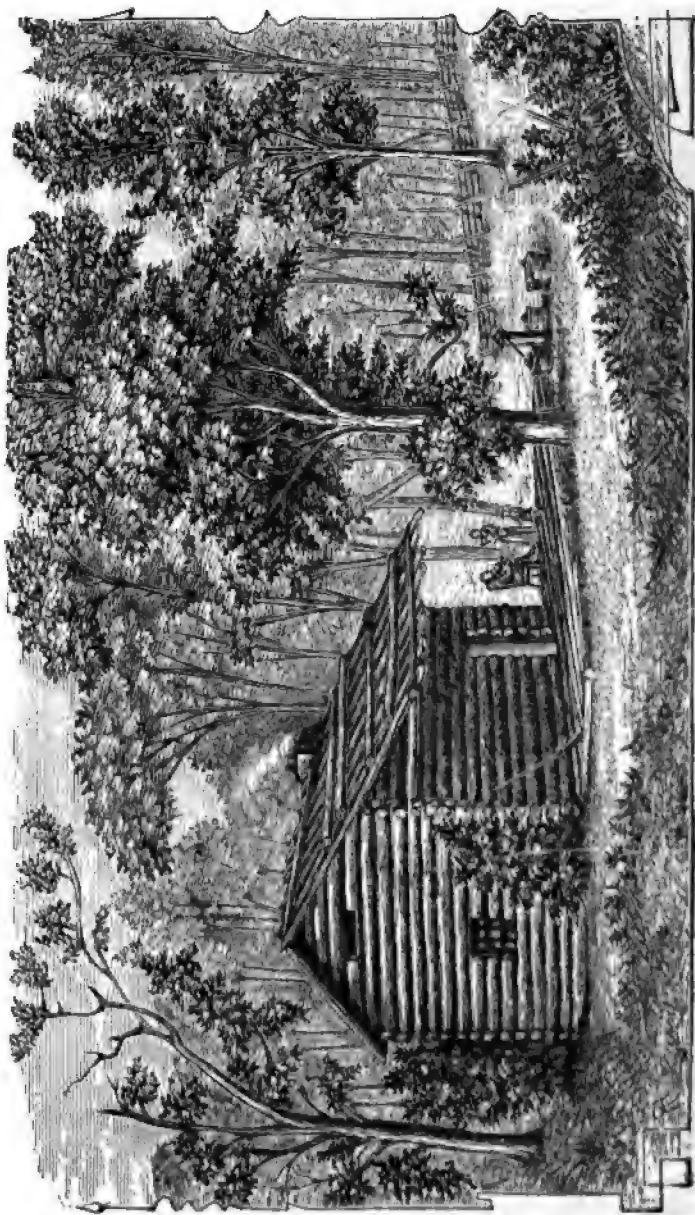
The mother of this family was aged and infirm. One of her sons, who has given a very graphic description of their adventures, presents the following pleasing picture of a serene old age:

“My mother had been weakly on our journey, and at Fredericktown was more seriously ill than I had ever known her before

or since. She still lives, a monument of the Lord's mercy, and a bright illustration of the discipline of which the human mind is susceptible. She has been blind about eight years, and to my recollection she never complained of any thing, but trusted all to divine Providence. She now, at the age of ninety-five, waits her change with patience, is little or no trouble to any one, enjoys good health, a serene and sound mind, and the age of dotage seems never to have overtaken her. She never gives unnecessary pain or trouble to any one, and is pleased when, by repeating words which she learned when a girl, she can add to the happiness of the social circle. She has been a woman of strict economy and great industry, but never milked a cow, and perhaps never spun a thread in her life, and scarcely ever cooked, but was a great sewer and knitter. This she does now with great facility, saying that if she could not knit, she would be very unhappy. She is very little of her time without her knitting, except on first days, as she calls the Sabbath. She was always a member of the Society of Friends. She is much delighted with hearing the Word or any religious book read."

This pioneer family consisted of the aged mother, two sons — one twenty-one years old, and one eleven — and a sister, twenty-two years old. There also accompanied them a half brother, married, with a family of small children and a colored servant woman. They soon built their rude cabin, consisting of one room, twenty-four by eighteen feet, fronting the north. At one end were placed two beds, and upon shelves made of thin strips of boards, was displayed the household store of dishes of pewter and tin. By a short ladder an ascent was made to the loft above. Split-bottom chairs, three-legged stools, a looking-glass, eight inches by ten, a spinning wheel, shovel and tongs, with certain farming implements, completed the furnishing of the domicile.

Still it was not rapid work constructing the cabin. They had little money, and not much strength. Laborers were not to be had, and they had no money to pay them, could they have been obtained. So the work gradually progressed as best it could, erecting the chimney, laying the floors and putting in the tables, made of logs split in two through the middle. These puncheons seem to have been of universal use, forming floors by laying the round side of the log upon the ground; making doors by a little shaving off of the curved side. It was found in the Spring that the



"OUR CABIN" IN THE WILDERNESS.

chimney was in danger of toppling over; but they had few tools and little experience, so they braced it as well as they could with poles. The prevailing winds from west to east swept through the crevices of the cabin with one advantage — that of clearing it of smoke. Their sleep was sound and refreshing. Indeed, the nights seemed but about a minute in length. The beds were of leaves or straw; the blankets, or cadders as they called them, were similar to the rag carpets now used for kitchen floors. "I well remember," says one, "the delight with which we received a new cadder, especially if there were some stripes of bright red."

The evenings of the first Winter were rather lonely and dull. They had few books, and having had no harvest had nothing about which to busy themselves, as in after winters. Borrowing from a neighbor that wonderful allegory of the Bedford Tinker, the Pilgrim's Progress, they devoured its contents with eagerness. This, added to the Bible, George Fox's Journal, Barkley's Apology, and a few other books of like stamp, constituted their library. Yet there was an influence imparted by the perusal of such volumes, calculated to strengthen the character and form a taste for substantial reading.

"Our Sundays, or First Day, as my mother, being one of the Society of Friends, chose to term it, I well remember. On removing to the West we carried part of a barrel of flour and a jar of white pure leaf lard, made in Carolina. On Sunday morning, and at *no other time*, from these materials were made short biscuit for the breakfast, rolled carefully in balls by my sister, and placed around the edge of the skillet and baked before the fire." The pleasure of the gourmand at Delmonico's, or at the tables of kings, was very small compared with that of these hungry, healthy occupants of the lonely cabin. And the reserving of the nicest and best for Sunday by these far-away frontiersmen had a savor of reverence in it that was certainly delightful.

The cabin of our settlers was in the midst of a thick forest. Tall trees swayed in the breeze, sometimes threatening to come crashing down upon the cabin. And as the fierce wintry blast swept through their tops, the mournful requiem was often heard, saddening the half-sleepy inmates by its cadences. By degrees, however, the giant trees were prostrated, and the hand of civilization and opulence has replaced the old log cabin by the stately mansion of brick. The howl of the panther and the wolf, the

approach occasionally of the bear in somewhat unpleasant proximity to the settler's cabin, added much to the disagreeableness of their situation. Smaller animals and venomous reptiles were quite unwilling to resign possession of the country. Many days were spent in hunting these annoying intruders, and it was only by the combined efforts of increasing numbers that their haunts were broken up. The mutual aid required for protection against savage men and savage beasts did much to foster a spirit of harmony and affection among the early pioneers of the West.

"The arrival of a bag of meal would make a whole family rejoicingly happy" and grateful then, when a loaded East Indian will fail to do it now, and is passed off as a common business transaction, without ever thinking of the Giver — so independent have we become in forty years! Having got out of the wilderness in less time than the children of Israel, we seem to be even more forgetful and unthankful than they.

"When Spring was fully come, and our little patch of corn, three acres, put in among the beech roots, which at every step contended with the shovel-plough for the right of soil, and held it too, we enlarged our stock of conveniences. As soon as bark would run (peel off) we could make ropes and bark boxes. These we stood in great need of, as such things as bureaus, stands, wardrobes, or even barrels, were not to be had. The manner of making ropes of lime bark was to cut the bark in strips of convenient length, and water-rot it in the same manner as rotting flax or hemp. When this was done, the inside bark would peel off and split up so fine as to make a pretty considerably rough and good-for-but-little kind of rope. Of this, however, we were very glad, and let no ship owner with his grass ropes laugh at us.

"We made two kinds of boxes for furniture. One kind was of hickory bark with the outside shaved off. This we would take off all round the tree, the size of which would determine the calibre of our box. Into one end we would place a flat piece of bark or puncheon cut round to fit in the bark, which stood on one end the same as when on the tree.

"A much finer article was made of slippery elm bark, shaved smooth and with the inside out, bent round and sewed together where the ends of the hoop or main bark lapped over. A bottom was made of the same bark dried flat, and a lid like that of a common band-box, made in the same way. This was the finest fur-

niture in a lady's dressing room, and then, as now, with the finest furniture, the sewed side was turned to the wall and the prettiest part to the spectator.

"The privations of a pioneer life contract the wants of man almost to total extinction, and allow him means of charity and benevolence. Sufferings ennoble his feelings, and the frequent necessity for united effort, produced in him habitual charity, almost unknown in these days of luxury. We have now but little time left to think of good and still less to practice it."*

The spot chosen by our settlers was covered with forest, principally beech, with a sprinkling of elm and ash. Although the land was very rich, the roots of the beech were very troublesome in the endeavor to cultivate it. Turnips they scraped and used with hickory nuts as fruit, and the timothy grass which they sowed produced a good crop. Corn meal made into mush, with milk, formed a staple article of food. But there was a serious trouble in getting corn into meal. Every expedient was resorted to; sometimes pounding, sometimes grating it. The hard, laborious work of the hand-mill was welcomed, and when a mill turned by a horse was invented they were indeed happy.

Salt at five dollars a bushel was a luxury not often used. Candles were never seen in these rude log cabins, and the poor substitute of shelly hickory, only served to make darkness visible. The raising of flax soon became a very important branch of industry as the strong virgin soil could bear the drain caused by this plant.

Schools were infrequent in the new settlements, but we question if the boys of Ohio then did not apply their minds as vigorously to the study of books when they had the opportunity, as they had to the hard work of the pioneer's life, in the earliest days. One of them writes in his memorandum book, "I have in the last three days calculated, plotted, and written down fourteen pages of Gibson's Conveying, besides plowing ten acres of corn. This I counted good work."

* American Pioneers, Vol. II. p. 449.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATTLES IN KENTUCKY.

BYRD'S EXPEDITION — SACKING OF RUGGLES STATION — INDIAN ATROCITIES — RESPONSIBILITY OF THE ENGLISH — SACK OF MARTIN'S FORT — THE AMBUSCADE — NEW ARMY ORGANIZED AT DETROIT — THE ATTACK UPON BRYANT'S STATION — HEROIC DEFENSE — DESCRIPTION OF THE FORT — HEROISM OF THE WOMEN — THE RE-ENFORCEMENT — THE AMBUSH — SIMON GIRTY DEMANDS SURRENDER — THE PIQUANT RESPONSE — RETREAT OF THE SAVAGES — DREADFUL SLAUGHTER AT THE BLUE LICKS — ESCAPE OF BOONE — HIS TESTIMONY.

THE SAVAGES were much elated by their recent victories, and were eager to be led to new triumphs. Governor Hamilton, of Detroit, was also annoyed, that his faithful allies should be assailed, almost beneath the walls of the British fortress, by armed bands from the south side of the Ohio River. He therefore organized quite a powerful army, of picked warriors, about six hundred in number, to destroy all the settlements on the Kentucky and Licking Rivers. Nearly all these Indians were from the Valleys of the Sandusky and Little Miami.

The Governor, being resolved to make his force strong enough to accomplish its purpose, enlisted about twenty Canadians to accompany the savages, and furnished them with six quite formidable pieces of artillery, and with skilled artillerymen to man the guns. With these engines of war the strongest log fort could be easily battered down. The rush, then, of five hundred savages upon the feeble and defenseless garrisons, would soon silence all in death. The renowned Chieftain, Blackfish, was the Indian leader of the savage warriors. A British officer, Colonel Byrd, was entrusted with the general command of the expedition.

It will be remembered that the Licking River, flowing from the south, into the Ohio, enters that stream a few miles only below

the point at which the Little Miami enters it, flowing down from the north. At this time there were several feeble settlements, which had been commenced not far from each other, along the Valley of the Licking.

It required a march of twelve days to descend the Valley of the Little Miami, cross the Ohio, and ascend the Valley of the Licking to its south fork. This was accomplished with so much secrecy that the army reached Ruggles Station on the twenty-second of June, 1780, before any of the garrison had the slightest suspicion of its approach. The fort was a mere stockade, without artillery, and crowded with women and children. The feeble garrison could make no resistance, and at once surrendered to "the arms of his majesty," with the guarantee of their lives only.

The victorious savages, elated by such unusual success, quite regardless of the remonstrances of Colonel Byrd, seized all the inmates of the fort, as their prisoners, to be carried off in triumph to their wild haunts, there to be exposed to indignities, slavery or death, by all the varieties of demoniac torture. Three of the captives, who made some slight resistance, were instantly tomahawked.

The British commander, a humane man, was very indignant at this outrage, and felt greatly humiliated by it. He was fighting, as he supposed justly, under the banners of his king, to put down unjustifiable rebellion. He had hoped to elevate his savage troops to respect the customs of civilized warfare. Instead of this, he found that the savages were dragging him down to participation in their demoniac deeds. All that he could say in extenuation of these atrocities, so dishonoring to the British arms, was, that it was utterly beyond his power to control the wolfish nature of his allies.

In reference to this horrible warfare, Mr. John W. Monette writes, in his interesting "History of the Valley of the Mississippi:"

"All the horrors of this war, without doubt, are to be ascribed to the inhuman policy of England, in employing the savages to murder the defenseless frontier settlements, because they were a portion of the revolted provinces. Thus the most powerful of civilized nations, and whose subjects are most active in disseminating the gospel, prostituted her power and her resources to encourage the most inhuman barbarities upon innocent women and children, and authorized the commandants of the western posts to

pay the Indians a stipulated price for each scalp and each prisoner for the purpose of stimulating them to greater exertions against the helpless frontier people.

"Thus the scalps of the white man, and of his wife and children, under this diabolical policy, were, in the hands of the savages, a current coin, which, at the British posts, served to purchase powder, arms, clothing and the other necessities for savage comfort. This policy has been denounced and discarded invariably by the Government of the United States, which would not permit it among those Indians who chose to range themselves under its banners.

"This policy, pursued by this more than savage enemy, on the western frontier, had the effect of debasing many of the western people to the state of savage barbarity. It produced in them, that thirst for indiscriminate revenge against the Indians, which caused the commission of barbarities which the government could never approve. It was a war of mutual, but unavailing slaughter, devastation and revenge, over whose record humanity must drop a tear of regret. But that tear cannot efface its disgraceful history."

The Indians loaded themselves with the spoil of Ruggles Station, and then, leading their bound captives, demanded to be led to the next post, which was about five miles farther up the river.

It is said that Colonel Byrd was so affected by the atrocities he had witnessed, that he refused to go any farther. But he soon found that instead of commanding the savages, they commanded him. If he preferred to stay behind he could do so, and they could go without him. The Colonel, a proud British officer, was helpless, and was stung almost to madness, by the utter and contemptuous disregard of his authority. In the humane endeavor to save life, he consented to a humiliating compromise. He agreed that the savages should have all the plunder, while he should have all the prisoners.

The ferocious band rioted along with war whoop and hideous yells till they reached the post called Martin's Fort. Here the same scenes were re-enacted, which had been witnessed at Ruggles' Station. The Indians seized all the plunder, and then they grasped the inmates, as captives, using them as beasts of burden, and loading them heavily with the spoils of their own dwellings. There were several other stations, farther up the river, entirely at the mercy of this band.



SAMUEL HUNTINGTON
Governor 1808-10.

The savages clamored still to be led on. But Colonel Byrd peremptorily refused to conduct them any further in such a warfare against his brethren. The savages, exultant and enriched, reflected that they could obtain their ammunition only from the British. Should they offend them too deeply, this might be withheld. Then they would be at the mercy of the avenging colonists. They, therefore, consented to return. When any of the captives fell beneath their burdens, they buried the tomahawk in their brains.

We have before mentioned, that the region, south of the Ohio River, now called Kentucky, was the common hunting ground of many tribes occupying the region around. Over a large extent of this territory, it seems that no particular tribe was settled, or claimed exclusive possession. This fact, added to the loveliness of the climate, and the exceeding fertility and beauty of the country, lured many emigrants, across the Alleghanies, to that section. But all the valleys of the rivers in what is now Ohio, were crowded with Indians, who were very unfriendly to the encroachments of the English. Thus it happened that in 1781, when there was scarcely the hut of a white settler to be found in all the region north of the Ohio River, there were many small settlements springing up in the rich and secluded valleys of Kentucky. It was a very ignoble warfare which the government of the mother country waged against these feeble hamlets, so powerless of harm. The Indians of Ohio, from the banks of the Muskingum, the Scioto, the Great and Little Miami, the Sandusky and the Maumee, were the agents whom the British employed, in predatory bands across the Ohio River, to lay waste these infant settlements. It is thus that the narrative of the outrages perpetrated in Kentucky, by the Indian tribes of Ohio, becomes an important part of the history of that state.

Some bold pioneers had reared a few log houses, where Shelbyville now stands, about forty miles east of Louisville. Alarmed by the horrors which were occurring all around them, they abandoned their homes, to join another and stronger party at Bear's Creek. On their way they were assailed by a party of Indians in ambush, who opened fire upon them, killing several of their number, and wounding many more. It was probably a small party, for instead of repeating the attack, or awaiting the return fire, they immediately fled, raising defiant yells. Colonel Floyd col-

lected from some of the neighboring stations, twenty men to pursue them. He also was drawn into an ambush. At the first fire one-half of his little band was struck down by their bullets. The rest with great difficulty escaped, leaving their comrades to be scalped and mutilated by the allies of Great Britain. It was this kind of warfare which led Thomas Jefferson, in his arraignment of King George III., to write indignantly.

"He has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rules of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions."

The British authorities, at Detroit, now organized another army to cross the Ohio river, and sweep the frontier of Kentucky of all its white settlements. A force of five hundred savages was rendezvoused at Old Chillicothe, in the Valley of the Little Miami, from which so many marauding bands had already emerged. The army was composed of warriors from widely scattered tribes, the Shawanese on the Little Miami, the Wyandots on the Sandusky, the Tawas on the Maumee, and the Delawares on the Muskingum, were all represented by their most renowned braves. A number of Canadians enlisted at Detroit, adding efficiency to the force. The whole band was under the leadership of two British officers, renowned for their ferocity, Colonel McGee and the notorious Tory, Simon Girty.

As the expedition was to move far and wide, it was not possible for them to take with them artillery on the pathless route. They, therefore, avoided Boonesborough, whose bullet-proof palisades had already proved themselves so impregnable. A few miles from Boonesborough, on the Kentucky River, there was a little cluster of log houses, called Bryant's Station. On the night of the fourteenth of August, 1782, the savages appeared before this little community, on the Elkhorn, about five miles from the present City of Lexington.

The fort, or fortress, consisted of about forty cabins, placed in parallel lines, with a narrow street between them. Strong palisades surrounded the little village, enclosing a parallelogram thirty rods in length, by twenty in breadth, giving an area of about four acres. These palisades were twelve feet high, formed of hard timber, at least a foot in diameter. They were planted very firmly in the ground, the earth being rammed down around

them. This wall, which defied even savage agility in climbing or leaping, was surrounded by a ditch five feet deep.

At the four angles of these palisades there were block-houses, projecting some feet, which gave additional strength to the corners, and which also enabled the inmates, through port-holes, to pour a raking fire upon any assailants who should approach the walls. There were two large folding-gates in front and rear, swinging on wooden-hinges, which afforded, in times of safety, ample entrance for men, cattle and wagons. When closed these gates were firmly held in place by bars.

These were strong works to be assailed without artillery. The garrison amounted to about fifty men, for every able-bodied man was a soldier. Many of the women also had been taught to use the rifle with great skill. The six hundred savages who, led by British officers, approached the unsuspecting fort, in the darkness of the night, divided themselves into two parties for the attack. The grass, on that rich soil, grew so rank that it would afford a covert even for mounted horsemen. In this grass, and in the forest and shrubbery around, the savages concealed themselves, waiting for the dawn.

There was as yet no well dug within the enclosure. But at a short distance from one of the gates, there was an abundant spring of pure water. In the hurry of constructing the fort, with but few hands to work upon it, they had failed to extend the palisades far enough to include this spring; and there were also some portions of the work which were not fully completed.

It seems that there were two plans of attack. One hundred savages concealed themselves as near as possible to the gate opening upon the spring. The other five hundred hid themselves in the rear of the fort. It was supposed that as soon as the morning dawned the men, unsuspecting of danger, would throw open the gates and come out from their several cabins for water for their families. There would be one hundred savages, in ambush, to take deadly aim at their victims, within half rifle-shot. This would be two savages to every white man. Nearly all would inevitably drop dead. The savages then, with hideous yells and gleaming tomahawks, would rush in at the open gate and make short work with the helpless remainder of the inmates.

If this plan, so manifestly feasible, should fail, then these hundred savages, rushing from their ambush, would make a fierce

attack upon the gate. The whole force of the garrison would instantly rally to its defense. It would naturally, in the confusion of the moment, be supposed that these assailants constituted the whole of the savage army. Then the five hundred, lying in ambush in the rear of the fort, were silently to leap forward to the palisades, and, clambering upon each other's shoulders, were to effect an entrance. Five hundred warriors thus attacking fifty men, already engaged in repelling a hundred, would very soon silence them all in death.

Man proposes. God disposes. It would seem that one of these plans must succeed. They both failed. But they were so far above the ordinary cunning of the Indian, that there can be no doubt that they originated in the brains of the British officers. It was found impossible to bring the savages into obedience to British discipline.

Early in the morning the gates were thrown wide open, and half a dozen early risers come out with their buckets for water. Some of the impatient savages, disregarding orders, could not wait for the whole body to come, but opened fire upon them. This gave the alarm. The gates were speedily closed, and the whole garrison was roused. There were wise men in that garrison, who were thoroughly acquainted with Indian warfare. They said immediately that the small number of Indians in ambush at the spring would not think of attacking their fort without the support of a large party. Sentinels were immediately stationed to watch every approach.

There was probably great perplexity in the Indian camp. For sometime there was perfect silence. Not a shout was heard; not a gun was fired; not an Indian was to be seen. But the garrison was without water. The starvation of thirst would soon compel a surrender. A siege of thirty-six hours could scarcely be maintained. Very shrewdly it was conjectured that the assailants were forming some new plan of attack, and that the plan would be, fiercely to assail in feint some quarter of the fort, while the main attack would be made from the opposite quarter.

This, as our readers know, was the very plan which had been devised. Under these circumstances the following very extraordinary expedient was adopted for obtaining water. The more experienced men of the garrison were satisfied that the feint would soon be made, and that the main body of the savages

would not unmask themselves until the firing from the garrison was returned with such warmth as to convince them that all its energies were absorbed in repelling the feigned attack. They therefore were convinced that the women might go to the spring and get water with at least a probability of returning unharmed.

"Acting upon this impression, and yielding to the urgent necessity of the case, they summoned all the women, without exception, and explaining the circumstances in which they were placed, and the improbability that any injury would be offered them, until the fire had been returned from the opposite side of the fort, they urged them to go in a body to the spring, and each to bring up a bucket full of water. Some of the woman had no relish for the undertaking, and asked why the men could not bring water as well as themselves, observing that they were not bullet-proof, and that the Indians made no distinction between male and female scalps.

"To this it was answered, that the women were in the habit of bringing water every morning to the fort, and if the Indians saw them engaged as usual, it would induce them to believe that their ambuscade was undiscovered, and that they would not unmask themselves for the sake of firing upon a few women, when they hoped, by remaining concealed a few moments longer, to obtain complete possession of the fort. It was said that if the men should go down to the spring, the Indians would immediately suspect that something was wrong, would despair of succeeding by ambuscade, and would instantly rush upon them, follow them into the fort, or shoot them down at the spring.

"The decision was soon formed. A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring. Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror. But the married women in general moved with a steadiness and composure which completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption. Although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and when near the fort degenerated into rather unmilitary celerity, attended with some little crowding at the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled."*

* The Great West, by Henry Howe.

Having thus obtained this supply, which, with careful usage, would last for several days, a brave party of thirteen men was sent out to reconnoiter. They were speedily fired upon by the savages, and retreated within the gates without loss. They were followed by the whole band in ambush at the springs, who rent the air with their yells, and commenced a fierce assault upon the gate. Their fire was vigorously returned through the port-holes. Then the five hundred, concealed on the opposite side, supposing that the feint had accomplished its effect, rushed to the assault of what they supposed to be the unprotected side of the fort. But, to their surprise, every port-hole immediately opened its fire, striking down the warriors with the deadly bullet, from which there was no protection. Though, for a time, they pressed forward with great bravery, soon finding the storm of lead too deadly to be encountered, they turned in a panic and fled. Several were slain, and many more were wounded.

It will be remembered that Bryant's Station was but at a distance of five miles from Lexington, where there was another quite important station. In some way intelligence had reached that post of the attack by the Indians. Immediately a reinforcement of forty men, sixteen of whom were mounted, was sent to their assistance. The wary savages, ever keeping out their scouts in all directions, were apprised of the approach of these troops. They immediately ceased from the attack upon the fort, and formed themselves in ambuscade to cut off those who were hastening to the relief of the garrison. There was a large corn-field through which the road to the fort ran. This southern corn, in its luxuriant growth, often attains a height of seven or eight feet. Here, on each side of the trail, the savages concealed themselves in two parallel lines nearly six hundred yards in length. For their own concealment it was necessary for them to keep at a distance of several rods from the trail. The growth of corn was so thick as to intercept their view, so that no individual aim could be taken. To add still more to their embarrassment, a long drouth, beneath the hot summer's sun, had rendered the earth so dry that the little army of horsemen and footmen were enveloped in a cloud of dust quite impervious to view. Thus the savages were compelled to fire almost at random. The firing was the signal at the fort to throw open the gates, and the whole party, horsemen and footmen, rushed in. Two only had been killed and

four wounded. Thus the strength of the garrison was nearly doubled.

This eventful day of peril and of terror was drawing to a close. The garrison felt assured that they could now defend their works against any assaults which the Indians could bring against them. The assailants also began to despair of success. Just as the sun was going down the infamous Tory, Simon Girty, mounted a stump at a little distance from the fort, and waving a white cloth, as a flag of truce, shouted to the garrison to surrender.

"We have," said he, "several pieces of artillery, which will reach us to-night. With these we can easily batter down your walls. We have these six hundred warriors, thoroughly armed, to rush in upon you. The capture of the fort is inevitable. If the fort is thus taken by storm we cannot restrain the ferocity of the savages. Every inmate of the fort must perish. But if you will now surrender, before they are exasperated by a fight, we can promise you all protection of your lives and your private property. I suppose you know who I am."

All this was a lie. There were no pieces of artillery on the way. A young man named Reynolds, fearing the effect which the threat of cannon might have upon the garrison, shouted in reply, with more of piquancy than of military courtesy:

"We do, indeed, know who you are. We know you to be a renegade, a cowardly villain, who delights in murdering women and children. I had a miserable, good-for-nothing dog whom I named Simon Girty. Wait until morning and you will find on which side the reinforcements are. We expect to leave not one of your cowardly souls alive. And if *you* are caught, our women shall whip you to death with hickory switches. Now clear out, you cut-throat villain, or we will put some bullets through you."

Girty disappeared. The night passed away in silence. Probably the leaders of the expedition held a hurried consultation and decided that works so strong, and so well garrisoned, could not be taken by rifles alone. Like the shadows of night the whole band fled, seeking other fields of assassination and plunder. In the morning the Indian camp was found entirely deserted. Their fires were still burning brightly, and several pieces of meat were found upon their roasting-sticks. This led to the supposition that they had decamped very suddenly just at the break of day. It is probable that they were alarmed by the intelligence that still

stronger reinforcements were on the march to aid the beleaguered garrison.

During this conflict four of the settlers were killed by bullets entering the port-holes, and several others wounded. It subsequently appeared that thirty of the Indian warriors were slain by the unerring aim of the garrison; Girty himself and many others were more or less severely wounded.

William Bryant, who was the commandant of this heroic little band of settlers, had married a sister of Colonel Boone. The tidings of the attack soon reached the adjacent settlements, and a band of one hundred and eighty men were speedily on the march. It was probably the approach of these reinforcements which alarmed the savages.

Colonel Todd, one of the noblest of men, was the first in command in this expedition, which was hurrying to the relief of their beleaguered friends. Colonel Boone was the second officer. He was accompanied by his two sons, Israel and Samuel. The retreating army had struck across to the Licking River, and were following it down to enter the Valley of the Little Miami. The soldiers were so unanimous and impetuous in their desire to pursue the fugitives, that the officers were overpowered by their zeal. Neither of the officers thought it prudent for one hundred and eighty men to pursue an army of six hundred warriors, under the guidance of British officers of known ability, and through a region every mile of which presented the most favorable opportunities for an Indian ambush.

There was no difficulty in following the trail of so large a war party, many of whom were on horseback. As the pursuers were cautiously advancing they came to a remarkable bend in the Licking River. This bend enclosed a large and very luxuriant meadow, which was surrounded with shrubs, and where the grass, thick and strong, and almost as tough as reeds, was seven or eight feet high. A well-trampled buffalo track, called a "street," led through these almost impervious reeds to the river. Along this path the Indians had retreated. The scouts, who were always sent forward to explore the way, returned with the announcement that there were no signs of Indians to be seen. There is some diversity in the accounts of the battle which ensued. The following is probably a correct narrative of the facts:

This bend, like a horseshoe, enclosed two or three acres. The

cunning savages, aided by the intelligence of their officers, had formed a very strong double line in the thickets and the grass, at the neck of this bend, extending across from bank to bank of the stream. They left ample space for their victims to enter into the trap, whose door they would soon effectually close. As soon as the rear-guard of Colonel Todd's party had passed this neck, so that there was no possibility of escape, the war-whoop of five hundred savages rent the air, followed by an instantaneous explosion of rifles, while a volley of bullets, from behind and on each side, swept the ranks of the doomed colonists.

Before that first discharge, sixty of them fell dead or seriously wounded. Colonel Todd himself was struck from his horse, and lay upon the sod, drenched in blood. One or two more volleys were poured in upon them, as they reeled to and fro in dreadful consternation. The savages, raising unearthly yells and brandishing their tomahawks, rushed in to complete the massacre. For the survivors, a backward retreat was impossible, and before them was the broad current of the Licking River.

Colonel Boone's two sons fought by the side of their father. One of them, Israel, was shot dead. The other, Samuel, was severely, but not mortally, wounded. The unhappy father, to save his wounded son from the scalping knife of the savage, took him upon his shoulders and tottered beneath the bleeding body towards the river. A burly savage rushed upon him with gleaming knife. He dropped his boy, and shot the savage through the heart. But others came rushing on, and discharging their rifles, the poor boy was killed in his father's arms. Boone, leaving the bodies of his dead sons to their fate, fled with the agility of a deer towards the river, and swam the stream. His perfect familiarity with the region enabled him to elude his pursuers, and finally, by a circuitous route, and after much suffering, to reach his friends in safety.

In the meantime, the scene of tumult and slaughter was awful beyond description. Indians and colonists were all blended together on the banks of the river, there being four Indians to one white man, and the stream seeming to be clogged with those who were endeavoring to escape by swimming. The Indians shot them and scalped them without mercy. Those who succeeded in escaping across the river scattered in all directions through the forest.

There are different accounts of the numbers of the colonists who perished in this awful massacre. As there was no re-assembling of the utterly routed force, the missing could not well be counted. The Indians subsequently admitted the loss, on their part, of sixty-four warriors. This certainly proves the extraordinary valor with which the colonists fought. Colonel Boone, who almost miraculously escaped the carnage, gives the following modest, yet graphic, account of the calamity:

"I can not reflect upon this dreadful scene, but sorrow fills my heart. A zeal for the defense of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, though with a few men, to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way, they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread destruction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in their flight; some just entering the river, some in the water, and others after crossing, in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and being dispersed everywhere, in a few hours brought the melancholy news to Lexington. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding anything I am able to describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewed everywhere, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled, some torn and eaten by wild beasts, those in the river eaten by fishes, all in such a putrified condition that no one could be distinguished from another."

The savages, in accordance with their barbaric custom, to appease the revengeful spirits of their slain, selected a number of their captives and put them to death by the most terrible tortures which fiend-like ingenuity could devise. This battle of the Blue Licks, fought by the Indians of Ohio upon one of the rivers of Kentucky, occupies one of the most melancholy chapters in the history of the latter state. Colonel Boone, a sorrow-stricken man, sent an official report of the conflict to Benjamin Harrison, then Governor of Virginia, father of William Henry Harrison, subsequently President of the United States. The region of the great valley, now called Kentucky, was then considered as under the dominion of Virginia.

It was feared that the savages, elated by this victory, would attack and destroy nearly every one of the feeble settlements in

Kentucky. It was fearful to encounter a foe, combining the brain of the Englishman with the sinewy arm and ferocious temper of the savage. Influenced by such peril, nearly every man and boy, capable of shouldering a musket, immediately took the field. Though the whole militia of the region, occupied by these feeble settlements, numbered at this time only one hundred and thirty men, still they raised the extraordinary number of four hundred and sixty to pursue the Ohio savages. It would seem that there must have been reinforcements sent to them from Pittsburgh, and from beyond the mountains. In Colonel Boone's official report, he writes :

"From these facts your Excellency may form an idea of our situation. I know that your own circumstances are critical. But are we to be wholly forgotten? I hope not. I trust that about five hundred men may be sent to our assistance immediately. If these shall be stationed as our county lieutenant shall deem necessary, it may be the means of saving our part of the country. But if they are placed under the direction of General Clarke, they will be of little or no service to our settlement. The Falls of the Ohio lie one hundred miles west of us, and the Indians are in the northeast; while we are continually called to protect those at the Falls.

"I have encouraged the people in this county, all that I could. But I can no longer justify them or myself, in risking our lives here under such extraordinary hazards. The inhabitants of this county are very much alarmed at the thoughts of the Indians bringing another campaign into our county this Fall. If this should be the case, it will break up the settlements. I hope, therefore, that your Excellency will take the matter into consideration, and send us some relief as soon as possible."

CHAPTER XIV.

EMIGRATION AND ITS RESULTS.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL CLARKE—RAID THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE LITTLE MIAMI—FLIGHT OF THE SAVAGES—THE DEVASTATION—PEACE WITH ENGLAND—CONTINUED HOSTILITY OF THE INDIANS—THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION—LAND TITLES—THE TREATY OF PEACE—POLICY OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT—TREATY WITH THE CHIEFS—THE THEFT OF HORSES—GREATNESS OF THE LOSS—PERILS OF EMIGRATION—WARNING TO COLONEL MARSHALL—THE DECOY—ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN WARD—PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF MR. ROWAN AND PARTY—TESTIMONY OF MR. ROWAN'S SON—MR. DALTON'S SPEECH—REPLY OF THE CHIEF.

THE FALLS of the Ohio, where General Clarke was established, as military leader of Kentucky, are near the present City of Louisville. This is many miles south-west of the extreme western border of Ohio, opposite the State of Indiana. The British authorities, who were engaged in this terrible warfare against the frontier settlements, were admirably situated at Detroit for these operations. Here they held all the Indian tribes, north of the Ohio River, completely in hand, to hurl them in whatever direction they pleased. General Clarke was a man of great energy of character and of considerable military ability.

The following anecdote is worthy of record, both as illustrative of the man and of the savages with whom he had to deal. Upon one of his expeditions a large reward had been offered by the British authorities for his capture, whether taken dead or alive. Some Indian chiefs formed a conspiracy to kill him while asleep. The plot was discovered. They were arrested and sent to the guard-house. The next day they were brought, in irons, before the General. He was engaged in business at the time, and, assuming an air of perfect indifference, paid no attention to them what-

ever. When his business was transacted, he turned to them very contemptuously, and said :

" You ought to die for your treacherous attempt upon my life. I had determined to put you to death. But when I reflected upon the meanness of your conduct, in trying to catch a man and kill him when asleep, I became convinced that you were not warriors, but old women. You are therefore too mean to be killed by a Long Knife. You have put on men's clothes, pretending to be men, when you are only women."

Then turning to his orderly, he said : " Strip these people of their clothes, and dress them in women's clothes. Then send them home. As women know nothing about hunting, give them food for their journey. While they remain, let them be treated, in all respects, like squaws, as they are."

He then resumed conversation with his friends in attendance, as though the proud warriors before him were too contemptible to be further noticed. The offending chiefs were greatly agitated. One of them rose, and wished to offer the pipe of peace, and to make a speech. General Clarke spurned the calumet, and would not permit him to utter a word.

" The Big Knife," said he, " never treats with squaws."

Several chiefs of other tribes, who chanced to be present, moved by this terrible humiliation of their brother chiefs, rose to intercede in their behalf, entreating General Clarke to pity their families, assuring him that they would deem this a disgrace which could never be wiped out. The General replied :

" The Big Knife never makes war upon squaws. When we come across such Indians as these in the woods, we shoot them, as we do wolves, to prevent their eating the deer."

This mediation having failed, a consultation took place among themselves. Soon two of their young men, advancing into the middle of the floor, sat down and flung their blankets over their heads, to the astonishment of the whole assembly. Two of the more venerable chiefs then arose, and, with a pipe of peace, stood by these self-devoted victims, and offered the " lives of the young warriors as an atonement for the conduct of the chiefs of their tribe. This sacrifice," said they, " we hope will appease the Big Knife." And again they offered him the pipe of peace.

General Clarke himself was deeply moved. In subsequently describing the event, he said: " I never before felt so powerful

a gust of emotion." For a moment there was perfect silence. Anxiety to know the fate of the victims was depicted upon every countenance. The history of the past has seldom exhibited such an act of magnanimity, of self-devotion, as was thus displayed by these children of the forest. General Clarke soon recovered his self-possession, ordered the two heroic young Indians to arise. Then addressing them he said :

"I rejoice to find that there are *men* in all nations. Such alone are fit to be chiefs. With such I like to treat. I recognize you henceforth as chiefs. Through you I grant peace to your tribe."

He then took them by the hand, and presented them, as chiefs, to several American, French, and Spanish officers, who were present. Then he presented them to the other Indian chiefs. All saluted them as chiefs of their tribe. There was no hesitation. Presents were interchanged, and cordiality restored. General Clarke was afterwards informed that the incident was widely talked of among the Indians. No one disputed the legitimacy of the title of these young warriors to Indian nobility.

General Clarke very strenuously urged the colonial government to furnish him with an army of two thousand men, with which he felt confident he could capture Detroit, and thus, at one blow, put an end to the ravages which the Indians were perpetrating. The savages would be comparatively powerless, when deprived of the abundant ammunition with which the British government was supplying them.

As soon as General Clarke heard of the disastrous battle at Blue Licks, he resolved immediately to pursue and punish the Indians in their own homes. The savages, greatly elated, had re-crossed the Ohio, and returned to their towns on the Little Miami for a general triumph. General Clarke ascended the Licking River with about five hundred men, to its entrance into the Ohio. There he formed a junction with the troops under Colonels Logan and Floyd, which created a force of about a thousand men, all well mounted. Colonel Boone accompanied this avenging army as a volunteer.

The troops crossed the Ohio, in flat-bottomed boats, on the 30th of September, 1782, and commenced their march up the Little Miami, the bosom of every man glowing with the desire for vengeance. So rapid had been the movement, and so skillfully had it been concealed, that the Indians had no suspicion of the

approach of their foe, until they were within a few miles of Old Chillicothe. In the utmost consternation the savages fled, men, women and children. A thousand mounted warriors were within an hour's march of them. Resistance was not for a moment to be thought of. Their only safety was in precipitate flight.

Everything was abandoned. It is probably well for the reputation of the colonists that the women and the children had escaped. The memory of their own burned dwellings, their comrades slain and scalped, their women and children tomahawked, their captive friends burned at slow fires, put to death by horrible tortures, so inflamed this colonial army that the women and the children would probably have been shot down like she-wolves and cubs. They deemed it a matter of duty and of humanity to punish these savages with severity which they should never forget; so to chastise them, as to put an end to their horrible atrocities.

The avenging army swept the fertile valley of the Little Miami, from its mouth to its head-waters, a distance of about eighty miles, with utter desolation. Every Indian that was seen was, like panther or bear, the object of pursuit, and the target for their bullets. Five of their towns were laid in ashes. The torch was applied to every solitary hut. Every tree bearing fruit was cut down.

It was the Fall of the year. The golden corn was just ripening in their extensive fields. It had been carefully cultivated by the women and the children, while the warriors were devastating the settlers' homes in Kentucky. Upon this they mainly depended for sustenance the coming Winter. There was by no means sufficient game in the forest to preserve them from starvation. This whole harvest was entirely destroyed, either being trampled in the dust, or piled in heaps and burned. The savages had fled so precipitately that almost nothing was saved from the awful wreck. Their homes, their blankets, their furs, their cooking utensils, and most of their ammunition, were destroyed. Absolutely nothing was left to them. In utter destitution they were roaming the forest, with cold Winter approaching. Many of them must have perished of starvation. As many as were able toiled through the wilderness to Detroit, to receive from the British authorities support under the dreadful calamities which this adherence to the British cause had brought upon them.

The punishment of the Indians was indeed terrible. They were

alike astonished and dismayed by it. In their ignorance they had supposed that, in the carnage of the "Blue Licks," they had destroyed nearly all the warriors which the colonists could bring into the field. They were rejoicing in the thought that they could, at their leisure, recross the Ohio, and load themselves with the booty of the desolated homes of Kentucky, and that they could bring back with them the wives and children of the white men as captives and slaves. Instead of that, they had scarcely reached their homes ere an overwhelming army of a thousand white men came sweeping their valley with fire and ruin. The tidings of this avenging campaign, in the Valley of the Little Miami, soon reached the ears of all the Indian tribes in Ohio. They were so disheartened that they made no further attempt for the organized invasion of Kentucky.

In the year 1783, peace was made with England, and the independence of the colonies was recognized. But as the waves of the ocean do not subside until long after the gale has ceased to blow, so the agitation on the frontiers, between the settlers and the Indians, continued for many years. The intense passions which had been called into exercise by the bloody conflict were too powerful to be speedily allayed. The settlers were determined to get possession of the lands of the Indians. The Indians were determined not to relinquish their ancient hunting grounds.

A wonderful tide of emigration, across the mountains, immediately set in from North Carolina, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. But none of these emigrants ventured to penetrate the heart of Ohio, which was populated by such numerous and hostile tribes. Nearly all directed their steps toward the rich and beautiful region south of the river. A few families settled upon the upper waters of the Ohio, near the fort at Pittsburgh. These emigrants generally crossed the mountains in long lines of wagons, driving their flocks and herds before them, till they reached the waters of either the Alleghany or Monongahela. They then took flat-bottomed boats or rafts, and, borne by the currents of those streams to the Ohio River, floated down that stream for several hundred miles to points near the Licking and the Kentucky. Here they scattered south through one of the most beautiful regions of the globe, taking possession of their lands by what was called the Tomahawk Claim.

The Virginia Legislature, which was then the recognized pro-



RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS
Governor 1810-14.

prietor of all these regions of indefinite boundaries, allowed each settler four hundred acres of any unoccupied lands, besides the preference right to purchase, at government prices, one thousand more contiguous acres. These settlements were generally marked by the initials of the claimant's name, cut with the tomahawk in several beech trees. These "tomahawk rights" were generally respected, even though the claimant had not taken up his actual residence on the lands. If he had cut down a few trees, and erected a log hut, his claim was considered as established. The pioneers were generally satisfied with one settlement-right; but others, more ambitious of large landed estates, and of the wealth which was sure eventually to accrue from them, bought up many of these frail titles. This led, in after years, to almost endless litigation.

Nearly the whole country, from the Alleghanies to these central rivers, of what was then called the District of Kentucky, for a distance of nearly five hundred miles, was an uninhabited mountain wilderness. There were, however, one or two stations along the south banks of the Ohio River. So great was the immigration from the Atlantic States into these attractive fields, that by the close of the year 1784, the population of Kentucky was estimated to amount to nearly thirty thousand souls.

By the Treaty of Paris, 1783, Great Britain renounced all claim to all the territory south of the Great Lakes, and east of the Mississippi to its sources. The British Government also stipulated to withdraw her garrisons from all that territory. The most important stations, then held by the British, were at Niagara, at Detroit, and on the Miami and Maumee Rivers, and near the head-waters of the Wabash. This region, then called the Northwestern Territory, was a vast undivided realm, almost entirely uninhabited by white men. The powerful Indian tribes, clustered through the valleys of the tributaries of the Ohio, flowing from the North, had been nearly all enlisted under the banners of Great Britain. The horrible atrocities which these savages had perpetrated had enkindled in the bosoms of the Americans, generally, undying hatred. Still there was a disposition to conciliate the savages, as peace on the frontiers was essential to the prosperity of the rapidly-growing settlements there.

The Federal Government consequently adopted a humane policy, and did everything in its power to restrain the exaspe-

ated western people from aggressions upon the Indians. Every effort was made to prevent collision, and to cultivate friendly relations with these still formidable tribes. Indian agencies were established to confer with the chiefs upon all measures of importance. Annuities were granted, which perhaps too often assumed the form of bribes, to induce the leading men of the nation to enter into treaties, by which they relinquished large portions of their lands.

These agents were required strictly to enforce the laws of Congress, prohibiting lawless white men from residing in the Indian country, and from carrying on contraband trade with the Indians. Trading posts were established, under governmental control, to supply them with useful articles at fair prices, and to rescue them from the impositions of fraudulent traders.

A large council of the chiefs of the Ohio Indians was held at Fort McIntosh on the 21st of January, 1785. This fort was in the extreme western frontier of Pennsylvania. The Ohio tribes represented were the Wyandots, Delawares, Ottawas, and Chippewas. These tribes occupied the extreme northern portions of the present State of Ohio, west of the Cuyahoga River. In this treaty, the chiefs, sachems, and warriors of these tribes relinquished to the United States all the lands south of Lake Erie, and east of the Cuyahoga River, as well as all the southeastern portion of the present State of Ohio.

The boundary line, which was definitely laid down, was as follows: Beginning at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, on the southern shore of Lake Erie, it ran up the east bank of that stream till it reached the head-waters of the Tuscarawas. Thence it followed that stream to its junction with Walhonding Creek. Then the line ran across the country a distance of about 150 miles to the mouth of Mad River, one of the largest tributaries of the Great Miami. Thence it followed the main branch of that river to the portage across to the St. Mary's. Then it followed that river in its very circuitous course till it reached the Maumee, which stream it followed to its entrance into Lake Erie. All the lands east and south of this line were ceded to the United States.

On the other hand, the government recognized the title of the Indians to all the land north and west of this line, to be occupied by them as dwelling places and hunting grounds, free from encroachments from the whites. The government also reserved

the right of constructing certain roads through the Indian Territory, and the possession of six miles square, contiguous to all its military posts on the Northwestern frontier.

Though there were thus nominally peaceful relations between the United States Government and the chiefs of these tribes, still there were malcontents on both sides, who paid no regard to treaties. They were equally savage, and their atrocities were equally fiend-like. In the month of March, 1785, a lawless band of Shawanese Indians crossed the Ohio, burned the house of a Mr. Elliott, killed him and took his scalp. In some way, members of his family escaped, carrying the tidings to other settlements, exciting great indignation and alarm. The main object of these marauding bands of Indians seems to have been not so much to take scalps as for the purpose of stealing horses. In parties of three or four, these gangs of savage horse-thieves, ever at home in the wilderness, would cross the Ohio, skulk in concealment around some settlement, and in the morning several of these valuable animals would have disappeared, no one knew where. Not an Indian would have been seen, and all traces of the direction of their flight would have been carefully concealed.

Towards the close of 1786, these depredations became so frequent, that the settlements were very seriously disturbed and injured by them. The horse had become an absolute necessity in the agricultural operations and the social habits of the country. But no man was safe in the possession of this property. The horses must graze in the open fields. The farmer could not guard them, gun in hand, night after night. The prowling savage, having watched his chances from his covert by the light of day, in the dead hour of darkness and sleep seized his booty, and when the morning dawned was far away beyond pursuit.

It was no uncommon occurrence for a party of five or six Indians after an absence of a week or ten days, to return to their rendezvous with ten or fifteen horses. Sometimes each individual would bring in one every night, until their complement was full. These free rangers of the forest, descending from the Valleys of the Great and Little Miami, the Scioto, and others of the Ohio Rivers, would penetrate Western Virginia, Pennsylvania and Kentucky, often extending their raids two or three hundred miles. They moved in silence and unseen, like spirits of darkness, leaving no indication of their coming or going, save in the disappearance of the horses.

It is said that during the five years preceding 1791, these frontier settlements had been robbed of not less than twenty thousand horses. And these estimates were based on authentic information.

To prevent, as far as possible, these depredations and to discover the trail of these thieving bands, each settlement employed scouts or rangers to be continually traveling the forest around in search for any signs of the Indians. Thus in the midst of nominal peace, the most cautious measures of war had to be adopted. Though these rangers made every possible effort to search out the trail of the marauders, yet the savages were so cautious that it was very seldom that any of their movements were discovered. It was ascertained that the most active of these plunderers came from the upper waters of the Sandusky, and of the Great and Little Miami.

They infested the banks of the Ohio River, continually attacking and plundering the boats descending to different points on the Kentucky shore. Frequently whole families were massacred.

It is estimated that during the years 1783 and 1784, twelve thousand persons, mainly from Virginia and Pennsylvania, emigrated to Kentucky. The following incidents will show the perils they had to encounter, and the caution with which it was necessary to move.

Colonel Thomas Marshall, a man of much distinction in those days, crossed the Alleghanies with his large family. At Pittsburgh he purchased a flat-bottomed boat, to float down the Ohio. He had passed the mouth of the Kenhawa without encountering any incident of note. One night, about ten o'clock the boat had drifted quite near the northern or Ohio bank of the stream, when he was hailed in English by a man upon the shore, who inquired who he was, and where he was bound. Upon receiving a reply he added :

"I have been stationed here by my brother, Simon Girty, to warn all boats of the danger of being decoyed ashore. My brother regrets very deeply the injury he has inflicted upon his countrymen. To convince them of the sincerity of his repentance, and of his earnest desire to be restored to their society, he has stationed me here to warn all boats of the snares which are spread for them by the cunning of the Indians. Renegade white men will be placed upon the banks, who will represent themselves as in the greatest distress. Even children, taken captive, will be compelled, by threats of torture, to declare that they are all alone upon the shore,

and to entreat the boats to come and rescue them. But keep in the middle of the river, said Girty, and steel your hearts against any supplications you may hear."

Colonel Marshall thanked him for his warning, and floated unmolested down the stream. This caution was by no means a needless one. There were many incidents like the following. A boat was descending the stream with an emigrant family on board. A band of prowling Indians discovered it and followed along, in concealment, through the forest, watching an opportunity for its capture. The large flat-bottomed boat, almost an ark, containing the family, their cattle and all their household goods, touched at a point of land for a supply of fuel. The Indians, in ambush, fired upon their victims, and then rushing upon them with the tomahawk, soon silenced all in death except one girl of fourteen. They took her captive, and began to ascend the stream in search of another boat. At length they saw one descending the river.

They gave their captive some dreadful experience of what were horrors of the Indian torture, and then told her that they would thus torture her to death, unless she would implicitly obey their directions. They tied her feet, so that she could not plunge into the river, placed themselves in ambush, at a distance of but a few yards, and then compelled her to cry as though her heart were breaking, and to tell a piteous story, that she was descending the river in a boat, with her family, that the Indians had attacked the boat and killed all but herself, that she had escaped in the night, and that she was almost dead of hunger and of terror lest she should be recaptured. And then, in the most heart-rending tones, she entreated them to come to her rescue.

The agonizing cries of the poor child touched every heart. With much hesitation they cautiously moved towards the shore. The moment the bows of the boat touched the beach a deadly fire was opened upon them from the ambush; the howling, leaping savages rushed with gleaming tomahawks upon their victims, and the fiend-like deed of blood and death was soon accomplished. All perished.

About the same time Captain James Ward was taking several horses down the river for sale. He purchased at Pittsburgh a large flat-bottomed boat, forty-five feet long and eight feet wide. His crew consisted of half a dozen men and a lad, his nephew. The gunwale of the boat was composed of a single pine plank,

about two inches thick. It was a lovely season of the year, and as the boat glided gently along through enchanting scenery, everything presented an aspect of peace and loveliness. There was nothing to mar the enjoyment of the hours save the dread which man had of his brother man.

Several sunny days thus passed away as the boat floated along, past meadows and headlands and forests, which seemed to have been created by God for blissful homes. One morning, as they had been swept by the stream within about one hundred and fifty feet of the northern shore, suddenly several hundred Indians appeared upon the bank, and uttering savage yells, opened upon them a terrible fire from their rifles. There was no protection for the horses, and soon every one was shot. Some were instantly killed; others, severely wounded, kicked and struggled so violently in death agonies, that the frail and heavily-laden boat dipped water, threatening to engulf all together. In the conflict Captain Ward's nephew, pierced by a ball in the breast, fell dead in the bottom of the boat. All the crew, except Captain Ward, were so panic-stricken by this sudden and fierce assault, that, as the only refuge from otherwise certain death, they threw themselves flat upon their faces in the bottom of the boat, among the convulsed animals, while a storm of bullets swept over them. It was in vain for six men to attempt resistance, when even a hand exposed would be a target for a hundred rifles. Fortunately there was a heavy post attached to the gunwale of the boat, which afforded Captain Ward some protection as he stood at the helm. With his oar, which he used as a rudder, he endeavored to guide the boat to the other side of the river. As the savages had no canoes, they could not attempt to board, but for more than an hour they ran along upon the banks of the stream, yelling, and keeping up a constant discharge of their rifles. At length the current swept the boat beyond their reach, and the wretches, with howls of rage, abandoned the pursuit and disappeared.

We will relate another incident illustrative of the perils which in those days attended the navigation of the beautiful Ohio, where peace and plenty now hold their happy reign. A gentleman by the name of Rowan, with his own, and five other families, wished to emigrate to Green River, which was some distance below the Falls of the Ohio. For the long voyage they constructed two very large flat-bottomed boats; one for the families, and the other

for the cattle and the furniture. As these boats would have no storms to encounter, and were merely to float along upon the current of the stream, they were frail in their structure, being scarcely more than floating rafts with gunwales three feet high.

The boat which contained the families had quite a commodious cabin, or hut, in the stern, made of rough boards, which afforded entire protection from both wind and rain. Here they cooked their food, and slept. In the sunny days they had nothing to do but to float along, admiring the beautiful scenery, with occasional opportunities to shoot ducks upon the river, or a deer or turkeys upon the banks.

A canoe was attached to the massive boat, with which they could easily fetch in their game. One can hardly imagine a voyage of hundreds of miles more delightful than was here presented. There was no sea-sickness, no danger from storms, no toil, shelter from all unpleasant exposure, and an abundant supply of food.

The two boats had floated about one hundred miles, through an uninhabited region of great loveliness, when one night, about ten o'clock, their attention was arrested and their fears excited by a prodigious shouting and yelling of Indians farther down the river, on the northern shore. Soon as they rounded a bend in the stream they came in full view of the scene of carousal. It would have been very beautiful, had it not been for the terrible apprehensions which it excited.

In a grove on the river banks, beneath whose majestic trees there was no underbrush whatever, there was an encampment of several hundred Indians. Immense bonfires were blazing, and the savages were dancing around them, feasting and shouting in the celebration of some great festival. It afterwards appeared that they had seized and plundered an emigrant boat, and in their orgies, were exulting over their victory. Mr. Rowan immediately ordered the two boats to be lashed firmly together; and then the men strained every nerve, with their immense oars, to push the boat as far as possible over towards the Kentucky shore. The faint hope was cherished that in the darkness, and under the shadow of the cliffs, the boats might possibly glide by unseen.

There were hundreds of Indians on the shore. There was a fleet of birch canoes upon the beach. The Indians were all armed with rifles, and knew well how to use them. The camp fires extended along the grove for a distance of nearly half a mile. Of

the six families in the emigrant's boat, there were but seven men capable of offering any resistance to the Indians — the remainder were women and small children. As the boats glided noiselessly along, the Indians, all absorbed in their carousal, did not discern them till the great central fire, which threw its brilliance across the whole breadth of the river, brought them clearly to view. A simultaneous shout from hundreds of savage throats greeted this discovery. The warriors, seizing their rifles, rushed to their canoes. The situation of the emigrants seemed utterly desperate. What could seven men do to repel an assault from several hundred savages completely surrounding them in their swift canoes.

Fortunately it was a moonless night, and very dark. In a few moments the current swept them beyond the illumination of the camp fires into a region of midnight darkness. As the boats, crowded with Indians, came rushing down upon them, the emigrants' boat could be discerned only at the distance of a few rods. The Indians are very brave when they can fight from behind a rock, tree, or stump, but they are very timid when they must present their unprotected breasts to the sure aim of the white man. They did not know but that there were fifty of these sharp-shooters in these two immense boats. They did not know but that the gunwales of the boats were bullet-proof and so port-holed that the white men in safety could take their aim. And they did know that these white men, were they more or less in number, would fight in the utmost desperation, and that the frail birch-bark canoes afforded not the slightest protection against their bullets.

Mr. Rowan ordered all the men to conceal themselves behind the gunwales of the boats, and to keep perfect silence. Not a gun was to be fired until the Indian at whom it was discharged was so near that the powder would burn him. Thus every shot was to be the certain death of a warrior. The boat was still rapidly floating down the stream, when the noise of the paddles and the yells of the warriors announced the near approach of a fleet of canoes. When they arrived within about a hundred yards, and could just be discerned through the darkness, they suddenly slackened the eagerness of their pursuit.

Every warrior seemed to feel that his bosom was the target for fifty rifles. They perceived at once that under the circumstances in which they were placed, that every flash of a rifle would be the death of some one of their number; that bullet holes in their

canoes would sink them; that all the canoes were so filled that those warriors struggling in the water in midnight darkness, could not be taken into any of the others. It was manifest that with the rapidity with which these trained riflemen could load and fire, perhaps a hundred of their warriors might be shot before the prows of their canoes should touch the boats. And then the force of the white men might be such that all their remaining warriors might be drowned or captured. Ignorant as they were of the numerical weakness of their foes, it was indeed one of those cases in which the better part of valor was discretion.

The heroic Mrs. Rowan, as she saw the canoes approaching, supposing that the savages would endeavor to board the boat, crept quietly around in the darkness, collected all the axes and placed one by the side of each man, leaving the handle against his knee. She performed this significant act in silence, speaking not a word. She then returned to the post of defense which she had selected for herself, and sat down with a sharp hatchet at her side.

The Indians did not venture to approach any nearer. Still they kept up the pursuit down the river for a distance of nearly three miles, assailing the white men only with harmless yells. At length, despairing of success, they relinquished the pursuit, and returned to their orgies around their camp-fires. The boat, thus wonderfully rescued, floated on and reached its destination safely. A son of Mr. Rowan, then but ten years of age, and who afterwards became one of the most prominent citizens of Kentucky, often in after years alluded to the emotions excited in his bosom by the scenes of that terrible night.

“The gloom of the night, the solemn flow of the majestic river, the dim line of the forests on either side, the gleam of the camp fires of the Indians, around which the half-clad savages were dancing in hideous contortion; the unearthly yells in which every demoniac passion seemed contending for the mastery; the shout which was given when they discovered the boats beneath the shadows of the opposite cliffs; the pursuing of the canoes, with redoubled vehemence of hooting; the rapidity with which with brawny arms the savages paddled their boats to and fro; the breathless silence which pervaded the flat boat, while for more than an hour the occupants awaited, momentarily expecting the terrible onset; and, above all, the fortitude and heroism displayed

by his mother,—all these combined to leave an impression upon the mind of the boy, which could never be obliterated.”*

The treaty of peace with England was signed in September, 1783. It was, however, one or two months before the knowledge of it reached the British posts on the frontier. A very curious document has been transmitted to us, giving an account of the announcement of the fact to a large council of hostile Indians, on the Wabash, by Mr. Dalton, a government agent, and the very characteristic response of one of their chiefs, a warrior of great renown, Piankeshaw by name. Mr. Dalton said :

“My children : What I have often told you has now come to pass. This day I received news from my great chief at the Falls of the Ohio. Peace is made with the enemies of America. The tomahawk is buried. The Shawanese, the Delawares, the Chickasaws and the Cherokees, have taken the Long Knife by the hand. They have given up the captives they had taken. My children on the Wabash, open your ears, and let what I tell you sink into your hearts. You know me. Near twenty years I have been among you. The Long Knife is my nation ; I know their hearts. Peace they carry in one hand and war in another. Consider now which you will choose. We never beg peace of our enemies. If you love your women and children, receive the belt of wampum I present you. Return to me the captives you have in your villages, and the horses you stole from my people in Kentucky. Your corn-fields were never disturbed by the Long Knife, while your warriors were killing and robbing my people.”

Mr. Dalton then presented the chief with a belt of blue and white wampum. There were several tribes represented on the occasion, but Piankeshaw was recognized as the head chief of the most powerful tribe. He accepted the emblem of peace, and then, with much dignity of manner, replied :

“My Great Father, the Long Knife: You have been many years among us ; you have suffered by us. We still hope you will have pity and compassion upon us, on our women and children, the sun shines on us, and the good news of peace appears in our faces. This is the day of joy to the Wabash Indians. With one tongue we now speak. We accept your peace belt.

“We received the tomahawk from the English. Poverty forced us to it. We were followed by other tribes. We are sorry for it.

* Abbott's Life of Daniel Boone.

To-day we collect the scattered bones of our friends and bury them in one grave. Here is the pipe that gives us joy; smoke out of it. We have buried the tomahawk; have formed friendships never to be broken, and now we smoke out of your pipe.

"We know that the Great Spirit was angry with us for stealing your horses and attacking your people. He has sent us so much snow and cold weather as to kill your horses with our own. We are a poor people. We hope that God will help us, and that the Long Knife will have compassion on our women and children. Your people who are with us are well. We shall collect them when they come in from hunting. We love them, and so do our young women. Some of your people mend our guns. Others tell us they can make rum out of corn. They are now the same as we. In one moon after this we will take them back to their friends in Kentucky.

"My Father: This being the day of joy to the Wabash Indians, we beg a little drop of your milk, to let our warriors see that it came from your own breast. We were born and raised in the woods. We could never learn to make rum. God has made the white men masters of the world."

Having finished his speech, Piankeshaw presented Mr. Dalton with three strings of wampum as the pledge of peace. Every reader must be impressed with the tone of despondency which pervades this address. It also excites melancholy emotions to observe the imploring tone with which the chief asks for rum, the greatest curse which ever afflicted his people.

CHAPTER XV.

BORDER WARFARE AND EMIGRATION.

JOHN CORBLY'S LETTER — PLOTS OF BRITISH TRADERS — EXPEDITIONS OF GENERALS CLARKE AND LOGAN — SUCCESS OF LOGAN — SIMON KENTON'S ENERGY — THE DEVASTATION — GENERAL CLARKE'S DISASTERS — RENEWED HOSTILITY OF THE SHAWANESE — RAID OF SIMON KENTON — PERILS ON THE RIVER — EVENTS OF THREE MONTHS — THE TREATY OF PARIS — ERECTION OF FORT HARMAR — PEACE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES — THE OHIO COMPANY — SYMMES' PURCHASE — THE SETTLEMENT AT MARIETTA — THE CAMPUS MARTIUS.

WE do not wish to fill these pages with a detail of the horrors of Indian warfare. The subject is too painful to dwell upon. Still, we would desire to give the reader a correct idea of those dark days of terror and of blood. The following letter describes the fate of hundreds of families on the frontier. It is from the pen of a Baptist clergyman, Mr. John Corbly, who gives an account of the utter devastation of his own home. The letter is dated Muddy Creek, Penn., Sept. 1, 1792 :

"The following are the particulars of the destruction of my unfortunate family, by the savages: On the tenth of May last, being my appointment to preach at one of my meeting-houses, about a mile from my dwelling house, I set out, with my loving wife and five children, for public worship. Not suspecting any danger, I walked behind a few rods, with my bible in my hand, meditating. As I was thus employed, on a sudden I was greatly alarmed by the frightful shrieks of my dear family before me.

"I immediately ran to their relief, with all possible speed, vainly hunting for a club as I ran. When within a few yards of them, my poor wife, observing me, cried out to me to make my escape. At this instant, an Indian ran up to shoot me. I had to strip, and by so doing outran him. My wife had an infant in her arms, which

the Indians killed and scalped. After which they struck my wife several times, but not bringing her to the ground, the Indian who attempted to shoot me, approached her and shot her through the body, after which they scalped her.

"My little son, about six years old, they dispatched by sinking their hatchets into his brains. My little daughter, four years old, they in like manner tomahawked and scalped. My eldest daughter attempted an escape, by concealing herself in a hollow tree, about six rods from the fatal scene of action. Observing the Indians retiring, as she supposed, she deliberately crept from the place of her concealment, when one of the Indians, who yet remained on the ground, espying her, ran up to her and, with his tomahawk, knocked her down and scalped her. But, blessed be God, she still survives, as does her little sister, whom the savages, in like manner, knocked down and scalped. They are mangled to a shocking degree, but the doctors think that there are some hopes of their recovery.

"When I supposed the Indians gone, I returned to see what had become of my unfortunate family, whom, alas! I found in the condition above described. No one, my dear friend, can form a true conception of my feelings at this moment. A view of a scene, so shocking to humanity, quite overcame me. I fainted, and was unconsciously borne off by a friend, who at that moment arrived to my relief. Thus have I given you a faithful though a short narrative of the fatal catastrophe, amidst which my life is spared, but for what purpose the great Jehovah best knows."

A volume might be filled with similar narratives. Though the chiefs of nearly all the tribes, at the close of the revolutionary war, had entered into friendly alliance with the Americans, these awful atrocities were continually taking place. There was no safety anywhere but in strong military protection. As treaties were thus found to be of no avail, it was deemed absolutely necessary to have recourse to arms, as the only mode by which the settlements and emigrants upon the river could be secured from continual danger.

"At length it was perceived that these continued aggressions were prompted and instigated by British traders and agents at Detroit and upon the Maumee. The fur trade, in the north-western territory, was almost wholly controlled by these British traders, who were deeply interested in checking the advance of

the American population across the Ohio, which would sound the knell of approaching dissolution to their monopoly. A state of active hostilities, renewed by the savages, might yet defer for many years, the advance of white settlements north of the Ohio, and thus prolong the monopoly of the fur trade. Such were the views and conclusions of the British agents and traders at Detroit, and other points south of Lake Erie." *

The first dry goods store in Kentucky was opened at Louisville, in the Summer of 1784. The united population of the settlements then amounted to about twenty thousand. Roads were beginning to be opened from the river back into the interior. The principal settlements were on the Kentucky River, the Licking, and just above the Falls of the Ohio. The region had been divided into three counties, which, early in the Spring of 1784, were recognized as the District of Kentucky. The district court was invested with the same civil and criminal jurisdiction with the other courts of Virginia. A log court house and a log jail were erected at Harrodsburg. Danville soon became the central point for all public meetings.

The emigration into Kentucky now very rapidly increased. More than ten thousand settlers entered the state during the year. Towns were laid out, mills erected, and trade and agriculture began to develop their resources. All kinds of stock were introduced, and religious teachers, accompanying this tide of emigration, established churches and schools, and all those beneficent institutions which invariably attend the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Nearly the whole region, north of the Ohio River, was still a wilderness, inhabited only by savages. The Shawanese nation consisted of many minor tribes. They inhabited a large territory, including the Scioto River in Ohio, and the Wabash River in Indiana, with the intervening region. It was mainly from this region that marauding bands were continually crossing the Ohio River into Kentucky, plundering, burning and scalping. It was resolved in Kentucky to fit out an expedition to invade their country, and inflict upon them chastisement which would never be forgotten. There were many of these Indians who were innocent. But the blows of the avenger would fall upon the innocent and the guilty alike.

* Monette's History of the Valley of the Mississippi.

The expedition was organized in two mounted parties. One division, of eleven hundred riflemen, under the heroic General Clarke, was to rendezvous at the Falls of the Ohio. He was to march directly across the country, a hundred and thirty miles, to Vincennes, on the Wabash. His supplies were to be forwarded to that place by boats. From that point his troops were to ravage the whole Valley of the Upper Wabash as far as Tippecanoe and Eel Rivers.

The other party of seven hundred, under Colonel Logan, were to rendezvous at Kenton Station, thence cross the Ohio to the Little Miami, thence, ascending that stream, they were to sweep with utter desolation the whole Indian country, from the Scioto to the Great Miami. Such was the general plan of the campaign. Great care was taken to conceal from the Indians all knowledge of their impending doom. It was resolved to make this one of the most formidable invasions which had ever proceeded from Kentucky, and one which would strike the most distant tribes with terror.

Many of the most prominent men in Kentucky volunteered their services as officers, and there was a general rush of the patriotic young men to the ranks. General Logan commenced his march on the first of October, 1786. Rapidly he ascended the valley, a distance of ninety miles, till he reached the Indian Town of Old Chillicothe. There were quite a number of Indian villages clustered in that neighborhood. The attack was so sudden and impetuous that nearly all the inhabitants were slain or taken captive.

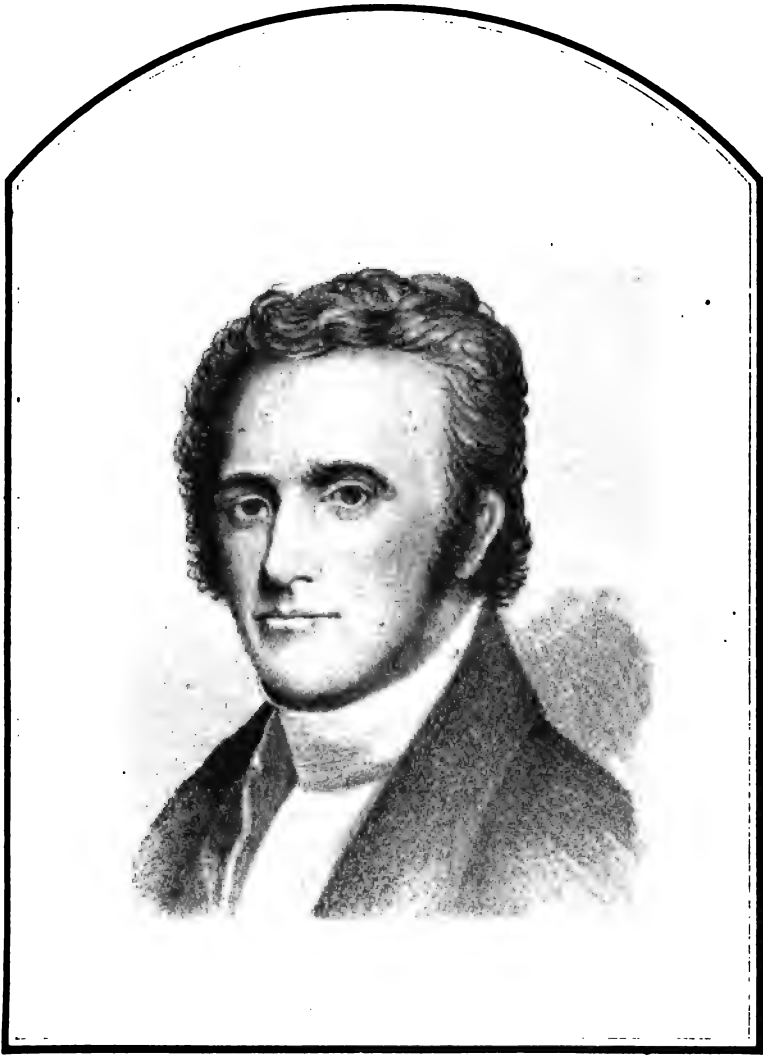
Simon Kenton, of whose sufferings our readers have been informed, accompanied the expedition as a guide, and was captain of a company of picked men from his own neighborhood. His energy was tremendous, and he was not disposed to treat very tenderly even those women who had tortured him with mercilessness, which even incarnate demons could not have exceeded. The few savages who escaped the bullet and the sword, fled shrieking to the adjacent villages. They were hotly pursued, and shot down as though they had been wolves or bears. All the villages were burned. Everything of value was destroyed. The corn crops, on which the savages had mainly relied for food during the winter, were committed to the flames. A region a hundred miles in length, and nearly forty miles in breadth, was laid

utterly desolate. The numbers of the Indians who were slain is not known. The savages, men, women and children, who escaped, fled so precipitately that they could save absolutely nothing of their possessions. The avengers did not encumber themselves with prisoners. It was their object to wreak such terrible vengeance upon these fiend-like foes, that they would tremble at the thought of ever again incurring the wrath of the white man. Colonel Logan returned victorious from his expedition.

General Clarke was less successful. He crossed the country to Vincennes in safety. But the boats had not arrived. Nine large boats had been freighted with stores and provisions to descend the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash, and then to ascend that stream to Vincennes. The extremely low state of the water retarded the arrival of his supplies. Eleven hundred hungry mouths consume a vast amount of food. The days came and went, and still no boats appeared, and no tidings were heard from them. Starvation stared the army in the face. It became necessary to put the men on half allowance. Many of the thoughtless became restless and mutinous. At length, after waiting nine days, the boats arrived. But to their bitter disappointment, through the heat of the weather the beef was all spoiled. Sound rations for three days only remained.

The hostile towns which the troops were on the march to attack, were still at a distance of two hundred miles. General Clarke urged an immediate and rapid advance. Many of the soldiers mutinied. They said they were willing to encounter the savages, but they could not make war against famine. Three hundred of the men, with several officers of high rank, mounted their horses and departed for their homes. General Clarke, with the remainder of his troops, advanced towards the Indian town, living upon very meager rations. After a march of several days, they reached the region which the savages had inhabited, and not a solitary Indian was to be found. Through the delay the savages had been apprised of the formidable preparations which had been made against them, and taking with them all their valuables, had dispersed, in small bands, far and wide, through the wilderness. Nothing was left for the invaders. Such are the vicissitudes of war.

General Clarke and his men, half-starved, worked their way back to the Falls, covered with shame and confusion at the unmerited



OTHNIEL LOOKER,
Governor 1814.



disgrace of their arms. The unfortunate general never recovered from the blow. He sunk into profound melancholy, and at length died, aged and poor, having been supported, the latter years of his life, by a pension from the State of Virginia, of four hundred dollars a year.

This unsuccessful invasion of the country of the fierce and vindictive Shawanese, upon the Wabash, only exasperated the warriors. They immediately recommenced, with more vigor than ever, active hostilities along the whole line of the Kentucky frontier. During the Winter and the ensuing Spring they were continually crossing the Ohio River, and were assailing all the exposed settlements and farm-houses, even far into the interior of Kentucky. The peril became so great that the feebler settlements had to be abandoned, and the pioneers gathered around forts and other fortified stations.

Simon Kenton, who had such grievous wrongs to avenge, assembled three hundred mounted riflemen, in the Autumn of 1787, and ravaged the country of the Scioto Valley, shooting the Indians, burning their dwellings, and destroying their crops. After a successful raid of ten days he returned, without the loss of a man. These ravages, instead of subduing the tribes, caused a general combination of them against the whites. Special efforts were made to attack the boats descending the river. The wily Indian, from his ambush on the river bank, would seek to strike, with his rifle bullets, any one who incautiously exposed his person above the bulwarks. If the boat touched the shore for fire-wood, the lurking savage was watching, with the hope of obtaining plunder and scalps.

While parties thus waylaid the river banks, others were incessant in their roaming incursions through the settlements, waylaying every path, ambuscading every neighborhood, lurking as invisibly as the wolf, near every residence, watching every family spring, ensconced in every corn-field, and near every cross-road, patiently waiting whole days and nights for the approaching victim.

These parties were nearly all Ohio Indians, from the Scioto, the Great and Little Miami, and their tributaries. The following brief narrative of events during four months—from the first of May to the first of August—will show the vigor with which the Indians pursued their work of plunder and death:

In the County of Jefferson, ten persons were killed, and ten wounded, and twenty horses stolen. In Lincoln County, two were killed, two wounded, and twenty-five horses stolen. In Madison County, one was killed, two wounded, and ten horses stolen. In Bourbon County, two were wounded, and fifteen horses stolen. In Mason County, two were killed, and forty-one horses stolen. In Woodford County, several horses had been stolen, and one boy killed.

The whole frontier region was kept in constant alarm. This state of things continued until checked by the severity of Winter. The same predatory warfare was carried on against the western counties of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The deadly assaults were spread over three hundred miles of exposed frontier.

Between the years 1783 and 1790, the Indians killed, wounded and took captive fifteen hundred men, women and children, besides destroying property to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

By the Treaty of Paris — so called because it was formed in that city — Great Britain renounced all claim to territory south of the Great Lakes and east of the Mississippi. The British Government made a great effort to have the Ohio River the northern boundary of the United States, instead of the line of the lakes; but Mr. Adams and Mr. Jay were inflexible in their demand that the lakes should be the boundary.

It will be remembered that the chiefs of four Indian tribes, the Wyandots, Delawares, Ottawas, and Chippewas, in a council held at Fort McIntosh, in the western part of Pennsylvania, in January, 1785, had ceded to the United States a large extent of land in that portion of the Northwestern Territory now known as Ohio. In the Fall of that year the United States took formal possession of these lands by sending a detachment of troops from Fort McIntosh to rear a block-house, and commence a settlement on the point of land where the Muskingum River enters the Ohio.

Major John Doughty was entrusted with the command of this expedition. He gave to the fort which he constructed the name of "Harmar," in honor of the colonel of the regiment to which he belonged. The outline of the fort formed a pentagon, and was built of large timbers, laid horizontally, and enclosing an area of about three-quarters of an acre. Some fine gardens were laid out, in the rear of the works. The fort was on the western side of the

Muskingum River, and contained barracks sufficiently capacious to accommodate the soldiers, and also several families of settlers. This was the first military post of the United States in Ohio, if we except a small fort, called Laurens, built in 1778, on the Tuscarawas.

The United States Government was very desirous of securing peace with the Indians. There was nothing to be gained by war. A council of the Shawanese chiefs was assembled at the mouth of the Great Miami, the latter part of January, 1786. Three distinguished gentlemen of the United States attended as commissioners. In the contract here entered into, which was known as the Treaty of the Great Miami, the Shawanese chiefs acknowledged the United States to be the sole and absolute sovereign of all the territory heretofore relinquished to them, by their chiefs, in the Treaty of January 14, 1785. The chiefs also agreed to abstain from all hostilities, to surrender three hostages for the faithful delivery of all the captives they held, to punish such of their young men as should be guilty of murder or robbery against the whites, and to give notice to the United States officers of any incursions they suspected of being in contemplation against the frontiers.

The United States agreed to take the Shawanese under their protection, to allot to them, as their hunting grounds, the territory generally lying west of the Great Miami, and to prevent all intrusion of white settlements into their regions.

Notwithstanding these treaties, hostile incursions still continued. The British Government had been very desirous of retaining the country between the Great Lakes and the Ohio. Defeated in this, the British traders and agents in Canada sought to prolong their influence over the Northwestern Indians, and their lucrative trade with them, by instigating them to that cruel warfare which would tend to arrest the advance of the American settlements.

“Detroit had long been an important central depot for the British fur traders, with the Northwestern Indians. It was an important place of business, and many Scotch and English capitalists had large investments in the lucrative trade with the natives. To comply with the treaty stipulations would incommode these important personages, by interrupting their trade, and restricting their influence over the savage tribes south and west of the lakes. A state of hostilities between the Indians and the American people

of the West would be a sufficient guarantee to them that, for a time, they should be free from interruption. Hence they wished to arrest the advance of emigration across the Ohio River."*

The vast territory lying north and west of the Ohio River, was claimed, by virtue of original charters from the King of England, by the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and Virginia. Upon the peace which followed the Revolution, each of these states consented to relinquish its claims to the general government, with the exception of reservations by Connecticut and Virginia. These two states, embarrassed by the expenses of the war, retained a portion of the territory for the purpose of paying their debts to the revolutionary soldiers.

The region thus granted to Connecticut, by Congress, and which was called the Western Reserve, consisted of the country lying north of the 41st degree of latitude, and extending from the western boundary of the State of Pennsylvania to the Sandusky River; or rather to the western borders of Sandusky and Seneca Counties. This region, bounded on the north by the lakes, was about fifty miles in breadth, and one hundred and twenty miles from east to west.

Virginia retained the lands lying between the Scioto and the Little Miami. This section was called "The Virginia Military District." The remainder of the vast, and as yet almost unknown, region of the Northwest was to be organized into states, so soon as the population should be sufficient. These cessions being completed, the United States Government, in the year 1787, established a territorial government over the whole, and as yet uninhabited, region, extending west to the Mississippi River.

In this ordinance of territorial organization, we find it stated that no man shall be arrested for his mode of worship or his religious sentiments; that the utmost good faith shall be observed towards the Indians; that their lands shall never be taken from them without their consent, unless in just and lawful war; and that there shall be formed in the said territory not less than three nor more than five states. There was also the all-important provision introduced:

"There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; provided, always, that

* The Valley of the Mississippi, by John W. Monette, M.D., Vol. II., p. 226.

any person escaping into the same, from whom labor or service is lawfully claimed, in any of the original states, such fugitive may be lawfully reclaimed, and conveyed to the person claiming his or her labor in service as aforesaid."

And now companies began to be organized upon the Atlantic sea-board for the establishment of colonies in this northwestern territory. The Ohio Company sent agents to Congress to purchase a large extent of land between the Muskingum and the Hocking Rivers, bounded on the east by the Ohio; for in that region the river line runs nearly north and south.

The Ohio Company was formed of officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary army. They had resolved to move West to retrieve their exhausted fortunes. Many of them held large claims upon the Government, the payment of which they could obtain only in land. The purchase was made at one dollar an acre, payable in land scrip, or any other evidences of debt for revolutionary services. The purchase, including the mouths of the Muskingum and the Hocking Rivers, embraced between one and two million acres.

Soon after this John Cleves Symmes, of New Jersey, purchased six thousand acres, between the Great and Little Miami. His northern border was the Ohio River. For this land he paid sixty-six cents an acre. In the Autumn of 1787, General Rufus Putnam, a son of General Israel Putnam, of revolutionary renown, set out with a party of forty-seven persons, mainly from New England, to commence a colony at the mouth of the Muskingum, on the eastern bank, opposite Fort Harmar.

For nearly eight weeks this band of emigrants toiled painfully along through the rugged and almost pathless defiles of the Alleghany Mountains. The course they took was what was called Braddock's Road. It was the same route which was subsequently adopted by the national turnpike from Cumberland westward. At length they reached what was called Simrel's Ferry, on the Yohiogany, one of the tributaries of the Alleghany River. Here the severity of the Winter detained them for some time.

They built at this place a large covered barge, which they named the Mayflower, in remembrance of their pilgrim ancestors. It was bullet-proof, so as to defy the rifles of the Indians. It is said that the boat was well adapted to transport the families and their effects to their ultimate destination, and to serve as a floating resi-

dence, while more permanent ones were being erected on the land.

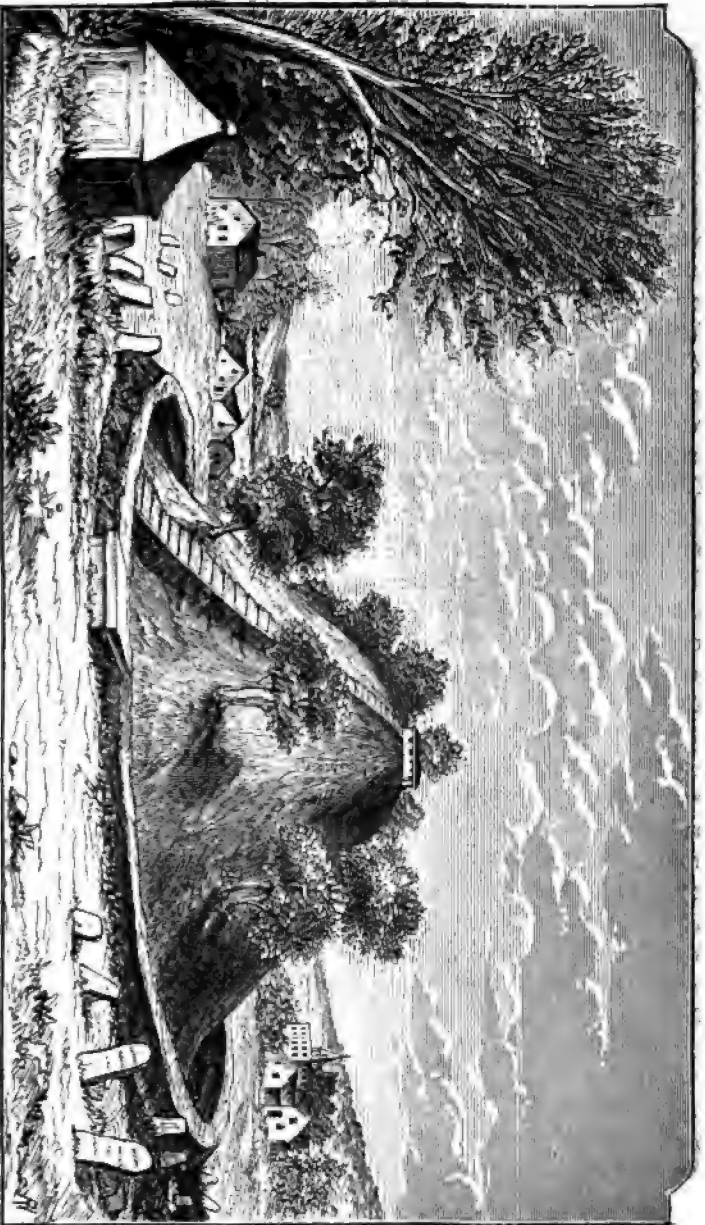
The latter part of March, 1788, the *Mayflower*, freighted with its precious colony, commenced its voyage, to float down the Yohiogany, the Alleghany, and the Ohio, to the mouth of the Muskingum. On the 7th of April the emigrants took possession of their purchase. Better materials for a colony were probably never before brought together. The colonists were generally men of science and refinement, and of high moral worth. For their internal security they framed a simple code of laws, which were published by being nailed to a tree. It is a remarkable proof of the moral habits of the people that for three months there was but a single infraction of these laws. General Washington pays the following tribute to the character of these pioneers :

“No colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which was commenced at the Muskingum. Information, prosperity and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community.”

The ordinance which organized the Territorial Government was placed in the hands of a governor and three judges.

There was a drizzling rain, accompanied with fog, as the *Mayflower* drifted by the mouth of the Muskingum. The colonists did not perceive that they had reached their destination until the massive white-washed walls of Fort Harmar loomed up upon them through the mist, upon the right bank of the stream. They immediately entered the river, where they found pleasant accommodations for their boat. In the meantime the rain had ceased, the fog was dispersed, and the sun shone forth in all its glory. A scene of surpassing loveliness was opened before them. It was one of the most serene and balmy of spring mornings. The very air they breathed was exhilarating. The meadows were green with verdure; the forest luxuriant with foliage. Birds filled the air; and all were alike delighted with their new home which they had found.

The garrison at Fort Harmar gave them a very warm welcome, while its strong walls promised them security against any hostile attacks. It will be remembered that the Americans were nominally at peace with all the tribes. The outrages which were perpetrated were the deeds of vagabonds who perhaps could be no



MOUND AT MARIETTA.

capacious to contain all the colonists with their personal effects. In two days the current floated them down to the mouth of the Muskingum, and they moored their craft by the side of the Mayflower.

The men composing this colony, as we have mentioned, were well adapted to lay the foundations of a powerful state. One of their first objects was to make provision for the education of their children, and for the support of public worship. The Worcester colonists brought with them a young minister, Rev. Daniel Story. He was a man of fervent piety and of fine abilities.

On the ninth of July, the Governor, General Arthur St. Clair, arrived. He immediately formed his executive council, and organized the government. The whole country north of the Ohio River, between the Muskingum and the Hockhocking Rivers, was designated as the County of Washington, and Marietta was, of course, the seat of justice. As there were many indications that difficulties might eventually arise with the Indians, it was deemed expedient to push forward as rapidly as possible the construction of their fort, to which they gave the appropriate, classical name of Campus Martius. It will be remembered that while Marietta was on the eastern bank of the Muskingum, Fort Harmar, erected by the government, was on the western side of the stream. Should the citizens be compelled by an attack from the Indians to flee for protection across the river to Fort Harmar, they would have to abandon their dwellings and their property to the savages. Therefore Campus Martius became to them a necessity. This very important fortress, which subsequently proved so useful in a civil and military point of view, demands more special mention.

It was constructed under the superintendence of General Rufus Putnam, and was admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was reared. It consisted in fact of an immense structure whose walls were dwelling houses, forming a square whose sides were one hundred and eighty feet in length. Each corner was protected by a strong, projecting block-house, surmounted by a sentry box. These block houses were two stories high, the lower story being twenty feet square, and the upper story twenty-four. These corner houses projected six feet, so that from the port-holes they could rake the sides with musketry, should any foe approach. The walls of the dwelling houses were constructed of solid timber, bullet-proof, and hewn so as to fit closely together. Each dwelling house

more controlled than can thieves or murderers be restrained under more civilized governments. There were seventy Indians at the fort, engaged in traffic. Their chief came forward with the greatest cordiality to welcome the strangers. All was peace, prosperity and happiness. Joy inspired the industry of these fortunate pioneers.

General Putnam had a splendid *marqu  e*, which was soon pitched on the green sward. Boards were landed and temporary huts rose as by magic. Streets were laid out for a rapidly growing city, judiciously retaining extensive portions for public squares. Scattered around the beautiful delta formed by the junction of the Muskingum with the Ohio, there were many very remarkable military remains. These must have been reared by some unknown people, who possessed the land long before the present tribes of Indians. The savages had no tradition even of their origin. These interesting relics were carefully preserved.

On the second of July, the streets of the city having been laid out with great regularity, the associates all met to give a name to their new home. These Revolutionary officers and soldiers were not unmindful of our nation's obligation to France, in achieving its Independence. They therefore named their infant town Marietta, in honor of Maria Antoinette, the unhappy Queen of Louis XVI.

A square was also set apart for the construction of a very important fort, which was designed to be so strong that no Indian bands would think of assailing it. On the fourth of July they had a great celebration, with the usual oration, the roar of cannon from Fort Harmar, and all the usual accompaniments of public joy. Their happiness was much increased by the arrival, two days before, of forty persons, many of them heads of families, from Worcester, Massachusetts. These emigrants had spent nine weeks on their journey. They came in large four-horse wagons, sheltered with canvas covering from the wind and rain. Their journey had been taken in a mild season of the year, and in it they had encountered no disasters. Every night they formed their regular encampment, which, with its busy scenes and glaring fires, presented a very attractive spectacle. Their canvas-top wagons formed as it were a village of movable tents. When they reached Wheeling, on the Ohio, about eighty miles above their point or destination, they procured a large Kentucky flat-boat, sufficiently

capacious to contain all the colonists with their personal effects. In two days the current floated them down to the mouth of the Muskingum, and they moored their craft by the side of the Mayflower.

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occupied a space of fifteen by thirty feet. They would all accommodate about fifty families. Indeed, in time of the Indian war, three hundred persons took refuge in them.

These dwelling house walls enclosed an area, or court-yard, one hundred and fifty-four feet square, which was often used as a parade ground. In the center there was a well which would afford an unfailing supply of water in case of siege. Port-holes were cut through for musketry, and two pieces of artillery were mounted—the one on the northeast and the other on the southwest bastion. These bastions were erected on the corner of each block-house. They stood on four stout timbers, were built of thick plank, and were a little above the lower story. Along the whole breadth of the block-houses, there was a row of palisades, sloping outwards and resting on stout rails. In addition to this, there was at a distance of twenty feet from the houses a row of very strong and large pickets, planted firmly in the earth and about twelve feet high. And as a still further precaution, at a short distance from the pickets there was a range of abattis, constructed of strong branches of trees placed thickly together, sharpened and pointed outwards so as to render it almost impossible for an enemy without cannon to reach even the outer palisades.

All the ground beyond within rifle shot was cleared of every thing which could afford an assailing foe protection. A very substantial wharf was built on the shore of the river near the fort where the Mayflower, a fine cedar barge for twelve rowers, and quite a number of light canoes were moored. Thus was commenced the first regular town by white men within the present State of Ohio. This was but eighty-six years ago. The state now contains a population approaching three millions. During the Summer and Autumn, emigrants were constantly arriving, so that houses could not be built fast enough for their accommodation. All were busy. Peace, health and prosperity smiled upon the infant settlement. The laws were obeyed. The Gospel was preached. The Sabbath was revered, and a high tone of morals prevailed. Gamblers and inebriates avoided a place where there was no room for the gratification of their degrading and ruinous tastes. Fields were plowed, seed was sown, and gardens bloomed.

The first civil court ever held in the Northwestern Territory was convened on the second day of September, 1788, in the great hall of the Campus Martius. The important event was attended with

appropriate and imposing ceremonies. A procession was formed at the little village, now rapidly rising, at a short distance from the fort. The sheriff, with a drawn sword, took the lead. He was followed by the citizens, the officers of the garrison at Fort Har-mar, the members of the bar, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Governor, and a venerable clergyman, Rev. Dr. Cutler, and the judges of the newly organized Court of Common Pleas. When the procession reached the Campus Martius, it was counter-marched so that the newly appointed judges, Rufus Putnam and General Tupper, entered the hall first, followed by the Governor and Rev. Dr. Cutler.

The judges took their seats upon the bench. The audience reverently filled the room. The divine benediction was invoked by Dr. Cutler. Then the sheriff, Ebenezer Sproat, arose, and, probably ignorant of the French signification of the words, *oyer, oyer*, (hear, hear), cried out as has become the invariable custom, "O yes! O yes! a court is open for the administration of even-handed justice to the poor and to the rich, to the guilty and the innocent, without respect of persons; none to be punished without trial by their peers, and in pursuance of the laws and evidence in the case."

There was a large encampment of Indians near by. Hundreds of these untutored children of the forest and the prairie witnessed these ceremonies, with probably a very faint conception of their significance.

During the Autumn and the Winter, new colonists were still constantly arriving, and early in the following Spring it was thought best to commence some new settlements. About twelve miles below Marietta, there was a beautiful meadow, holding out very attractive promise to the husbandman. On the eleventh of April, 1789, General Putnam, with a number of families, descended the river to this spot and commenced a settlement, which they called Belpre. But the menaces from the Indians were such that they deemed it prudent first to erect a block-house, where they could find refuge in case of an attack. This was called "The Farmer's Castle." Soon after, another party commenced a settlement ten miles still farther down the river, and called their little station Newburg. Other settlements were made along the banks of the Muskingum River, where the rich lands promised easy tillage and abundant harvests.

Many of these settlers encountered pretty severe privations. One of them communicates the following facts in reference to the inconveniences of their forest homes :

"The inhabitants had among them but few of what we consider the necessaries and conveniences of life. Brittle ware, such as earthen and glass, were wholly unknown, and but little of the manufactures of steel and iron, both of which were exceedingly dear. Iron and salt were procured in exchange for ginseng and peltries, and carried on horses from Fort Cumberland or Chambersburg. It was no uncommon thing for the garrison to be wholly without salt for months, subsisting upon fresh meat, milk and vegetables, and bread made of corn pounded in a mortar. They did not yet indulge in the luxury of the hand-mill.

"There had been an opinion, founded upon the information of the Indians, that there were salt springs in the neighborhood. Shortly after Wayne's victory in 1794, and after the inhabitants had left the garrison and gone to their farms, a white man who had long been a prisoner of the Indians, was released and returned to the settlements. He stopped at Olive Green and there gave an account of the salt springs and directions for finding them. A party was immediately formed, of whom George Ewing, a lad of seventeen, was one, who, after an absence of seven or eight days, returned, to the great joy of the inhabitants, with about a gallon of salt which they had made in their camp kettle. A supply, though a very small one, was made there that season for the use of the frontier settlement.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MIAMI SETTLEMENTS.

THE EMIGRANTS' JOURNEY — THE FIRST SETTLEMENT — THE FOUNDING OF LOSANTEVILLE — JUDGE SYMMES SETTLES AT NORTH BEND — JEALOUSY OF THE INDIANS — EXPLANATION OF THE JUDGE — THE STOLEN HORSES AND THE RETALIATION — THE THREE VILLAGES — ANECDOTE OF ENSIGN LUCE — FORT WASHINGTON — GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION — THE FIRST CULPRIT — GROWTH OF CINCINNATI — THE REIGN OF TERROR — HARMAR'S EXPEDITION — EXULTATION OF THE SAVAGES — DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF THE CAMPAIGN — PERIL OF THE FRONTIERSMEN.

WHILE THE little colonies, near the mouth of the Muskingum, were advancing so happily, Judge John Cleves Symmes was making vigorous movements for the settlement of his large purchase, of six hundred thousand acres, between the Great and Little Miami Rivers. He was disposing of smaller tracts to private individuals and companies, that he might encourage the establishment of colonies along the banks of the Ohio down to what was called the North Bend, twenty-three miles below the mouth of the Little Miami.

Major Benjamin Stites purchased of him ten thousand acres, and organized a colony of twenty families, principally from New York and New Jersey to rear their homes in a region which seemed to combine everything which was attractive in soil, situation and climate. This little colony was composed of families of industry, energy, and high moral worth. They have left numerous descendants who perpetuate and honor their names. Weary must have been the journey in their canvas-covered emigrant wagons, from New York to the wild passes of the Alleghanies. Fatiguing in the extreme must have been their task in toiling, for a hundred miles, through the gorges and over the cliffs of this almost pathless

and gigantic chain of mountains. Delightful must have been the change when, reaching the waters of the Ohio, they exchanged their wagons for the capacious barque, with its convenient cabin, affording room to move around with entire freedom from fatigue.

It was delightful autumnal weather. The barge, or ark, as it was sometimes appropriately called, floated down the placid current of the stream for several hundred miles through enchanting



EMIGRANTS FLOATING DOWN THE OHIO.

scenery, while the inmates enjoyed almost perfect rest from their toils. They had intelligence to appreciate the wonderful world of freshness and beauty which was opening before them. They had culture of mind and manners, and congeniality of sympathies, which enabled them to live harmoniously together. There was nominal peace with the Indians, so that they had nothing to fear, save from small vagabond bands of Indian robbers, whom, with suit-

able precautions, they could easily repel from behind their bullet-proof bulwarks.

They reached the mouth of the Little Miami about the middle of November, 1788. Here they found a fine stretch of land, much of it covered with forest whose gigantic growth indicated the richness of the soil. On the west side of the river Major Stites proceeded to lay out in the woods the town, which he called Columbia. Immediately all hands combined in raising a large block-house, for the storage of their goods and for protection against the Indians. They then erected humble log cabins for the individual families. Thus was commenced the first settlement in the Miami country, about six months after the little hamlet of Marietta began to rise upon the banks of the Muskingum.

While these things were transpiring, Mathias Denman, of New Jersey, formed a partnership with Robert Patterson and John Filsom, of Kentucky, and purchased a tract of several hundred acres farther down the river, immediately adjoining Major Stites' colony. Filsom remained to survey the purchase and to lay out the plan of a town, while Denham and Patterson returned to New Jersey to raise a party of colonists. Unfortunately Filsom, while engaged in the survey, was waylaid by straggling Indians and shot. Still Denham and Patterson pressed on with their enterprise, and engaged a colony of twenty persons, and in midwinter, amidst masses of floating ice, descended the Ohio to a point five miles below Columbia, and directly opposite the mouth of the Licking River. Here, according to a pre-matured plan, they laid out their town, to which they gave the rather peculiar name of Losanteville. It is said that an eccentric Frenchman, on board their boat, coined the name from the words *L'os ante ville*, which he translated, not very correctly, "The village opposite the mouth." This whimsical name, however, was soon abandoned, and the classical one of Cincinnati was given to a spot destined to attain ever increasing renown in the history of our country.

The land of the township was laid off in lots, which were offered as a gift to volunteer settlers. In Burnett's Notes it is stated:

"A misapprehension has prevailed, as appears from some recent publications, in regard to the price paid by the proprietors for the land on which the city stands. The original purchase by Mr. Denman included a section and a fraction of a section, for which

he paid five shillings per acre in Continental certificates, which were then worth, in specie, five shillings on the pound; so that the specie price per acre was fifteen pence."

Judge Symmes was a man of great energy of character, and was indefatigable in his exertions to sell his land and establish colonies. The latter part of January, 1789, the judge himself set out from New Jersey, with a large party of emigrants, for the far-off Miami country. Under the most favorable circumstances this was a toilsome journey of many weeks. It was a very unpropitious season of the year to undertake it. But the emigrants were anxious to be at their new homes by the early opening of the Spring. They suffered, however, very much by the way, and incurred serious peril from storms among the mountains and masses of ice in the river.

It was the design of Judge Symmes to found a city at a point on the Ohio called North Bend, from its being the most northern point of the Ohio, below the mouth of the Great Kanawha. This point was not far from midway between Cincinnati and the subsequent eastern boundary of Indiana. The flat-bottomed watercrafts called arks, or Kentucky boats, in which the emigrants descended the Ohio, were immense structures, and really quite attractive in their appearance.

These boats were built of stout oaken plank, fastened by wooden pins to frames of timber. The well-protected cabin was in the stern, with the smoke curling gracefully from its stove-pipe chimney. The cattle, the stores and the furniture, were in the bows. In the center were seen picturesque groups of men, women and children, in pleasant weather, thus joyously floating along, their only motive power being the gentle current of the stream. If the wind were chill or the rain were falling, there was ample shelter and warmth at the fireside. When the boats reached their destination they were broken up, and the materials of which they were composed were of great value in the construction of the new homes of the emigrants.

Judge Symmes was a man of much influence. At his earnest solicitation General Harmar sent General Kearcy to accompany the judge, with forty-eight soldiers, rank and file, to protect the settlements in the Miami country. The judge and his party, with their all-important military escort, reached the Bend early in the Spring. They found here an elevated plateau presenting

admirable accommodations for their settlement. A little village of log huts speedily arose, which extended entirely across the neck of the peninsula formed by the bend in the Ohio and a corresponding bend of the Great Miami. Every individual belonging to the party received a donation lot, which he was bound to improve as the condition of obtaining a title. The town received the name of North Bend. It has since become somewhat noted as having been the residence of President William Henry Harrison.

The number of emigrants rapidly increased, being encouraged by the presence of the soldiers. The Indians, however, who still, in large numbers occupied the valleys of the two Miamis, contemplated these operations with much jealousy. They not only foresaw that these rapidly growing settlements would soon drive them from their homes, but they also suffered many outrages from lawless white men whom no sense of justice or humanity could control.

On one occasion a delegation of several chiefs called upon Judge Symmes, to complain of the frauds which had been practiced upon them. These frauds were undeniable and atrocious, and the perpetrators of them deserved to be hung. Judge Symmes endeavored to explain that these men had no connection with his colony, and that he had no more power to restrain them than they had to control the conduct of bad young Indians of other tribes. He assured them that the government of his country, which country consisted of thirteen fires or nations, had sent him to the Miamis in the spirit of friendship. He showed them the flag of the Union, with its stars and stripes, and explained to them its significance. He exhibited to them the American eagle, with the olive-branch in one claw, emblematic of the peace which his country desired with all people, and with the instruments of war and death in the other claw, indicating that, if others preferred hostility, his country was always prepared to meet them. The sagacious chiefs listened to these explanations attentively, but with evident anxiety. They were thoughtful men, uneducated, but endowed with much native intelligence.

The chiefs had come to the Bend, accompanied by quite a retinue, and had encamped a little outside of the village. They professed to be in some degree satisfied with the explanation of Judge Symmes, though, in that explanation, they found no resti-

tution for the frauds which had been practiced upon them. On their way home, they passed near Columbia, where Major Stites had commenced his colony. Some of the Indians stole, as we should say, but as they said, took a number of horses, in compensation for the injuries they had received from the white traders.

The theft was soon discovered, and a party of soldiers sent out in pursuit to follow their trail. Judging from the signs that they had nearly approached an Indian encampment, one of their party Captain Flynn, was sent forward cautiously to reconnoiter. He was surprised, taken captive and carried into the Indian camp. Here he was treated with apparently as much humanity as if, under similar circumstances, he had been captured by civilized men. He was neither bound nor closely guarded.

Being a man of extraordinary muscular strength, watching his opportunity, he sprang from the midst of his captors, and made his escape, strange to say, unpursued. There were a number of Indian horses grazing near the spot which the soldiers had reached. They *stole* these horses, as the chiefs said, and with them returned to Columbia. But the soldiers said they *took* them in compensation for the horses which those Indians had stolen, over whom the chiefs professed not to be able to exert any control.

Major Flynn, in making his escape, had thrown away his rifle. After a few days the chiefs came to Major Stites, at Columbia, bringing back Captain Flynn's rifle, and complaining of the loss of their horses. After considerable discussion the matter was amicably adjusted, and most of the lost horses were restored.

There were now three little villages of log huts in the Miami country, Columbia, Cincinnati and North Bend. Though bound together by a common danger, there was a very strong rivalry between them. For some time Columbia took the lead. It was the eldest of three, the largest in population, and decidedly the most attractive in the arrangement and style of its buildings. But a detachment of troops had been sent from Fort Harmar, as we have already recorded, to North Bend. Greatly to the displeasure of Judge Symmes, the commander of the military force, Ensign Luce, declared that Cincinnati was the more appropriate place for the location of the fort which he was directed to construct. Regardless of the remonstrances of the judge, he insisted that he was at liberty to select such a spot for it as, in his judgment, was best calculated to afford protection to the Miami set-

tlers. Mr. Burnet, in his notes, gives the following account of the motives which influenced the ensign to remove his command to Cincinnati, and to commence his important works there :

“ Ensign Luce, viewing his duty in that light, put up a small temporary work, sufficient for the security of his troops, regardless of the earnest entreaty of the judge, to proceed at once to erect a substantial, spacious block-house, sufficient for the protection of the inhabitants of the village. The remonstrances and entreaties of the judge had but little influence on the mind of this officer. In despite of them all he left the Bend and proceeded to Cincinnati with his command, where he immediately commenced the construction of a military work. That important move was followed by very important results. It terminated the strife for supremacy, by removing the only motive which had induced former emigrants to pass the settlements above and proceed to the Bend. As soon as the troops removed from that place to Cincinnati, the settlers at the Bend, who were then the most numerous, feeling the loss of the protection on which they had relied, became uneasy, and began to follow. Ere long the place was almost entirely deserted, and the hope of making it even a respectable town was abandoned.

“ In the course of the ensuing Summer, Major Doughty arrived at Cincinnati, with troops from Fort Harmar, and commenced the construction of Fort Washington, which was the most important military work in the territory belonging to the United States. About that time there was a rumor in the settlement, said to have been endorsed by the judge himself, which goes far to unravel the mystery in which the removal of the troops from the Bend was involved. It was said and believed, that while the officer in command at that place was looking out very leisurely for a suitable site on which to build the block-house, he formed an acquaintance with a beautiful black-eyed female, who called forth his most assiduous and tender attentions. She was the wife of one of the settlers at the Bend. Her husband saw the danger to which he would be exposed if he remained where he was. He, therefore, resolved at once to remove to Cincinnati, and very promptly executed his resolution.

“ As soon as the gallant commandant discovered that the object of his admiration had changed her residence, he began to think that the Bend was not an advantageous situation for a military

work, and communicated that opinion to Judge Symmes, who strenuously opposed it. His reasoning, however, was not as persuasive as the sparkling eyes of the fair *dulcinea*, then at Cincinnati. The result was a determination to visit Cincinnati, and examine its advantages as a military post, which he communicated to the judge, with an assurance that if, on examination, it did not prove to be the most eligible place, he would return and erect the post at the Bend.

"The visit was quickly made, and resulted in the conviction that the Bend could not be compared with Cincinnati as a military position. The troops were accordingly removed to that place, and the building of the block-house commenced. Whether this structure was on the ground on which Fort Washington was erected, by Doughty, cannot now be ascertained. That movement, produced by a cause whimsical and apparently trivial in itself, was attended with results of incalculable importance. It settled the question whether North Bend or Cincinnati was to be the great commercial town of the Miami country.

"Thus we see what unexpected results are sometimes produced by circumstances apparently trivial. The incomparable beauty of a Spartan dame, produced a ten years' war, which terminated in the destruction of Troy. And the irresistible charms of another female, transferred the commercial emporium of Ohio, from the place where it had been commenced, to the place where it now is. If this captivating American Helen had continued at the Bend, the garrison would have been erected there. Population, capital and business would have centered there, and there would have been the Queen City of the West.

Emigration rapidly increased, and these emigrants began to scatter, in small parties of eight or ten families. But there were increasing acts of outrage, on the part of the Indians and of unprincipled white men. The indications of approaching hostilities were such that, in the Summer of 1789, Major Doughty was sent, from Fort Harmar, with one hundred and forty regular troops, for the defense of the Miami settlements.

It was under these circumstances that he selected the post, for the erection of the fort, to which we have alluded, at Cincinnati, opposite the mouth of the Licking, on a reservation of fifteen acres of land belonging to the Federal government. Here he commenced the structure of Fort Washington, which afterwards

became so distinguished in the annals of those days. These were probably the works which Ensign Luce visited, and to the erection of which he decided to contribute his resources.

The principal building was a large two-story block-house, one hundred and eighty feet in length. The upper story projected two feet beyond the lower, and the whole building was divided off into barracks for the soldiers, and was well provided with port-holes. The whole was surrounded with strong palisades, flanked by block-houses, at each corner, projecting ten feet from the line of stockades, so that cannon could be brought to rake the walls. The principal entrance faced the river. It was twelve feet wide by ten feet high, and was protected by strong wooden doors. In front there was a fine esplanade, eighty feet wide. The whole exterior was whitewashed, and the massive structure presented a very imposing and handsome appearance.

Very fine gardens were constructed by the officers, around the fort, which were decorated with flowers, and which produced an abundance of vegetables and small fruit. In December of 1789, General Harmar, with three hundred regular troops, arrived, and Fort Washington became the head-quarters of the Northwestern army. Soon after, it became the residence of the governor.

The population of the Miami settlements had now so increased that Governor St. Clair, early in January, 1790, thought that the time had come when it was expedient to organize civil government there. Previous to this time no civil government and no judicial tribunal had existed in that portion of the country. For mutual protection, the emigrants had held a public meeting under a large tree, and adopted a code of regulations for themselves. By-laws were formed, and punishments decreed for certain offenses. Every person present pledged himself to aid in carrying these provisions into execution. A judge was appointed, William M'Millan, and a sheriff, John Ludlow.

The first culprit brought before this tribunal was Patrick Grimes. He was accused of theft. A jury was summoned. The crime was clearly proved, and he was sentenced to receive thirty-nine lashes on the bare back. The punishment was inflicted that evening.

Soon after, a writ was issued for the arrest of another culprit. He escaped, and took refuge in the fort. The commandant assumed that the military power was the only legitimate authority

which existed in the settlement. He considered the self-organized government of the people was an impertinence, an interference with his prerogatives. He, therefore, protected the culprit, and sent an abusive note to Judge M'Millan.

The judge, who was a high-spirited man, sent back, setting the commandant at defiance. The military pride of the commandant was touched. The next morning he sent a sergeant and three armed men to arrest the judge for disrespect to the constituted authorities. The judge was a man of large frame, and remarkable alike for both strength and agility. He was sitting quietly in his cabin when the sergeant's guard entered for his arrest. The judge sprang to his feet, declaring that he would never be taken alive, and assailed his foes with the fury with which a lion would repel attacking bull-dogs. For fifteen minutes the unequal conflict raged. The sergeant himself was soon prostrated and disabled by herculean blows from such weapons as the irate judge could grasp. Speedily another assailant was placed *hors de combat*. The two others, severely wounded, fled, and left the judge master of the field. He was badly wounded, but he was the undisputed victor.

This was the first conflict between the civil and military authority in the Northwestern Territory. The intrepid judge had heroically and successfully maintained his cause. Upon the arrival of the governor, he was well-pleased that the judge had maintained the civil authority so valiantly, in opposition to military arrogance, and appointed him one of the justices of the quorum.

The territorial judges accompanied the governor to Cincinnati, where the Executive Council was convened, and the civil and military departments were organized the same as in Washington County. The whole country, north of the Ohio River, from the Hockhocking River to the Great Miami, was designated as the County of Hamilton, in honor of Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury. Cincinnati was declared to be the seat of justice for the county. The government, as thus organized, consisted of three justices of the peace, four captains of militia, four lieutenants, four ensigns, a court of quarter sessions, consisting of three associate justices, a clerk, and a sheriff.

Cincinnati having thus become the seat of justice, as well as the head-quarters of the army, began to assume a degree of importance which gave it quite the ascendancy over the other small

towns springing up around it in the wilderness. All the citizens felt their increased importance. It became the center of rural fashion and refinement. Ambitious frame houses began to be reared in the place of log huts. Emigrants of intelligence and enterprise were lured to the new emporium. During the Summer of 1790 forty log huts were reared, adding very considerably to the grandeur of the town.

A new settlement was about this time commenced on the Great Miami River, about forty miles north from Cincinnati, which was called Coleraine. Several families took farms in that region, but, for mutual protection, it was necessary to have their houses clustered together, and all united in building a stockade for mutual defense. The incursions of the savages were every month becoming more frequent, and there was an alarming prospect of a general state of war. Lieutenant Kingsbury was, therefore, sent to Coleraine, with a small detachment of troops and one piece of artillery.

Governor Arthur St. Clair was a man of great activity and energy. But, unfortunately for himself, he was prone to neglect his own private interests in devotion to the public welfare. Immediately after organizing the government of Hamilton County, he proceeded down the river to the Falls of the Ohio, near where Louisville now stands. Here he spent several days in organizing a government for the little secluded settlement, far away in the wilderness there, and then directed his steps, through a narrow Indian trail, a distance of a hundred and thirty miles, to the hamlet of Vincennes, on the Wabash.

Between the Falls of the Ohio and Vincennes there was not a single white inhabitant. It was a vast, silent, houseless wilderness, now and then traversed by hunting bands of Indians. In this portion of the Northwestern Territory, which is now mainly included within the limits of the State of Indiana, he organized the County of Knox. It was so named in honor of the Secretary of War. This vast county, larger than several of the States of the Union, was bounded on the south by the Ohio River, on the east by the Great Miami, and on the west by the Wabash. Vincennes was the seat of justice. The energetic governor then proceeded westward several hundred miles, through a pathless and almost unexplored wilderness, of almost illimitable prairies and boundless forests, to a little hamlet on the upper Mississippi,

called Cahokia, where a few bold pioneers had built their huts, probably for the purpose of trading with the Indians for furs. Here the governor organized the county of St. Clair. It embraced the whole vast territory between the Wabash on the east, the Ohio on the south, and the Mississippi on the west.

Two years had now elapsed since the Mayflower, floating down the Ohio, had landed its energetic party of emigrants at the mouth of the Muskingum. The settlements in that region, and the population had so rapidly increased that the militia rolls of the county comprised four hundred and forty-seven men, fit for military duty. Of these, one hundred and three were heads of families. The whole population amounted to twenty-five hundred souls. During the two years quite a number of individuals had been cut off by the lurking savages.

Eighteen months had passed since the settlement in the Miami country. The increase there had been fully as rapid as in Washington County. They already counted a population of two thousand souls. They had also the advantage of quite a large detachment of regular troops stationed at Fort Washington. In both regions the annoyance and danger from the Indians had been continually increasing. The settlers were compelled to protect themselves with great care within their fortified stations, and in their block-houses. It was no longer deemed safe to extend their settlements farther into the country. Concentration rather than dispersion became essential. The Indians loitered around the settlements, and it was observed that they were carefully studying the nature of the defenses. It became unsafe to venture from their inclosures. Many had been waylaid, robbed and murdered in their advance from one settlement to another. The foe lurked under every bush and covert. Many negro slaves, preferring freedom with the Indian to slavery under the white man, had fled from their masters in Kentucky, and found refuge and a cordial welcome in the wigwam of the savage. These negroes were often not unwilling to avenge the intolerable wrongs which they had received from their oppressors.

The danger had become so great that "a reign of terror" may be said to have commenced in all these hamlets. The executive council issued a decree, ordaining it to be a penal offense for any one to harbor an Indian or a negro, without first reporting him to the military commandant. All male settlers were commanded to

go armed on every occasion. When at work in the fields sentinels were always to be posted in some position which would enable them to give warning on the approach of danger. Several of the Shawanese tribes had repudiated the treaty of peace, and the Wabash tribes had not been parties to it. It is not known that any of the tribes who had signed the treaty had proved false to their pledges. The foe assailing the settlements was invisible and unpronounced.

On the seventh of August, 1789, a surveying party was out in the Miami country. It consisted of Mr. Mathews, a surveyor, with four assistants and a guard of seven soldiers. One morning, just before leaving the camp, they were all gathered around their fire, taking breakfast, when two guns were fired upon them, from Indians in ambush. One man fell, instantly killed. The other bullet passed through the bosom of Mr. Mathews' shirt, just grazing the skin. As the men sprang to their feet, the forest seem to resound with the war-whoop of the savages, and another more deadly volley was poured in upon them. Six of the soldiers fell dead. Of the whole party of twelve, five only remained. This was the work of an instant. The survivors fled in various directions, and, after enduring great suffering, reached places of safety.

The settlements in the vicinity of Cincinnati, were perhaps more exposed than those on the Muskingum. They were in what is called the old war-path of the savages. Nearly all the Indian trails from Lake Erie, led down the Valleys of the Miamis to the Ohio. Thence the savage warriors crossing the river in their canoes, ascended the Valley of the Licking, spreading desolation and death among the settlements in Kentucky. The tribes on the upper waters of the Great and Little Miami, and in the Valleys of the Sandusky and the Maumee, had been almost entirely under the influence of the British, and through the influence of the British traders, as we have mentioned, they still continued hostile in their feelings.

In September, 1790, General Josiah Harmar collected quite a large force where Covington now is, on the Kentucky side of the river, opposite Cincinnati. An expedition was then arranged to sweep through the whole Miami Valleys, with a resistless force which should punish the guilty and overawe, by the exhibition of power, all the Indian tribes. General Harmar was appointed

commander, with three hundred Federal troops and eleven hundred and thirty-three volunteer militia, from Pennsylvania, Western Virginia and Kentucky. This gave him an army of more than fourteen hundred men—a large force for those days and that region. Colonel John Hardin was in command of the Kentucky volunteers, and Major John Paul led the battalion of Pennsylvania and Virginia volunteers.

Encumbered with baggage, they were compelled to cut a road along the narrow war trail of the Indian. Thus, it was seventeen days before they could reach the Indian towns on the Maumee. The savages consequently had ample notice of their approach. They fled, and carried off with them everything which was transportable, and set fire to their huts. It was the fifteenth of October when General Harmar reached what was called the Great Village of the Miamis. For sometime he was quite embarrassed to know what course to follow. To pursue the Indians would indeed be like giving chase to a flea upon the mountains. To return from so expensive and imposing a campaign, to which the whole country had been directed, having accomplished nothing, would indeed be humiliating.

After the tarry of a few days, General Harmar sent out detachments to small neighboring villages, which they also found deserted. Five of these they burned, besides destroying large quantities of corn and other vegetables. In one of these excursions the fresh trail of a large party of Indians was discovered. The commander immediately sent a party of two hundred and thirty men in pursuit. Eighty of these were regular troops. The remaining one hundred and fifty were Kentucky volunteers. They were all under the command of Colonel Hardin, of Kentucky.

After a march of six miles, without meeting with any signs of a foe, they were crossing a narrow plain, bordered by thickets, when suddenly they were attacked by a large number of Indians, completely encircling them, in ambuscade. Strange as it appears, the Kentucky volunteers, terrified probably by the remembrance of the massacre of Blue Licks, broke and fled, to a man, without returning a single shot. The regular troops were left alone to combat an unseen foe, of whose numbers they were entirely ignorant. The conflict was short and bloody. The largely outnumbering savages fired with unerring aim upon their clearly defined foes, and, in a few moments, every man had fallen, except two or

three privates and two or three officers. The escape of some of these seemed almost miraculous.

In the confusion of the rout and carnage, as Ensign Hartshorn was frantically running, he stumbled over a decaying log beneath which there chanced to be a small cavity. Unseen he crept into it and drew the withered leaves around him. Thus he remained in the most dreadful agonies of suspense, till the savages had retired. There chanced to be a marshy pond overgrown with tall grass and reeds, within six hundred feet of the battle ground. Captain Armstrong plunged into the pond so burying himself in the water and mire as merely to be able to breathe. Here he remained during the long hours of the afternoon and the night.

The exultant savages rushed from their coverts upon the plain. They built their triumphant fires. They yelled, they danced, they clashed their weapons in the exuberance of their demoniac joy. They scalped and mangled the bodies of the slain. They scalped the wounded while still living, and then like incarnate fiends tortured them to death, the shrieks of the victims blending with the war cries of their tormentors. In the morning the savages retired and Captain Armstrong succeeded in reaching his friends in safety.

Two days after this disaster, General Harmar, being satisfied that nothing more could be accomplished, commenced his return. Colonel Hardin was intensely chagrined by the disastrous and disgraceful result of his expedition. He was very anxious to retrieve his reputation before he should return to meet his fellow citizens in Kentucky. After the army had advanced about ten miles on their homeward route, he represented to Gen. Harmar that the savages, whose scouts were known to be extremely vigilant, would undoubtedly have been apprised of the retirement of the troops, and would by that time have returned in large numbers to their old homes. He, therefore, urged that he should be allowed to take five hundred militia, and sixty regulars, to march back rapidly upon the town, and attacking the savages by surprise, inflict upon them signal vengeance. The expedition was immediately organized and sent forward on its march.

The wary Indians, who seemed often on these occasions to manifest more military sagacity than the white men, kept themselves informed of every movement. They stationed a small body of warriors at a carefully selected spot, who, after a short

conflict, fled in a direction not towards the town. The whole body of the militia pursued them pell-mell, while the regulars slowly continued their march along the trail. The savages having thus adroitly separated their foes, fell with their whole force upon the little party of regulars. The bravery and impetuosity of this attack were extraordinary in the highest degree. The savages actually threw down their rifles and rushed with the tomahawk, two or three to one, upon the bayonets of the soldiers. All except nine were speedily killed.

The Indians then, as if satisfied with their accomplishments, retired into their fastnesses. General Harmar, with the remainder of his force, returned from his inglorious campaign to Fort Washington. His loss amounted to one hundred and eighty - three in killed and thirty-one wounded.

The effect of this campaign exasperated and encouraged the Indians. The war whoop resounded through all their tribes. Those Indians who were disposed to friendly relations were overpowered by the impetuous flood of savage enthusiasm. All the settlements in the Great Valley, in Western Pennsylvania, Western Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, were alike menaced. The emigrants had much more to lose and much more cause to dread war than had the Indians. The farm-houses of the settlers were widely scattered. The burning of a frontier village, with the scalping and torturing of men, women and children, was a horror which no language can exaggerate. To burn the wigwam of a savage was comparatively a light catastrophe. He had no household furniture. A few hours' labor would replace his hut. He was in no danger, either himself, his wife or his children of being scalped and tortured.

The perils to which the frontiers were exposed were terrible. In view of them the stoutest heart might quail. In view of them the most earnest petitions were sent to President Washington to authorize the raising of a force sufficiently powerful effectually to protect the frontiers. President Washington had in person witnessed all the horrors of savage warfare. He knew well how to sympathize with these suffering pioneers. Promptly he persuaded Congress, in the session which terminated on the third of March, 1791, to authorize him to raise a regiment of regulars and two thousand volunteers, to serve for six months. Immediate and vigorous measures were adopted for a new campaign.

CHAPTER XVII.

GOVERNOR ARTHUR ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

GOVERNOR ST. CLAIR, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF — DISSATISFACTION ARISING — KENTUCKY TROOPS DESERT — GENERAL ST. CLAIR'S ENCAMPMENT — INDIAN SAGACITY — TERRIBLE ATTACK ON THE MILITIA — COLONEL DRAKE'S CHARGE — GENERAL ST. CLAIR'S REPORT OF THE BATTLE — LOSS OF THE AMERICANS — ACCOUNT OF MAJOR JACOBS — THRILLING INCIDENTS — CAPTAIN LITTELL'S ESCAPES — INDIAN TORTURES — REASONS FOR INDIAN SUCCESS — LITTLE TURTLE AND VOLNEY — BUCKONGAHELAS — BLUE JACKET.

By an Act of Congress of 1781, Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the Northwestern Territory, was also appointed Major General and Commander-in-Chief of the military forces. An army of two thousand men, including artillery and cavalry, assembled at Fort Washington. After many vexatious delays and disappointments the march was commenced, up what was called the Maumee Valley. The obstructions to the advance of such an army were so great that its progress was very slow. Crossing over the eastern branch of the Great Miami, they erected a strong block-house about twenty miles north from Cincinnati. Leaving a small garrison at this post, which they named Fort Hamilton, they advanced some twenty miles further, where they erected and garrisoned another fort, to which they gave the name of St. Clair. Still continuing their uninterrupted journey, they erected and garrisoned a third fortress, to which they gave the name of Fort Jefferson. But five or six weeks had been employed in these enterprises.

For some unexplained reason there was great dissatisfaction in the camp. There had been very great mismanagement in the supply of provisions, and the providing of stores. When they reached a point about ninety miles from Fort Washington, sixty of the Kentuckians, disgusted with short rations, slow progress,

and approaching snow storms, in a body shouldered their muskets, and bidding defiance to all authority commenced their march homewards. General St. Clair was daily expecting the arrival of provisions, in a caravan of wagons. Apprehensive that the deserters might seize these wagons, he hastily detached quite a large force to pursue the deserters, attack them if necessary, and rescue and protect the wagons. These various operations so diminished his forces, that his main army now consisted of but fourteen hundred men. His march became toilsome and difficult. The dreary month of November had come, with its storms of wind and rain. The route in a northwest direction, led through a flat, marshy, inhospitable region, covered with a dense forest. There was no road through these gloomy wilds. The ax had to be incessantly in use, in felling the trees, often of gigantic size, and in removing the stumps to open a passage for the baggage wagons and artillery. The heavily laden wheels often sank to their hubs.

Governor St. Clair was aged, infirm, and was suffering severely from the gout. It certainly indicated a want of judgment in him under those circumstances to have undertaken the leadership in so arduous a campaign. And it cannot be denied that he was entirely outgeneraled by the Indian chiefs. On the third of November the army reached a point about a hundred and twenty-five miles north from Fort Washington. They were still fifty miles from the Indian towns of the Maumee, which they were on the march to destroy. It was a dismal day, with chill winds, and the ground covered with snow. The soldiers were weary, and their feet were soaked with water. Cutting their way through the almost pathless forest, they approached a creek, about forty feet wide, which proved to be one of the tributaries of the Wabash. There was a small meadow on the banks of this stream, while the dense forest spread gloomily all around. Here General St. Clair took up his encampment for the night. He sent the militia across the creek by a ford, as the advanced guards of the army. They bivouacked in two parallel lines, with the space of about two hundred feet between them.

Skilled in the use of the ax, they speedily cut down the trees, and roaring fires blazed in the intervening space, illuminating the forest far and wide, and enabling both parties to cook their suppers, and enjoy the genial warmth. No scouts were sent out, for all were nearly perishing with cold and weariness, and there were no

indications whatever that any foe was at hand. But the cunning savages, in large numbers, were in the forest, watching every movement, and selecting their positions, every man behind a tree, from which, unseen and protected, the bullet could be thrown with unerring aim upon their foe, grouped together without any shelter.

Upon the other side of the creek, the regulars were stationed in the same way, drawn up in two lines, and their camp-fires between. They also cut down trees, and gathered around the fires which revealed every movement to their savage foe. It would seem that if the chief had directed General St. Clair how to post his troops, so as to secure their destruction, the work could not have been more effectually done.

The night passed away in quietude. But through the long hours of the night the savages, unseen and unheard, as with the silent tread of the panther, were making their preparations for the slaughter. It afterwards was made known that they were actually making themselves merry over the folly of the white men who were thus exposing themselves to certain destruction.

The day had just began to dawn, and the militia on the farther side of the creek, in thoughtless confusion, were preparing their breakfast, when the yell of a thousand savages fell upon their ears, followed by the report of musketry, and a deadly discharge of bullets. Scarcely one missed its aim. The slaughter was so dreadful, that the panic-stricken militia fled instantly, and with the utmost precipitation. Many of them did not stop to pick up their guns. They plunged pell-mell through the creek, broke resistlessly through the first line, and stopped a tumultuous, helpless mass, at the second. All this was the work of but fifteen minutes. And now the little army of less than a thousand men, huddled together in terror-stricken confusion, were exposed to a deadly fire from every direction. No foe to be seen, except when here and there a warrior darted from the protection of one gigantic tree to another. There was no room for courage, for bravery, save to meet death without a tremor. There was no room for heroism, save to fire or to charge upon an invisible foe.

Colonel Drake was in command of the second line of regulars when the flight of the militia had been arrested. He succeeded in forming his line, and charged into the forest. The wary Indians in that portion of the circumference, retired before him, while a storm of bullets from all around was rapidly striking down

his men. As Drake again drew back to his position, the Indians followed like the closing in of the waves of the sea. It seems as if a large party of Indian sharp-shooters had been specially designated to attack the artillerymen. In a short time, every man at the guns was shot down. Not an hour elapsed from the commencement of the conflict, before one-half of the men of St. Clair's army were either killed or wounded, and nearly every horse was shot.

In the Governor's official account of this awful disaster, he writes :

"Our artillery being now silenced, and all the officers killed, except Captain Ford, who was badly wounded, more than half of the army fallen, being cut off from the road, it became necessary to attempt the regaining it, and to make a retreat if possible. To this purpose the remains of the army were formed, as well as circumstances would admit, towards the right of the encampment; from which, by the way of the second line, another charge was made upon the enemy, as if with the design to turn their right flank, but it was, in fact, to gain the road. This was effected, and as soon as it was open the militia entered it, followed by the troops, Major Clarke, with his battalion, covering the rear. The retreat in these circumstances was, you may be sure, a precipitate one. It was in fact a flight. The camp and artillery were abandoned. But that was unavoidable, as not a horse was left alive to have drawn it off, had it otherwise been practicable.

"But the most disgraceful part of the business is, that the greatest part of the men threw away their arms and accouterments, even after the pursuit, which continued about four miles, had ceased. I found the road strewed with them for many miles, but was not able to remedy it; for having had all my horses killed, and being mounted on one that could not be pricked out of a walk, I could not get forward myself. The orders I sent forward, either to halt the front or prevent the men from parting with their arms, were unattended to. The rout continued quite to Fort Jefferson, twenty-nine miles, which was reached a little after sunset. The action began about half an hour before sunrise, and the retreat was attempted at half-past nine o'clock.

"I have now, sir, finished my melancholy tale; a tale that will be felt, sensibly felt, by every one that has sympathy for private distress, or for public misfortune. I have nothing to lay to the

charge of the troops, but their want of discipline, which from the short time they had been in service, it was impossible they should have acquired, and which rendered it difficult when they were thrown into confusion to reduce them again to order; and is one reason why the loss has fallen so heavily upon the officers, who did everything in their power to effect it. Neither were my own exertions wanting. But worn down with illness, and suffering under a painful disease, unable to mount or dismount without assistance, they were not so great as they otherwise would, or perhaps ought to have been."

In this dreadful disaster the Indians killed over nine hundred of St. Clair's army, took seven pieces of cannon, two hundred oxen, a great number of horses, but *no prisoners*. The wounded were immediately, upon the field, tomahawked and scalped. The Indians lost only sixty-six warriors.

The Governor was not wanting in bravery. Indeed the occasion was one in which there was no opportunity for a display of cowardice. There was no possible covert to be found. Like men upon a shelterless plain, exposed to a hail storm, there was little to be done but bide the tempest. Eight bullets passed through his clothes and hat. He had four horses for his use; the first, a spirited colt, was so nervous and terrified by the firing that it required three or four persons to help the invalid governor to mount. He was hardly seated in the saddle when a bullet passed through the animal's head, and an arm of the boy who was holding him. Another horse was immediately brought, and while the attendants were removing the saddle from the dead steed to the living one, one bullet struck the horse in a vital part, and another the servant who held him, and they both dropped dead together. A person was dispatched for the third horse. He did not return. Both horse and man fell dead by the way. One of the general's aids, Count de Malatie, had mounted the fourth horse, having lost his own, and the animal was shot beneath him. The governor, thus deprived of all of his horses, though suffering intense pain, exerted himself on foot, with an energy and alacrity which surprised every one. After some time a miserable worn-out pack-horse was brought to him, just as he was so thoroughly exhausted that, but for that timely aid, he must have been left upon the field at the mercy of the Indians. Greatly would those savages have rejoiced to have kindled their fires and have passed the

governor through that awful ordeal of torture and of death to which they had before doomed General Crawford.

Among the incidents of the battle-field, the following are worthy of record. Major Jacob Fowler, a veteran pioneer, nearly whose whole life was spent amid the wildest scenes of the forest, was present on this occasion. In a very graphic account which he has given of these scenes he writes:

"By this time there were about thirty men of Colonel Drake's command left standing, the rest being all shot down, and lying around us, either killed or wounded. I ran to the colonel, who was in the thickest of it, waving his sword to encourage his men, and told him we should all be down in five minutes more if we did not charge them. 'Charge, then,' said he, to the little line that then remained, and they did so. I had been partially sheltered by a small tree. But a couple of Indians, who had taken a larger one, both fired at me at once. Feeling the steam of their guns, I supposed myself cut to pieces. But no harm had been done, and I brought my piece to my side and fired without aiming at the one who stood his ground, the fellow being so close to me that I could hardly miss him. I shot him through the hips, and while he was crawling away on all fours, Colonel Drake, who had been dismounted and stood close by me, made at him with his sword and struck his head off.

"By this time the cock of my rifle lock had worn loose and gave me much trouble. Meeting with an acquaintance from Cincinnati, named McClure, I told him my difficulty. 'There is a first-rate rifle,' said he. I ran and got it, having ascertained that my bullets would fit it. Here I met Captain J. S. Gano, and observed to him 'that we were defeated, and that if we got off we should need our rifles for subsistence in the woods.' The battle still raged, and at one spot might be seen a party of soldiers gathering together, having nothing to do but to present mere marks for the enemy. They appeared stupefied and bewildered by the danger. At another spot the soldiers had broken into the marquees of the officers, and were eating the breakfast from which those had been called into the battle."

"It must be remembered that neither officers nor men had eaten anything the whole morning. Some of the men were shot down in the very act of eating. Just where I stood, there were no Indians visible, although their rifle balls were striking all

around. At last I saw an Indian break for a tree about forty yards off, behind which he loaded and fired four times, bringing down his man at every fire, and with such quickness as to give me no chance to take sight in the intervals of his firing. At length I got a range of two inches inside his back-bone, and blazed away. Down he fell, and I saw no more of him.

"A short time after, I heard the cry given by St. Clair, and his adjutant-sergeant, to charge to the road. I ran across the army to where I had left my relative, Captain Piatt, and told him that the army was broken up and in full retreat.

"‘Don’t say so,’ he replied, ‘you will discourage my men, and I can’t believe it.’ I persisted a short time, when finding him obstinate, I said :

"‘If you will rush on your fate, then do it.’

"I then ran off towards the rear of the army, which was making off rapidly. Piatt called after me, saying, ‘Wait for me.’ It was of no use to stop, for by this time the savages were in full chase, and hardly twenty yards behind me. Being uncommonly active in those days, I soon got from the rear to the front of the troops, although I had great trouble to avoid the bayonets which the men had thrown after the retreat with the sharp point towards their pursuers."

Another incident of the battle related by McClung, in his *Sketches of Western Adventure*, gives the reader a vivid idea of the terrors of the scene.

The late William Kennan, of Fleming County, at that time a young man of eighteen, was attached to the corps of rangers who accompanied the regular force. He had long been remarkable for strength and activity. In the course of the march from Fort Washington, he had repeated opportunities of testing his astonishing powers in that respect, and was universally admitted to be the swiftest runner in the light corps.

On the evening preceding the action, his corps had been advanced, as already observed, a few hundred yards in front of the first line of infantry, in order to give seasonable notice of the enemy’s approach. Just as the day was dawning, he observed about thirty Indians within one hundred yards of the guard fire, advancing curiously toward the spot where he stood, together with about twenty rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear.

Supposing it to be a mere scouting party, as usual, and not

superior in number to the rangers, he sprang forward a few paces, in order to shelter himself in a spot of peculiarly rank grass, and firing with a quick aim upon the foremost Indian, he instantly fell flat upon his face, and proceeded, with all prompt rapidity, to load his gun, not doubting, for a moment, but that the rangers would maintain their position and support him. The Indians, however, rushed forward in such overwhelming masses, that the rangers were compelled to fly with precipitation, leaving young Kennan in total ignorance of his danger. Fortunately the captain of his company had observed him when he threw himself in the grass, and suddenly shouted aloud, "Run, Kennan, or you are a dead man." He instantly sprang to his feet, and beheld Indians within ten feet of him, while his company was more than one hundred yards in front.

Not a moment was to be lost. He darted off with every muscle strained to its utmost, and was pursued by a dozen of the enemy with loud yells. He at first pressed forward to the usual fording place in the creek, which ran between the rangers and the main army. But several Indians, who had passed him before he rose from the grass, threw themselves in the way and completely cut him off from the rest. By the most powerful exertions he had thrown the whole body of his pursuers behind him, with the exception of one young chief, who displayed a swiftness and perseverance equal to his own. In the circuit which Kennan was obliged to make the race continued for more than four hundred yards. The distance between them was about eighteen feet, which Kennan could not increase, nor his adversary diminish. Each, for the time, put his whole soul into the race.

Kennan, as far as he was able, kept his eye upon the motions of his pursuer, lest he should throw the tomahawk, which he held aloft, in a menacing attitude. At length finding that no other Indian was immediately at hand, he determined to try the metal of his pursuer, in a different manner, and felt for his tomahawk in order to turn at bay. It had escaped from its sheath, while he lay in the grass. His hair almost lifted his cap from his head when he saw himself totally disarmed. As he had slackened his pace for a moment, the Indian was almost within reach of him, when he recommenced the race. But the idea of being without arms lent wings to his flight, and, for the first time, he saw himself gaining ground. He had watched the motions of his pursuer

too closely, however, to pay proper attention to the nature of the ground before him, and he suddenly found himself in front of a large tree, which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments lay, to the height of eight or nine feet.

The Indian who, heretofore, had not uttered the slightest sound, now gave a short, quick yell, as if secure of his victim. Kennan had not a moment to deliberate. He must clear the impediment at a leap or perish. Putting his whole soul into the effort, he bounded into the air with a power which astonished himself, and clearing limbs, brush and every thing else, alighted, in perfect safety, upon the other side. A loud yell of astonishment burst from the band of pursuers, not one of whom had the hardihood to attempt the same feat. Kennan, as may be readily imagined, had no leisure to enjoy his triumph. But dashing into the bed of the creek, upon the banks of which the feat had been performed, where the high banks would shield him from the fire of the enemy, he ran up the stream until a convenient place offered for crossing, and rejoined the rangers in the rear of the encampment, panting from the fatigue of exertions which have seldom been surpassed. No breathing time was allowed him, however. The attack instantly commenced, as we have already observed, and was continued for three hours with unabated fury.

Then the retreat commenced. Kennan was attached to Major Clarke's battalion, and had the dangerous service of protecting the rear. This corps quickly lost its commander, and was completely disorganized. Kennan was among the hindmost when the flight commenced, but by exerting those same powers which had saved him in the morning, he quickly gained the front, passing several horsemen in the flight. Here he beheld a private of his own company, an intimate acquaintance, lying upon the ground, with his thigh broken, and, in tones of the most piercing distress, imploring each horseman who hurried by, to take him up behind him. As soon as he beheld Kennan coming up, on foot, he stretched out his arms, and called aloud for him to save him. Notwithstanding the imminent peril of the moment, his friend could not reject so passionate an appeal, but swinging him in his arms, he placed him upon his back, and ran, in that manner, for several hundred yards. Horseman after horseman passed them, all of whom refused to relieve him of his burden.

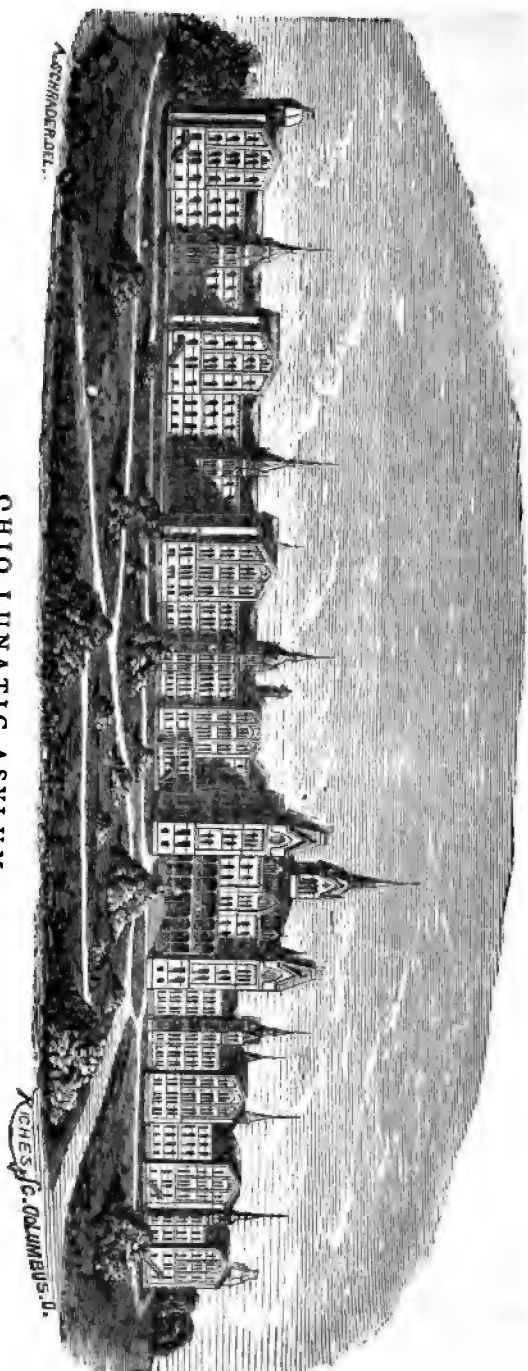
At length the enemy was gaining upon him so fast, that Kennan

saw their death certain, unless he relinquished his burden. He accordingly told his friend that he had used every possible exertion to save his life, but in vain; that he must relax his hold around his neck or they both would perish. The unhappy wretch, heedless of every remonstrance, still clung convulsively to his back, and impeded his exertions, until the foremost of the enemy, armed with tomahawks alone, were within twenty yards of them. Kennan then drew his knife from its sheath, and cut the fingers of his companion, thus compelling him to relinquish his hold. The unhappy man rolled upon the ground in utter helplessness, and Kennan beheld him tomahawked before he had gone thirty yards. Relieved from his burden he darted forward with an activity which once more brought him to the van. Here again he was compelled to neglect his own safety in order to attend to that of others.

Mr. Madison, of Kentucky, subsequently Governor of the State, was at that time a subaltern in St. Clair's army. He was a man who united the most amiable temper with the most unconquerable courage. Being a young man of rather feeble constitution, he was totally exhausted by the exertions of the morning, and was now sitting down upon a log, calmly awaiting the approach of his enemies. Kennan hastily accosted him and inquired the cause of his delay. Madison, pointing to a wound which had bled profusely, replied that he was unable to walk farther and had no horse. Kennan instantly ran back to a spot where he had seen an exhausted horse grazing, caught him without difficulty, and having assisted Madison to mount, walked by his side until they were out of danger. Fortunately the pursuit soon ceased, as the plunder of the camp presented irresistible attractions to the enemy. The friendship thus formed between these two young men endured, without interruption, through life. Mr. Kennan never entirely recovered from the immense exertions which he was compelled to make during this unfortunate expedition. He settled in Fleming County, and continued for many years a leading member of the Baptist Church. He died in 1827.

Among those engaged in this disastrous battle there was a gentleman from New Jersey, Captain Littell, with his son Stephen. The captain had been a man of war from his youth. He had been engaged in thirteen skirmishes with the Indians, and had gained much reputation in the battles of the Revolution at Brandy-

OHIO LUNATIC ASYLUM.



wine and Germantown. Having been unfortunate in business, he had turned his attention to the new lands at the West. His son, who accompanied him, had just attained his majority. The captain thinking that, as a member of St. Clair's expedition, he would have a fine opportunity of exploring the country, applied for a commission. Being too late in his application, both he and his son enlisted in the ranks.

He entertained the supposition, which unfortunately was very general, that there would be no fighting. It was thought that the Indians, appalled by the approach of so formidable a force, would not only make no resistance, but that they would throw down their arms and beg for peace. The company to which Captain Littell and his son attached themselves was composed mainly of young men from New Jersey, most of whom had come out for the purpose of viewing the country. This company was esteemed one of the best of the militia corps. It was stationed in the advance, upon the other side of the creek, where the savages commenced their onset.

Captain Littell, being hotly engaged in the fight, was not aware of the order to retreat, until the enemy were all around him. With the gleaming tomahawks of the savages almost over his head, he sprang forward to cross the stream. As he leaped down the precipitous bank, he stumbled and fell, and thus escaped the shower of bullets whistling all around him. He fell into a hollow of mud and water. The pursuing Indians, supposing him to be shot dead, and that they could return at their leisure for his scalp, rushed by for other victims.

Fortunately, the captain was somewhat screened from observation by the rank grass and dense underbrush which fringed the stream. His boots were filled with water, thus rendering rapid flight impossible. As he was emptying his boots and making other preparations for escape, he was discovered by a solitary Indian, who, supposing him to be helplessly wounded, rushed incautiously towards him to take his scalp. He stumbled over some slight impediment, and Captain Little, springing up, plunged his sword to the hilt in his bosom. The savage dropped dead into the water. The captain then fled into the forest. After two days of solitary wandering, and much suffering, he reached Fort Jefferson in safety.

The escape of his son, Stephen, was still more remarkable. At

the commencement of the battle, he was at the extreme advance. Being unable to keep up with his comrades, in their precipitate flight, he sprung aside, and hid in a dense thicket. The yelling savages rushed by in their hot pursuit. The Indians were thus soon between him and the rest of the troops. Here he remained for some time, in dreadful suspense, as the roar of the battle died away in the distance, the Indians being in full chase of the flying army.

He then ventured slowly forward, until he reached the scene of the night's encampment. Awful was the scene presented to him there. The bodies of nine hundred of the killed and wounded encumbered the ground. It was a cold, frosty morning. The scalped heads presented a very revolting spectacle, a peculiar vapor ascending from them all. Many of these poor creatures were still alive. Groans ascended from all sides. Several of the wounded, knowing that as soon as the savages returned they would be doomed to death by torture, implored young Littell to put an end to their misery. This he refused to do.

Seeing among the dead one who bore a strong resemblance to his father, he was in the act of turning over the body to examine the features when the exultant and terrific shouts of the returning savages fell upon his ear, and already he could see through the forest the plumed warriors rushing back.

It so chanced that an evergreen tree of very dense foliage had been felled near where he stood. It was his only possible covert. He sprang into the tree, and turned its branches, as well as he could, around him. Scarcely had he done this than the savages came bounding upon the ground, like so many demons. Immediately they commenced their fiend-like acts of torture upon all the wounded. One of their principal amusements was to bind a captive to a tree, and see how near to his head they could throw their tomahawks without killing him. If the cruel weapon chanced to strike the cheek or the brow, bringing forth the gushing blood, it only awoke fresh shouts of merriment, giving additional zest to the game.

One of the tomahawks thus thrown came so near the tree where Stephen was concealed, that he could have stooped forward and picked it up. As the savage sprung to get it, Littell felt sure that his keen eye was fixed upon him, and he had doubted not that his dreadful doom was sealed. The Indian, fortunately, did not

see him; but, catching up his murderous weapon, sank it to the helve in the brain of the victim he was torturing.

The scenes he continued to witness were as awful as the imagination can conceive. Incredible as it may seem, it is stated that there were two hundred and fifty women among the camp-followers in this campaign. This can only be accounted for upon the supposition that they, with the rest of the community, imagined that there would be no fighting; that a treaty of friendship would be made with the Indians, and that garrisons would be established, under whose protection they, with their husbands, might find new homes. Fifty-six of them were killed, and they were tortured, if possible, even more unmercifully than the men. Some accounts state that two hundred of these women fell victims to savage barbarity. One woman was running with her babe, but one year old, in her arms. In utter exhaustion, as she was about to fall by the wayside, she threw her wailing child into the snow. The Indians picked up the babe, spared its life, and took it to Sandusky, where it was brought up as one of the tribe.

Some years after this dreadful defeat of the Americans, an old Indian woman, speaking of the event, said: "Oh, my arm, that night, was weary with scalping white men."

We have no means of ascertaining what number of warriors the Indians brought into the battle. There is no evidence that at the commencement of the conflict they exceeded the number General St. Clair commanded. But, in an hour, nearly one-half of General St. Clair's army was destroyed, and the remainder were in tumultuous and frenzied flight. This gave the Indians an immense superiority. Their victory was clearly the result, not of overwhelming numbers, but of superior generalship.

The fugitives scarcely stopped to breathe until they reached Fort Jefferson, about thirty miles from the field of battle. Here they met the First Regiment, which had been sent back for the protection of the baggage-wagons. As they had but just erected the fort, and left in it a small garrison, there were no supplies there for the exhausted, bleeding, starving army. General St. Clair, in his official report, writes:

"Taking a view of the situation of our broken troops at Fort Jefferson, and that there were no provisions in the fort, I called upon the field officers for their advice as to what was proper further to be done. It was their unanimous opinion

that the addition of the First Regiment, unbroken as it was, did not put the army on so respectable a footing as it was in the morning, because a great part of it was now unarmed; that it had been found unequal to the enemy, and should they come on, which was probable, it would be found so again; that the troops could not be thrown into the fort, because it was too small, and there were no provisions in it; that provisions were known to be upon the road, at the distance of one, or at the most two, marches; that therefore it would be proper to move, without loss of time, to meet the provisions, when the men might have the sooner an opportunity of some refreshment; and that a detachment might be sent forward with supplies, to be safely deposited in the fort."

Agreeably to this advice, the exhausted and terrified army was again put upon the march at ten o'clock of that very night. Through all the dark hours they dragged along their weary feet. The next morning they fortunately met some wagons containing flour. Part of this was distributed among the almost famished troops, and part was sent forward to the relief of the little garrison in Fort Jefferson. The main body now pressed on to Cincinnati, where it took shelter beneath the walls of Fort Washington.

Not long after this two white men, who had been prisoners in the Miami villages, escaped. They said that the Indian warriors made all manner of fun in describing the manner in which Governor St. Clair posted his troops. They even got up a sham fight, in representation of it, for the amusement of the squaws. With roars of laughter they reenacted the scene, calling it St. Clair's fight and dance. They said that they intended annually to celebrate the victory by a similar contemptuous festival.

But war is a very uncertain game; and the braggadocio is very apt eventually to be humbled. Not long after this the Indians had their turn, in dancing, as they were pierced by the bullets of the white man; and they found something more serious to attend to than engaging in mock fights.

There were three distinguished Indian chieftains who led in this battle—Blue Jacket, Buckongahelas, and Little Turtle. These were all men of remarkable ability, and we shall hear from them again. Little Turtle became very much interested in the civilization of his tribe. He made very minute inquiries of General Harrison, respecting the organization of the National Govern-

ment. In the war of 1812 he met Kosciusko, in Philadelphia, and quite a warm friendship sprang up between them.

Little Turtle lived several years after the war, with a high reputation for wisdom, humanity and courage. Schoolcraft writes of him: "There have been few individuals, among the aborigines, who have done so much to abolish the rites of human sacrifice. The grave of this noted warrior is shown to visitors near Fort Wayne. It is frequently visited by the Indians in that part of the country, by whom his memory is cherished with the greatest respect and veneration."

When Volney, the celebrated French traveler and philosopher, was in this country, he sought an interview with this illustrious Indian chief in Philadelphia, in the year 1797. From him he obtained a valuable vocabulary of the language of his tribe. In one of these interviews Volney said to Little Turtle:

"Why do you not live among the whites? Is not life in Philadelphia more comfortable than upon the banks of the Wabash?"

The chief replied: "Taking all things together, you have the advantage over us. But here I am deaf and dumb. I do not talk your language. I can neither hear nor make myself heard. When I walk through the streets I see every person in his shop employed about something; one makes shoes, another hats, a third sells cloth, and every one lives by his labor. I say to myself, which of all these things can you do? Not one. I can make a bow or an arrow, catch fish, kill game, and go to war. But none of these is of any use here. To learn what is to be done here would require a very long time. Old age comes on. I should be a piece of furniture useless to the whites, and useless to myself. I must return to my own country."

M. Volney says that the skin of Little Turtle, where not exposed, was as white as his own. Upon his mentioning this to the chief one day, he said:

"I have seen Spaniards in Louisiana, and found no difference of color between them and me. And why should there be any? In them, as with us, it is the work of the Sun, the great father of colors, which burns us."

Colonel John Johnston, in his "Recollections," says that Little Turtle was a man of great vivacity, and that he was particularly fond of the society of gentlemen, and of a good dinner. He had two wives living in the same lodge with him. One, having been

the choice of his youth, had grown old, being about fifty, and had sunk into a mere household drudge. The other was really a beautiful Indian girl of eighteen. She was the undisguised favorite, and yet there was never any feeling of jealousy perceptible between them.

Little Turtle was fond of telling of his war adventures. One anecdote he used to relate with much gusto, in which he himself had been outwitted by a white man.

"A white man," said he, "a prisoner of many years in the tribe, had often solicited permission to go on a war party, and had been refused. It never was the practice of the Indians to ask or encourage white prisoners among them to go to war against their countrymen. This man, however, had so far won the confidence of the Indians, and being very importunate, that at length we consented, and I took him on an expedition to Kentucky.

"As was our practice, we had carefully reconnoitered, and had fixed on a house recently built as the one to be attacked the next morning before the dawn of day. The house was surrounded by a clearing, there being much brush and fallen timber on the ground. At the appointed time the Indians, with the white man, began to move to the attack. At all such times no talking or noise is to be made. They creep along on their hands and feet. All is done by signs from the leader.

"The white man, all the time, was striving to be foremost, while the Indians were beckoning him to keep back. In spite of all their efforts he would keep ahead. And having, at length, got within running distance of the house, he jumped to his feet and went with all his speed, shouting at the top of his voice, Indians! Indians! We had to make a precipitate retreat, losing forever our white companion and disappointed in our fancied conquest of the log cabin. From that day I would never trust a white man to accompany me again to war."

Kosciusko presented Little Turtle with a favorite brace of pistols, saying to him: "These pistols I have carried and used in many a hard fought battle in defense of the oppressed, the weak, the wronged of my own race. I now present them to you with the injunction that with them you shoot dead the first man who ever comes to subjugate you or despoil you of your country."

Buckongahelas was a war chief of the Delawares. He had been so much under the influence of the Moravian missionaries

that he might be almost deemed a civilized man. He was endowed with unusual native strength of mind, and had been greatly exasperated at the massacre of his unoffending brethren by the infamous Colonel Williamson. He also felt outraged by the fraudulent treaties, through which the white men were nominally purchasing land of Indians, who had no right to dispose of it. In council there was no man who could speak more vehemently or more to the point than he. Mr. B. B. Thatcher says that no Christian knight was ever more scrupulous in performing all his engagements than was Buckongahelas. He had all the qualifications of a hero. His independence was of a noble nature, and all who approached him were impressed by his dignity of character.

Blue Jacket, the leading chief of the Shawanese, had also attained much distinction as a warrior. There are, however, but few particulars of his history recorded. The simple explanation of the defeat of St. Clair is, that he had chieftains arrayed against him who were vastly his superiors in the art of war. He was brave and energetic, with but very little ability to conduct a campaign.

Does the question arise, How was it possible for such men as these chieftains are represented to have been, to have allowed such horrible atrocities of barbaric torture as were inflicted upon their victims? It is very difficult to answer this question. Alas for man! Read the history of the Spanish Inquisition and see what civilized and professedly Christian men can do even in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Never did savage atrocities surpass those which civilized, educated and nominally religious men have perpetrated upon their brother man. And these Inquisitors were often tender husbands and loving fathers. It would seem as though the fiend and the angel may dwell together in the same human bosom.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CAMPAIGN OF WAYNE.

SKETCH OF ARTHUR ST. CLAIR—EFFECT OF HIS DEFEAT—EXPEDITION OF GENERAL SCOTT—GROWING IMPORTANCE OF CINCINNATI—NEW EXPEDITION—ANTHONY WAYNE—EMPLOYMENT OF SPIES—INCIDENTS—INDIAN DEMANDS—AMERICAN DEFEAT—FORT RECOVERY—POSITION OF FORT DEFIANCE—ITS STRENGTH—PROCLAMATION OF LORD DORCHESTER—INSTRUCTIONS OF WASHINGTON—MR. BURNET'S NOTES ON THE BATTLE OF FORT RECOVERY—MODE OF FORTIFICATION—WILLIAM WELLS' ANECDOTE—HENRY MILLER, THE SCOUT—CAPTURE OF CHRISTOPHER MILLER.

THE AWFUL disaster which befell the troops under General St. Clair raised a fearful storm of indignation against him. It is admitted by all who knew him, that he was a man of very respectable abilities, of extensive information, of upright purposes, of genial character and manners which endeared him greatly to his friends. He was plain and simple in his dress and equipage, and equally accessible to all. There can be no question that he was sincerely devoted to the public welfare. Arthur St. Clair was born in Scotland, in the year 1764. After receiving a liberal education in one of the most distinguished universities of his native land, he studied medicine. Being of an adventurous turn of mind, he obtained a subaltern's appointment to accompany General Wolfe, in 1763, to the storming of Quebec.

After the peace he was assigned to the command of Fort Ligonier, and received a grant of a thousand acres of land. In the conflict with Great Britain he warmly espoused the cause of the colonists. He fought bravely, and was promoted to the rank of brigadier. At Princeton and Trenton he gained new laurels. Subsequently he attained the rank of Major General, and was stationed at Ticonderoga. This post he abandoned upon the approach of Burgoyne's army. For this he was unjustly accused

of incapacity, cowardice and treachery. A court-martial, after the most careful investigation, declared that Major General St. Clair is acquitted with the highest honor of the charges against him. Afterwards Congress, by a unanimous vote, confirmed this decision. It has been well and truly said that the works were incomplete, and incapable of being defended against the whole British army. By a brave defense St. Clair might have gained much personal renown. But he would have lost many men, and in the end the fort would unquestionably have been taken. This loss would have prevented the subsequent capture of Burgoyne's army. By daring to do an unpopular act, St. Clair exhibited moral courage far superior to that physical daring which often gains a battle.

While residing on his farm at Ligonier, General St. Clair, in 1785, was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress, and soon was elected president of that honorable body. After the passage of the ordinance for the government of the Northwestern Territory, he was appointed Governor, and continued in the office till the close of the year 1802, when he was removed by President Jefferson.

After his removal from office he returned to the Ligonier Valley. He had laid up no money, but was poor, aged and infirm. He was very careless in money matters, and was very unwisely negligent of his own accounts. He had a claim against the government for a few thousand dollars, which he neglected to present until it was forfeited by the statute of limitation. After two years of harrassing troubles and disappointments, he relinquished the pursuit of his claim in despair, and returned to his home a broken-hearted, worn-out man, to dwell with a widowed daughter in abject poverty. The State of Pennsylvania, his adopted state, took pity upon him, and, after some time, voted him an annuity of six hundred and fifty dollars. This gave the gallant old soldier a comfortable subsistence for the remainder of his days. He lived, however, but a few years to enjoy this bounty. On the 31st of August, 1818, he died at the age of eighty-four.

The return of St. Clair's routed army to Fort Washington spread consternation and mourning into almost every family. Nearly one-half of the settlers had entered upon this fatal campaign. All the settlements in the Miami country, excepting those in the immediate vicinity of the forts, were abandoned. Many

of the terrified pioneers, retreating with the army, continued their flight across the Ohio River into Kentucky, hoping to find safety in the stronger posts which had been established there. The Indians, emboldened by their great victory, ventured by night even into the streets of Cincinnati to spy out the exposure of the town, and the best points upon which to make an attack upon Fort Washington.

The country generally was so disheartened that it was proposed in Congress to abandon the whole of the Northwestern Territory to the Indians, and make the Ohio River the northern boundary of the United States. The people east of the mountains were weary of these constantly recurring events of disaster and blood, and were reluctant to make any further appropriations for the conduct of such a war. It was nearly a year before the National Government adopted any decisive measures for the chastisement of the Indians. In the meantime a very cruel and bloody war, with varying success, was surging to and fro all along the frontiers.

A few weeks after the great defeat General Scott dispatched two spies to the scene of the late conflict to reconnoiter the position and movements of the enemy. A few miles from the fatal spot they discovered a large party of Indians rioting over the plunder they had taken. They were singing, dancing, feasting, and, with great merriment, were riding the bullocks which they had captured.

The men returning with this report, General Scott arranged his troops in three divisions, and by forced marches advanced to attack the Indians by surprise. The expedition was a complete success. He fell furiously upon the bewildered warriors, killed two hundred of them, and put the rest to flight. He also recovered the cannon and all the remaining stores which were in the hands of the Indians. This victory was gained with the loss of but six men. General Scott visited the scene of St. Clair's defeat, and gives the following account of the spectacle presented to him there:

"The place had a very melancholy appearance. Within the space of about three hundred and fifty yards lay three hundred skull-bones, which were buried by my men while on the ground. For five miles along the road the woods were strewed with skeletons, muskets," etc.

Notwithstanding this victory of General Scott, the Indians had

acquired great confidence in themselves and great contempt for their enemies on the Ohio. Their incursions were daily becoming more extended and daring. Very vigilantly they guarded the Ohio River to cut off the boats of the emigrants. Still, in the year 1793, about fifty settlers were added to the population of Cincinnati. Three or four frame houses were erected, besides several log cabins. A substantial but very plain house of worship was built. It was a mere box, without the slightest attempt at ornamentation. But as Cincinnati was the head-quarters of the Territorial Army and the seat of Territorial Government, it assumed quite an important air of business. The town was built on what was called the lower terrace, near the river, and consisted of a straggling street, mainly of log cabins, intersected by short cross streets which led to the second terrace. This eminence was crowned by the massive walls of Fort Washington.

The ax had cut an opening in the gigantic forest for the erection of the town. Some of the rough places were leveled, but stumps and logs were yet seen everywhere. This rustic Presbyterian Church was occupied by its first pastor, James Kemper. He was a man of sincere piety and an eloquent preacher. During the summer a school was opened, which taught simply the elements of reading, writing and arithmetic. It was attended by about thirty boys and girls.

Gradually the National Government had been gathering its resources and making preparations for a new expedition to the Maumee country. It was deemed very important, for its influence upon the Indians, that the national reputation should be retrieved. The troops were concentrated at the Falls of the Ohio. The little army was entrusted to the leadership of General Anthony Wayne. The impetuosity of his character had given him the sobriquet of Mad Anthony. It was generally supposed that he was much better calculated to head a charge than to conduct a campaign. His success, however, in this expedition gave him the reputation of being a general as well as a fighter.

General Wayne was born in Easttown, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of January, 1745. His father was a farmer who had served in the Indian wars, and who had taken his seat in the Provincial Legislature. Anthony received a good common school education, though, as a boy, he was much more fond of military amusements than of his books. At eighteen years of age



THOMAS WORTHINGTON
Governor 1814-18.

he left the Philadelphia Academy and commenced the business of a surveyor.

With all the ardor of his nature he espoused the cause of the Revolution, and occupied several posts of political influence at the commencement of the strife. In 1775 he raised a regiment of volunteers and was unanimously chosen its colonel. In many conflicts he served with credit to himself, and in 1777 was promoted by Congress to the rank of brigadier general. He commanded a division at the battle of Brandywine, where both in the fight and the retreat he displayed much gallantry. At the battle of Germantown he was in the thickest of the conflict, and covered the retreat with great ability. In all councils of war he was noted for recommending the most energetic and decisive measures. In the capture of Stony Point, which expedition he led, he acquired much renown. He took a very active part in the final campaign which led to the capture of Cornwallis. In 1792 President Washington appointed him as successor of General St. Clair in command of the army on the western frontier.

For two or three years the Ohio Company had kept six spies constantly employed. They ranged the woods, two and two, for miles around the vicinity of the settlements. It was their purpose to discover if any small parties of Indians were lurking about for scalps or plunder. An alarm gun fired from the fort conveyed the intelligence to all the little cluster of families that danger was near. There was then a general rush to the stockade.

Limestone, now Maysville, Kentucky, was the head-quarters from which these rangers explored that region, to guard against marauding bands from the other side of the Ohio. Their employment was perilous indeed, and called for the utmost vigilance and sagacity. Of the four thus engaged in Maysville, one Duncan McArthur subsequently became Governor of Ohio. Another, Nathaniel Beasley, became major general of the militia. Two of them would leave Monday morning, and following along the southern shore of the Ohio River till they reached the mouth of the Big Sandy on Wednesday evening. On Thursday morning the other two would leave Limestone for the mouth of the Big Sandy. They would thus meet and pass each other nearly opposite the mouth of the Scioto River. By this constant vigilance, the region would be traversed four times each week. Sometimes they would paddle up and down the river in a birch canoe, creeping

cautiously along the shores. One would paddle the canoe, while the other, a little ahead, would go on foot through the woods.

Upon one of these tours, two of these spies, Samuel Davis and Duncan McArthur, had encamped at night nearly opposite the mouth of the Scioto. Early the next morning they crossed the river in their canoe, and went a short distance back into the woods, to one of the salt licks, which they knew to be frequented by deer. This lick was about two miles below the present site of Portsmouth, near the house subsequently reared and occupied by Judge John Collins.



THE WARRIOR AT BAY.

It was a beautiful, serene, autumnal morning. A light fog, not yet dispersed by the rising sun, hung over the lowland. With the silent, stealthy tread of the catamount, looking anxiously in every direction to see if any lurking savage were near, they approached the spring. Davis was creeping along through a thicket of wood and brush, when he lifted his head to see if any deer were in sight. At that instant the crack of an Indian's rifle was heard, and a

bullet whistled by his ear; no foe was visible. The slight smoke of the rifle blended with the fog. The Indian, after a moment, stepped from behind the tree, which concealed him, to see what was the effect of his shot. The quick eye of Davis caught sight of him, and in an instant the savage fell, shot through the heart.

Davis immediately, without moving, commenced reloading his rifle; under such circumstances that was always the first thing to be done. McArthur, hearing the shots, came rushing to him, and, at the same moment, quite a band of Indians sprung forward, in the clear space around the lick. The two rangers were so concealed in the rank weeds and underbrush, that they were not perceived by the Indians. They immediately commenced flight at their utmost speed, reached their canoe, crossed the Ohio, and were out of danger.

Not long after this a boat was ascending the river, and when near the mouth of the Scioto, was fired upon by Indians from the Ohio shore. One man was instantly killed and two severely wounded. The remainder of the crew rapidly pushed the boat towards the other shore, and put back to Maysville. A fresh crew was procured, and the four rangers, who chanced to be then in Maysville, were directed to guard the boat as far as the mouth of the Big Sandy. Here, at the mouth of a small creek, on the Kentucky shore, they found a birch canoe concealed. It was large enough for eight men. A party had evidently crossed the Ohio, and were prowling about somewhere in the country. One of the rangers immediately returned to Maysville to give the warning.

The other three, having seen the packet boat to the mouth of the Big Sandy, commenced their return in a light canoe. The obvious danger was, that they might be fired upon by savages, in ambush on the banks. To obviate this peril, while one paddled the canoe, two advanced on foot to reconnoiter. Should there be signs of savages, the rangers could cross to the other shore. Should they be pursued, they could, from behind trees, take deliberate aim at the Indians in their canoe, and shoot them down rapidly.

Encountering no foe, they reached the mouth of the Scioto in safety. Here McArthur went back a little distance, among the hills for game. He approached the deer lick, of which we have before spoken, and, concealing himself, waited an hour for the

approach of a deer. At length he saw two Indians coming to the lick; they were so near that it was impossible for him to escape without being discovered. They were burly savages, thoroughly armed with rifles, tomahawks and scalping knives. The situation of McArthur seemed desperate. In their line of approach they would certainly soon catch sight of him. Instantly he decided upon his mode of action.

When the savages were within fourteen paces of him, he fired, and shot one through the heart. He had supposed that the other one, not knowing the number of foes who might be concealed, would instantly take to flight. In this he was mistaken. The Indian did not even dodge, as his companion sank dead by his side. Grasping his rifle, he looked sternly around in search of his invisible foe. McArthur's gun was discharged. The Indian's rifle was loaded. A personal conflict was hopeless. There was no chance for McArthur but in flight; and he was not a fleet runner.

But he broke from his concealment, and was rushing along, at his highest possible speed, when, his feet becoming entangled in the boughs of a fallen tree, he stumbled and fell. At that instant the savage fired, and the ball whistled by him, just singeing his hair. He sprang to his feet and rushed towards the savage, who was now on an equality with him, as both guns were discharged. But at that moment several other Indians came rushing through the thickets, with unearthly yells.

He turned again in his flight, the savages pursuing, like baying bloodhounds, and continually firing upon him. One of their bullets struck his powder-horn, and effectually shattered it, scattering all its contents. Terror lent wings to his flight. To his surprise, he gained upon the Indians, and at length they either lost sight of his track, or, for some other reason, relinquished the pursuit. When he reached the banks of the river he found his companions paddling up and down in the canoe, watching for him. They had heard the firing, had rightly judged its cause, and had despairingly hoped that their comrade might possibly escape. McArthur was hastily taken on board, and the canoe crossing rapidly to the other side of the river, they all soon found themselves safely in Maysville.

President Washington was well aware of the atrocities which had been perpetrated upon the Indians, and he was anxious to do

everything in his power to secure friendly relations with them. Congress met in Philadelphia on the 5th of November, 1793. In his speech on that occasion, the President said:

“The reiterated attempts which have been made to effect a pacification with the Indians, have issued only in new and outrageous proofs of persevering hostility on the part of the tribes with whom we are at war.”

In September of this year General Wayne had so organized his army as to be ready to move forward into the Indian country. By rapid marches, he advanced up the Valley of the Great Miami to Fort Jefferson, which was about five miles southwest of the present Town of Sidney. At this spot he established a camp, strongly fortified it, and called the place Greenville. Here he wintered, preparing for the campaign of the next Summer, should all efforts at peace be unavailing. Commissioners in the meantime, had been sent to confer with the chiefs. Elated with their success, they demanded that all the white settlements should be removed to the other side of the river, and that the Ohio should henceforth and forever be the boundary line between their hunting grounds and the American settlements.

This demand, of course, could not be complied with. Both parties prepared to renew the war. On the 17th of October, 1793, Lieutenant Lowry and Ensign Boyd, with about ninety men, were escorting to the camp at Greenville, twenty wagons, loaded with grain and stores. The Indian chief, of whom we have before spoken, Little Turtle, at the head of a party of Indians, attacked them. He had superior numbers, and the battle was fought with great desperation on both sides. The Americans were totally routed, with the loss of fifteen men, including both of the officers in command. The rest of the troops fled, abandoning everything. The Indians, who had begun to despise their opponents, captured seventy horses with all the wagons.

On the 24th of August, General Wayne was reinforced, by the arrival of General Scott from Kentucky, with about sixteen hundred mounted volunteers. In December, he moved forward to the battle-field where St. Clair was routed. Here he again erected defensive works, and named them Fort Recovery. They reached the place on Christmas day, and pitched their tents on the battle-ground. One of the party writes:

“When the men went to lie down in their beds at night, they

had to scrape the bones together, and carry them out, that they might make their beds. The next day holes were dug, and the bones remaining above ground were buried. Six hundred skulls were found among them. The flesh was entirely off the bones, and in many cases the sinews yet held them together. After this melancholy duty was performed, a fortification was built, and named Fort Recovery, in commemoration of its being recovered from the Indians, who had possession of the ground in 1791. On the completion of the fort, one company of artillery, and one of riflemen were left, while the rest returned to Greenville."

General Wayne then advanced about sixty miles, along the banks of the Auglaise, until he reached its junction with the Maumee. Here he constructed, in the heart of the enemy's country, very strong and scientifically arranged works, which he named, not inappropriately, Fort Defiance. Directly between the junction of the two streams he erected four strong, massive block-houses. These houses were connected by stout palisades, enclosing an area of one or two acres. Just outside of the pickets there was a wall of earth, faced with logs. Beyond that, there was a ditch, fifteen feet wide and eight feet deep, fed by water from the Auglaise.

The fort was on the site of a large Indian settlement, which had extended several miles up and down the Maumee River. The situation was very beautiful and commanding. The Indians in this region, having long been in friendly intercourse with the French, were far advanced in civilization. The region around was highly cultivated. Vegetables of almost every kind were in abundance. There were more than a thousand acres waving with corn, and there were also large apple and peach orchards.

Having erected and garrisoned this fort, General Wayne returned to Greenville. The whole body of troops under his control, occupying these forts, and ready to march beneath his banners, amounted to about three thousand men. The Indian warriors preparing for battle amounted, so far as General Wayne could ascertain, to two thousand men. Many British officers were associated with them, besides a large number of Canadian troops.

The British authorities in Canada did not disguise the interest they took in the success of the savages. They encouraged them to a vigorous resistance, leading them to hope, as the Indians tes-

tified, in the co-operation of their arms. Lord Dorchester issued a proclamation to the savages, in which he told them that it was probable that England would soon join them in the war against the United States, and that the Indians, in that case, would be able to select their own boundary line, meaning clearly that the line of the Ohio, which they claimed, should be forced upon the United States. He wrote :

“From the manner in which the people of the United States push forward, and talk, I should not be surprised if we were at war with them in the course of the present year. In that case a *line will have to be drawn by the warriors.*”

President Washington had given General Wayne very minute instructions respecting the campaign. He suggested the order of march, the way to guard against surprises, the mode of forming speedily in order of battle in the thick woods. The camp at night was always to be in the form of a hollow square, protected by a breastwork of fallen timber or of earth. The cavalry and baggage were to be within the square. The troops were to be kept under the highest possible state of discipline, and to be especially exercised in loading and firing with rapidity and accuracy. Particularly they were to be taught to load while running. The general was entreated not to spare powder or lead in giving the troops skill in these practices, so essential in Indian warfare.

The Indians had carefully watched the proceedings of the troops in erecting Fort Recovery, on the ground rendered memorable by the defeat of St. Clair. They resolved to make a desperate effort to destroy the small garrison left in guard there, and to gain the fort for themselves. On the 30th of June, 1794, a large force, consisting of fifteen hundred Indians, with several companies of Canadians, with blackened faces and in Indian costume, led by British officers, in full dress, made a furious attack upon the fort. Major McMahon was encamped just outside of the works, with about one hundred and fifty troops. Mr. Burnet, in his Notes, gives the following account of this important conflict.

“On the 30th of June a very severe and bloody battle was fought, under the walls of Fort Recovery, between a detachment of American troops, consisting of ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, commanded by Major McMahon, and a very numerous body of Indians and British, who at the same instant rushed on

the detachment and assailed the fort on every side with fury. They were repulsed with a heavy loss, but again rallied and renewed the attack, keeping up a heavy and constant fire during the whole day, which was returned with spirit and effect by the garrison.

"The preceding night was foggy and dark, and gave the Indians an opportunity of carrying off their dead by torch-light, which occasionally drew a fire from the garrison. They, however, succeeded so well that there were but eight or ten bodies left on the ground, which were too near the garrison to be approached. On the next morning McMahon's detachment having entered the fort the enemy renewed the attack, and continued it with great desperation during the day, but were ultimately compelled to retreat from the same field on which they had been proudly victorious on the 4th of November, 1791.

"The expectation of the assailants must have been to surprise the post and carry it by storm, for they could not possibly have received intelligence of the movements of the escort under Major McMahon, which only marched from Greenville on the morning preceding, and on the same evening deposited in Fort Recovery the supplies it had conveyed. That occurrence, therefore, could not have led to the movement of the savages.

"Judging from the extent of their encampment and their line of march in seventeen columns, forming a wide and extended front, and from other circumstances, it was believed that their numbers could not have been less than from fifteen hundred to two thousand warriors. It was also believed that they were in want of provisions, as they had killed and eaten a number of pack horses in their encampment the evening after the assault, and also at their encampment on their return, seven miles from Fort Recovery, where they remained two nights, having been much encumbered with their dead and wounded.

"From the official report of Major Mills, adjutant general of the army, it appears that twenty-two officers and non-commissioned officers were killed, and thirty wounded. Among the former was Major McMahon, and among the latter, Lieutenant Drake. Captain Gibson, who commanded the fort, behaved with great gallantry, and received the thanks of the commander-in-chief, as did every officer and soldier of the garrison, and the

escort, who were engaged in that most gallant and successful defense.

“Immediately after the enemy had retreated, it was ascertained that their loss had been very heavy; but the full extent of it was not known, till it was disclosed at the treaty of Greenville. References were made to that battle, by several of the chiefs in council, from which it was manifest that they had not, even then, ceased to mourn the distressing losses sustained on that occasion. Having made the attack with a determination to carry the fort or perish in the attempt, they exposed their persons in an unusual degree, and, of course, a large number of the bravest of the chiefs and warriors perished before they abandoned the enterprise.

“From the facts afterwards communicated, it was satisfactorily ascertained that there were a considerable number of British soldiers and Detroit militia engaged with the savages on that occasion. A few days previous to that affair, the general had sent out three small parties of friendly Indians, Chickasaws and Choctaws, to take prisoners, for the purpose of obtaining information. One of these parties returned to Greenville, and reported that they had fallen in with a large body of Indians, at Girtystown, near the crossing of the St. Mary’s River, on the evening of the twenty-seventh of June. They were apparently bending their course towards Chillicothe, on the Miami. There were a great many white men with them. The other two parties followed the trail of the hostile Indians, and were in sight when the assault on the post commenced. They affirm, one and all, that there were a large number of armed white men with painted faces, whom they frequently heard conversing in English, and encouraging the Indians to persevere; and that there were also three British officers, dressed in scarlet, who appeared to be men of distinction, from the great attention and respect which were paid to them. These persons kept at a distance in the rear of the assailants.

“Another strong corroborating proof that there were British soldiers and militia in the assault is, that a number of ounce balls and buck-shot were found, lodged in the block-houses and stockades of the fort, and that others were picked up on the ground, fired at such a distance as not to have momentum sufficient to enter the logs. It was supposed that the British who were engaged in the attack, expected to find the artillery that was lost on the fatal fourth of November, which had been hid in the ground,

and covered with logs by the Indians, in the vicinity of the battle field. This inference was supported by the fact that, during the conflict, they were seen turning over logs and examining different places in the neighborhood, as if searching for something. There were many reasons for believing that they depended on that artillery to aid in the reduction of the fort. But, fortunately, most of it had previously been found by its legitimate owners, and was then employed in its defense."

It will be remembered that St. Clair, after his awful defeat, was compelled to abandon his artillery. General Wayne succeeded in recovering all these pieces, except one, which could not be found. Nearly twenty years after his day this piece was accidentally discovered, buried deep in the mud. It passed into the possession of an artillery company in Cincinnati, who may, probably, still retain it.

The Indians were very adroit in their stratagems, and the utmost caution was requisite in a conflict with them. Captain Shaylor was in command of the little garrison at Fort Jefferson. Immediately after the retreat of the savages from their signal defeat at Fort Recovery, as no Indians were around, and it would take sometime to re-organize new war parties, all the garrisons felt much at their ease. Captain Shaylor, as the Indians well knew, was very fond of hunting. One pleasant summer morning the captain heard the gobble of a flock of turkeys in the woods at a little distance from the fort. Calling his son, they eagerly sallied forth to shoot some game for dinner. They fell into an ambuscade, the son fell, mortally wounded. The gobble of the turkeys was but a decoy of the Indians. The captain turned and fled to the garrison, the Indians, with loud yells, pursued, hoping either to capture him, or to enter the gates at his heels. They were, however, disappointed. He rushed in, though with an arrow quivering in his back, and the gates were immediately closed after him.

General Wayne, in all his movements, followed very closely the instructions given him by President Washington. In his marches the army generally halted about the middle of the afternoon. The quartermasters, with the quartermaster-general, surveyor and engineers, selected the ground, and laid off the encampment of each company. They went a little in advance, so that the troops, as soon as they arrived, proceeded to pitch their tents. Each company

fortified twenty feet in front of its position. This was done either by throwing up the earth, or by cutting down trees, and piling up the logs. The whole breastwork, around the encampment, was usually completed before dark.

Fort Defiance, at the mouth of the Auglaise, was one hundred and three miles from Greenville. During the construction of the fort the cavalry scoured the whole of the highly cultivated region for miles around, destroying the crops and burning the deserted villages. Having finished and strongly garrisoned the fort, Wayne pressed forward down the banks of the Maumee, a distance of forty-five miles, where, at what is called the Rapids, and within seven miles of the old English Fort Miami, he constructed Fort Deposit. It is said that the army which he assembled here amounted to two thousand regulars, besides eleven hundred riflemen, commanded by General Scott. General Wayne was very careful to guard his camp by scouts, who ranged the forest in all directions. One of the scouts, who obtained great distinction, was William Wells.

He was captured by the Indians when a mere child, and was adopted into the family of Little Turtle. Here he was treated with the utmost kindness, and he became strongly attached to all the inmates of the lodge. Indeed he became an Indian, in all his sympathies, character and manners. He was one of the most valiant in their war parties, and in his paint and plumes could not be distinguished from other Indians. He commanded three hundred warriors in the attack upon St. Clair, and so directed their fire as to annihilate the artillerists.

Notwithstanding this great victory, he felt assured that, in the end, the whites would triumph. He therefore decided to abandon the Indians, and return to his countrymen. One morning he said to Little Turtle, his adopted father, pointing to the heavens:

"When that sun reaches the meridian, I shall leave you for the whites. And whenever you meet me in battle, you must kill me, as I shall endeavor to do by you."

It is very remarkable, that after this abrupt departure, the ties of friendship continued unbroken between these highly gifted men. Wells soon joined Wayne's army. His knowledge of Indian haunts and modes of warfare, rendered him an invaluable acquisition to the troops. After peace was restored he returned to his

foster father, Little Turtle, and their friendship remained uninterrupted until his death.

In one of his excursions, Captain Wells, upon approaching the banks of St. Mary's River, discovered a group of Indians ascending the stream in a canoe. He was himself in Indian costume, and spoke their language like a native. The Indians, perceiving him, and not suspecting any danger, turned their canoe towards the shore. As they approached, Captain Wells recognized, among the rest, his Indian father and mother. At the same moment he heard his companions, who were lying in ambush cocking their rifles, to pour a deadly fire into the canoe.

Captain Wells, alarmed at the danger to which his friends were exposed, turned to his men and ordered them to desist, declaring that he would shoot down the first man who should fire into the boat.

"That family," said he, "has fed me when hungry, clothed me when naked, and nursed me when sick, and has treated me with as much affection as one of their own children."

This speech touched the hearts of his comrades, who knew of his previous history. They dropped their rifles, and shook hands cordially with the trembling Indians. Such are the joys of peace and friendship. Captain Wells assured the family that they had nothing to fear. He, however, told Little Turtle that General Wayne was approaching with a force which the Indians could not resist, and that the best thing they could do was immediately to make peace. Urging his father to keep, for the future, out of danger, they took an affectionate leave of each other. The Indians seemed very grateful for this manifestation of kindness, and paddled rapidly from the shore.

Another of the scouts, under the command of Captain Wells, was a man of remarkable history, by the name of Henry Miller. He, and a younger brother, Christopher, had been captured by the Indians when children, and had been kindly adopted into an Indian family. He lived with the Indians until he was twenty-four years of age. Though he had fully adopted the Indian's mode of life, and had entirely identified himself with the tribe, he began to yearn for a return to civilized life. He could not, however, persuade his brother to accompany him in his contemplated flight. Many years passed away, during which the brothers heard nothing of each other. Henry escaped through the woods, and safely

reached his friends in Kentucky. Henry and Wells had known each other when residing with the Indians.

There were four other men, united with these two, who usually went out together, as scouts, making a party of six. In June, 1794, while the head-quarters of the army were at Greenville. General Wayne dispatched Wells and his corps on one of their excursions. They were particularly requested to bring some Indian into the camp, as a prisoner, from whom the movements of the savages could be ascertained. They crossed the St. Mary's River, and, as they were proceeding along the banks of the Auglaise, they discovered a slight smoke curling up through the tree-tops, at a distance.

With great caution three of them crept along with the stealthy tread of an animal, seeking to plunge upon its prey, till they reached a spot screened by the dense boughs of a fallen tree, from which they saw three Indians, within half gun-shot distance, making themselves very merry around a camp-fire. They had just killed a deer, and were feasting upon the savory cuts. The plan of the scouts was immediately formed. Wells and Miller were to shoot two of the Indians, one on the right and the other on the left. Immediately, upon the report of the guns, McClellan, who was fleet of foot as a deer, was to spring forward and seize the center Indian, while instantly supported by his comrades.

The guns were fired, and the two Indians dropped dead, shot through the heart. McClellan, with uplifted tomahawk, rushed upon his victim. The Indian, without even grasping his rifle, bounded down towards the river. At that place there was a bluff bank, nearly twenty feet high. Giving a tremendous leap, he landed in the stream but a short distance from the shore, and sank in the soft oozy bottom of mud, up to his waist. He was effectually imprisoned. McClellan sprang after him, and found himself in about the same predicament. As they were both floundering in the mire, the Indian drew his knife. McClellan, brandishing his tomahawk, ordered the Indian to throw his knife into the water, or he would instantly cleave his brain.

He did so, and surrendered without further opposition. By this time Wells and his companion came to the bank and discovered the two struggling in the mire. Their prisoner being secure, they selected a place where the bank was less precipitous, went down, dragged the captive out and tied him. He was sulky, and refused

to speak either English or Indian. Some of the party went back for their horses. The captive was painted, as was usual with the Indians, and was covered with mud. Upon washing off the mud and paint, they found, much to their surprise, that he was a white man.

He however seemed very sullen, and refused to answer any questions. He was manifestly, in all his character, thoroughly an Indian, though the blood of the white man flowed in his veins. Henry Miller, for some cause, began to suspect that this might be his long lost brother, Christopher. After looking at him very closely, he came up and called him by his Indian name. The man started in great surprise, seemed bewildered, and asked him how he could possibly know his name. The mystery was soon solved. The captive was indeed Christopher Miller. His escape from death seemed to have been providential. Had he chanced to have stood either upon the right or left of the little group of three, he would certainly have been shot.

Christopher was still not at all disposed to make friends of his captors. They took him to Greenville and placed him in the guard-house. General Wayne questioned him very closely, respecting the intentions of the Indians, but could get nothing from him. His brother and Captain Wells exhausted all their powers of persuasion in the endeavor to induce him to abandon the Indians, and return to civilized life. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that while it is easy, so to speak, to make an Indian of a white man, it is very difficult to lead one from the savage to the civilized state. The descent is easy, the ascent laborious and painful.

Gradually Christopher became more reconciled and genial. At length he promised that, if they would release him from confinement, he would join them. To this arrangement General Wayne consented, though he had but little faith that his captive would keep his word. They equipped him in a new uniform, and mounted him upon a very fine horse. He joined the company of Captain Wells, and continued through the war a faithful and intrepid soldier.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE AND ITS RESULTS.

CAPTURE OF A CHIEF—DARING ADVENTURE, AND RESULTS—MESSAGE OF GENERAL WAYNE—SPEECH OF LITTLE TURTLE—MOVEMENTS OF THE INDIANS—OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL WAYNE—CONFERENCE BETWEEN GENERAL WAYNE AND MAJOR CAMPBELL—BUCKONGAHELAS AND HIS DEFIANT SPEECH—NARRATIVE BY JONATHAN ALDER—LETTER OF GENERAL HARRISON—VIEWS OF GOVERNOR SIMCOE—COUNCIL OF CHIEFS AT FORT GREENVILLE—BOUNDARIES OF THE UNITED STATES DEFINED—LORAMIE'S STORE—ANECDOTE.

AN OPPORTUNITY soon presented itself to test the fidelity of Christopher Miller. Captain Wells and his party set out on another scouting excursion. They took Christopher with them. They were all dressed as Indian warriors, painted in the highest style, and mounted on very fleet horses. Their tour again led them to the valley of the Auglaise. Here they met a single Indian, and called upon him to surrender. Though there were six against him, the valiant fellow refused. Hastily discharging his rifle at his foes and missing his mark, he turned and ran. It was in the midst of a dense forest, and the thick underbrush so retarded the speed of the horses, that the savage was fast gaining upon his pursuers. They did not fire upon him, for they were anxious to take him as a prisoner. Christopher Miller and McClelland dismounted and pursued. The latter, who had no equal as a runner, soon overtook him. The savage turned and fought like a tiger at bay. But Christopher soon came up, and they closed in upon him and made him their prisoner without inflicting any injury upon him. He turned out to be a Pottawatamie chief of great renown. He was considered by his tribe as unequalled in courage and prowess. They carried their captive back to Greenville. The part which Miller performed on this occasion established his reputation, and entire confidence was thenceforth reposed in him.

Another adventure of these scouts is worthy of record. When General Wayne with his army was at the confluence of the Auglaize and the Maumee, building Fort Defiance, Captain Wells set out on another tour of reconnoissance. The party consisted of six—Captain Wells, the two Millers, McClellan, May and Mahaffy. They could all speak the Indian language, were familiar with Indian customs, and, when plumed, painted and dressed in Indian costume, no eye could detect any difference between them and ordinary Indian bands.

They proceeded up the Maumee River, in a northerly direction, on the western banks, until they reached a small Indian village, directly opposite an important British post, called Fort Meigs. The station occupied nearly ten acres. It was well known that the British officers here were doing everything in their power to aid the Indians, supply them with arms and ammunition, and were instructing them in the art of war. This was on the 11th of August, only nine days before the great battle, for which each party was preparing.

The little band rode boldly into the Indian village, assuming that they had just come from the English fort on the other side of the river. They chatted freely with the Indians as they trotted slowly along through the narrow street. It was supposed that they were warriors from some distant tribe, who had come to take part in the expected battle. After passing through the town, when at a short distance from it, they met an Indian man and woman, on horseback, returning from hunting. They took them both prisoners, and set out on their return to Fort Defiance.

As they were pressing rapidly along, just after dark, they saw the gleam of camp-fires in the distance. Cautiously approaching, they came in sight of a large encampment of warriors, who were feasting and having a very merry time. It was a picturesque and exciting scene. The dark night, the glooms of the majestic forest, the crackle and blaze of the fires illuminating the region far around, the stalwart figures of the warriors in gorgeous barbaric adornment, the horses tethered at a distance—all these combined to present a spectacle which no one could look upon without emotion.

These bold rangers, instead of stealing away from the peril, in the darkness, gagged and bound their prisoners at the distance of nearly half a mile from the warriors, and then deliberately rode

into their camp, with their rifles lying across the pommels of their saddles. Assuming that they were Indian allies from another tribe, they made minute inquiries about the expected movements of General Wayne, and the measures which the Indians were about to adopt to meet him.

The unsuspecting warriors were very cordial and communicative. At length one of the Indians, more sagacious than the rest, began to think that all was not right. In a low tone of voice he said to one near him, "These men are spies; they are brooding mischief." The quick ear of Captain Wells overheard the alarming words. Surrounded as the rangers were, by many to one, the repetition of these words in a loud voice would have insured the immediate capture of every one of them, and their death by torture.

Captain Wells gave a preconcerted signal. At that instant every ranger discharged his rifle, and six of the warriors dropped dead. But the bullets had not pierced their hearts ere every horse was spurred to his utmost speed, the riders bowing down, with their breasts on the horses' necks, that they might lessen the mark for the balls of the warriors. But the savages, accustomed to all surprises, were not bewildered. Seizing their rifles, with cool aim they fired.

A bullet struck McClellan, and passed through beneath the shoulder-blade. Another ball broke Captain Wells' arm, and his rifle dropped to the ground. May's horse slipping upon a smooth rock, fell, and he was taken prisoner. The two Millers and Mahaffy escaped unharmed. These three, with the two wounded men, rode at full speed to the spot where their prisoners were bound, mounted them on horses, and continued their flight to Fort Defiance; a long ride of thirty miles. One of them was sent ahead to obtain surgical aid for Wells and McClellan, who were suffering great pain. General Wayne immediately dispatched a surgeon, with a company of dragoons, to escort them in. They reached the fort in safety, and in due time the wounded recovered.

May had formerly lived among the Indians. They recognized him. One of the chiefs said to him in broken English:

"We know you. You speak Indian language. You not content to live with us. To-morrow we take you to that tree. We will tie you up and make a mark upon your breast, and we will try what Indian can shoot nearest to it."

The next day they bound him to a large burr oak at the edge of the clearing, near the British fort. Fifty bullets passed through his body, near the heart. Thus perished poor May. Fortunate indeed was he in escaping the horrors of Indian torture.

On the 13th of August General Wayne, in accordance with the conciliatory and peaceful spirit urged upon him by Washington, sent the following message to the Indians. It was addressed to the Delawares, Shawanese, Miamis, Wyandots, and all other Indian nations north of the Ohio.

"I, Anthony Wayne, Major General and Commander-in-chief of the Federal army, now at Grand Glaize, and Commissioner Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, for settling the terms on which a permanent and lasting peace shall be made with each and every of the hostile tribes or nations of Indians north-west of the Ohio, actuated by the purest principles of humanity, and urged by pity for the errors into which bad and designing men have led you, from the head of my army, now in possession of your abandoned villages, once more extend to you the friendly hand of peace.

"I invite each and every of the hostile tribes of Indians, to appoint deputies to meet me and my army without delay, between this place and Roche de Boeuf, in order to settle the preliminaries of a lasting peace. This may eventually restore to you, and to all the tribes and nations settled on the margin of the Miami and Auglaise Rivers, your late grounds and possessions, and preserve you and your distressed women and children from danger and famine during the present Fall and ensuing Winter.

"The arm of the United States is strong; but they love mercy and kindness more than war and desolation. To remove any doubts of danger to the deputies whom you may appoint, I hereby pledge my sacred honor for their safety and return. I send Christopher Miller, an adopted Shawanee, and a warrior, whom I took prisoner, as a flag, who will advance in their front to meet me. Mr. Miller was taken prisoner by my warriors six months ago. He can testify to you of the kindness which I have shown to your people, my prisoners, that is, five warriors and two women, who are now all safe and well at Greenville.

"But should this invitation be disregarded, and should Mr. Miller be detained or injured, I will immediately order all of those prisoners to be put to death, without distinction. Some of them



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are known to belong to the first families of your nations. Brothers, be no longer deceived by the false promises of the bad white men at the foot of the Rapids. They have neither the power nor the inclination to protect you. No longer shut your eyes to your true interests, nor your ears to this peaceful overture. In pity for your innocent women and children, come and prevent the further effusion of blood. Let them experience the kindness and friendship of the United States, and the blessings of peace.

"ANTHONY WAYNE."

A council of the Indians was held. Little Turtle earnestly counseled peace. In a brief but energetic speech, he said :

"We have beaten the enemy twice under separate commanders. We can not expect the same good fortune always to attend us. The Americans are now led by a chief who never sleeps. The night and the day are alike to him. During all the time that he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something whispers me it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace."

A renowned Indian warrior, Blue Jacket, was commander-in-chief of the Indian forces. He was strongly in favor of war, and silenced Little Turtle by accusing him of cowardice. At the close of the council, the chiefs returned the following answer :

"If General Wayne will remain where he is for ten days, and then send Miller to us, we will treat with him. But, if he advances, we will give him battle."

But General Wayne had already put his army on the march, and met his messenger on his return at the distance of but a few miles from Fort Meigs. As Miller delivered the answer, he stated that the Indians were all dressed and painted for war; that war parties were continually coming in, and were received with great enthusiasm; and that it was his opinion that the message was merely a ruse by which the Indians hoped to gain a little more time to muster their forces. The Indians left their encampment, which, from the encouragement they had received from the British officers, they supposed to be safe under the protection of the guns of the fort, and crossed the river to meet their foes.

At six o'clock on the morning of the twentieth of August, General Wayne advanced from Fort Deposit, or Roche de Boeuf, as

the station was also called, and took position a few miles further down the river on a long ridge called Presque Isle. We give General Wayne's official report of the battle which ensued :

"It is with infinite pleasure that I announce to you the brilliant success of the Federal army under my command, in a general action with the combined forces of the hostile Indians and a considerable number of the volunteers and militia of Detroit, on the twentieth of August, 1794, on the banks of the Maumee, in the vicinity of the British fort and garrison at the foot of the Rapids.

"The army advanced to Roche de Boeuf, on the fifteenth. On the nineteenth, we were employed in making a temporary post for the reception of our stores and baggage, and in reconnoitering the position of the enemy, who were encamped behind a thick, bushy wood in the rear of the forts.

"At eight o'clock in the morning of the twentieth, the army again advanced in columns agreeably to the standing order of the march. The legion was on the right — with its right flank covered by the Maumee. One brigade of mounted volunteers was on the left, under Brigadier General Todd, and the other in the rear, under Brigadier General Barbee. A select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by Major Price. He was directed to keep sufficiently advanced to give timely notice for the troops to form, in case of action — it being as yet uncertain whether the Indians would decide for peace or war.

"After advancing about five miles, Major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods and high grass, as to compel them to retreat. The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close, thick wood which extended for miles on our left, and for a very considerable distance in front. The ground was covered with old fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect, and which afforded the enemy the most favorable covert for their mode of warfare.

"The savages were formed in three lines within supporting distance of each other, and extending for nearly two miles, at right angles with the river. I soon discovered from the weight of their fire and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favorite ground, and that they were

endeavoring to turn our left flank. I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance to support the first. I also directed Major General Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages by a circuitous route, with the whole of the mounted volunteers.

"At the same time, I ordered the front line to advance and charge with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians, from their covert, at the point of the bayonet. When the Indians were up and flying, they were to deliver a close and well-directed fire upon their backs. This was to be followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give them time to load again, or to form their lines. I also ordered Captain Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, which afforded a favorable field for that corps to act in.

"All these orders were obeyed with spirit and promptitude. But such was the impetuosity of the charge, by the first line of infantry, that the Indians, and Canadian militia and volunteers, were driven from all their coverts in so short a time that although every possible exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by Generals Scott, Wood and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, only a part of each could get up in season to participate in the action. The enemy were driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles through the thick woods, by less than one-half of their number.

"From every account, the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants. The troops actually engaged against them were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay, leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison."

The battle, though very decisive in the victory over the savages, was too short to be very sanguinary. The loss of the Americans was thirty-three killed and one hundred wounded. The Indian loss was much more severe; but just what it amounted to could never be ascertained, as they made great exertions to remove their dead and wounded. Still, the woods were strewed for a long distance with the bodies of the dead. Among them were found many of their white auxiliaries, armed with British muskets and bayonets.

The victorious American army encamped for three days on the banks of the Maumee, within sight of the fort. This fort, erected by the British, for the protection and encouragement of the Indians, was clearly within the limits of the territory which had been ceded to the United States by the British Government, in the Treaty of Paris. If the region belonged to the United States, the British had no right to construct a fort there. If it belonged to Great Britain, the Americans had no right to fight a battle there. Still neither party wished to renew the war which had so recently terminated.

Major Campbell, the commander of the fort, sent a letter to General Wayne, asking him what he meant by bringing his army within reach of the guns of a fort garrisoned by the troops of the King of Great Britain. General Wayne, with spirit, replied, that Major Campbell would find the most satisfactory answer to his question in the brilliant action which had just been fought against a horde of savages in the vicinity of his fort; and that he should pay no respect to a British fort, which was only established since the commencement of the present war between the United States and the Indians. Major Campbell replied :

"Although your letter of yesterday's date fully authorizes me to any act of hostility against the army of the United States, in this neighborhood, under your command, yet, anxious to prevent that dreadful decision, which perhaps is not intended by either of our countries, I have forbore, for these two days past, to resent those insults which you have offered to the British flag, flying at this fort, by approaching it within pistol-shot of my works, not only singly, but in numbers, with arms in their hands.

"But should you, after this, continue to approach my post in the threatening manner you are this moment doing, my indispensable duty to my king and country, and the honor of my profession, will oblige me to have recourse to those measures which thousands of either nation may hereafter have cause to regret, and which, I solemnly appeal to God, I have used my utmost endeavors to arrest."

To this General Wayne replied that Major Campbell was committing an act of hostility against the United States by building a fort within the acknowledged limits of the States. "This," said he, "is an act of the highest aggression. Hence it becomes my duty to demand, in the name of the President of the United States,

that you immediately desist from any further act of hostility or aggression, by forbearing to fortify, and by withdrawing the troops, artillery and stores under your direction, forthwith, and removing to the nearest post occupied by his Britannic Majesty's troops, at the peace of 1783."

Campbell replied: "I cannot enter into any discussion of the right or impropriety of my occupying my present position. That must be left to the ambassadors of our different nations. I certainly will not abandon this post, at the summons of any power whatever, until I receive orders from those I have the honor to serve under, or the fortune of war should oblige me. I must still adhere to the purport of my letter this morning to deny that your army, or individuals belonging to it, will not approach within reach of my cannon, without expecting the consequences attending it. Let me add that I am much deceived if his Majesty the King of Great Britain had not a post on this river at, and prior to the period you mention."

General Wayne had received private instructions from President Washington that, should he find himself in sufficient force to capture the British fort, he was to do so, and drive the garrison out of the country. He accordingly carefully inspected the works. They had an armament of ten pieces of artillery, and were garrisoned by four hundred and fifty men. It was therefore decided that the attempt to storm the fort would result in great slaughter, and probably in a failure.

After the defeat, the officers of the fort did not venture to open its gates to receive the fugitive savages. This would have been, indeed, a declaration of war against the United States. As the British had encouraged the Indians, in every possible way, before the battle, they were greatly disgusted by this unexpected treatment. One of their celebrated chiefs — Buckongahelas, of whom we have before spoken — who had fled down the river, beyond the fort, assembled his tribe in a little fleet of canoes, to ascend the stream and enter into a treaty of peace with the victors. As they were approaching the fort, the officer of the day hailed Buckongahelas, and said that Major Campbell wished to speak to him.

"In that case," said the proud chieftain, "let him come to me."

"That he will never do," was the reply; "and he will not allow you to pass the fort unless you comply with his wishes."

"What shall prevent my passing?" the chieftain responded.

"Those guns," answered the orderly, as he pointed to the artillery which could sweep the stream with grapeshot.

"I fear not your cannon," the chief replied. "After suffering the Americans to insult your flag, without daring to fire upon them, you must not expect to frighten Buckongahelas."

The canoes pushed on, and passed the fort unmolested.

A white man, Jonathan Alder, who was at that time living with the Indians, an adopted member of one of the tribes, gives the following account of the battle as seen from the Indian side of the field.

"We remained near Fort Defiance about two weeks, until we heard of the approach of Wayne. We then packed up our goods, and started for the old English fort, at the Maumee Rapids. Here we prepared ourselves for battle, and sent the women and children down about three miles below the fort. As I did not wish to fight, they sent me to Sandusky to inform some Wyandots there of the great battle that was about to take place. I remained at Sandusky until the battle was over. The Indians did not wait more than three or four days, before Wayne made his appearance at the head of a long prairie on the river.

"The Indians are curious about fighting. They will not eat just before going into battle. They say that if a man is shot through the body, when his bowels are empty, there is not so much danger as when they are full. So they started the first morning without eating anything, and, moving up to the end of the prairie, ranged themselves, in order of battle, at the edge of the timber. There they waited all day, without any food, and at night returned and partook of their suppers.

"The second morning they again placed themselves in the same position, and again returned at night and supped. By this time they had begun to get weak from eating only once a day, and concluded that they would eat breakfast before they again started. So the next morning they began to cook and eat. Some were eating, and others, who had finished, had moved forward to their stations, when Wayne's army was seen approaching. As soon as they were within gunshot, the Indians began firing upon them. But Wayne, making no halt, rushed on. Only a small part of the Indians being on the ground, they were obliged to give back, and finding Wayne too strong for them, endeavored to retreat. Those who were on the way heard the noise and sprung to their

assistance. So some were running from, and others to, the field of battle, which created great confusion. In the mean time General Wayne's light horse had gone entirely around, and came in upon their rear, blowing their horns, and closing in upon them. The Indians now found that they were completely surrounded. All that could, made their escape, and the balance were killed, which was no small number. The main body of the Indians were back nearly two miles from the battle ground. Wayne had taken them by surprise, and made such slaughter among them, that they were entirely discouraged, and made the best of their way to their respective homes.

General Harrison, subsequently President of the United States, was aid to General Wayne in this campaign. The following letter from him, addressed to Honorable Thomas Chilton, in February, 1834, is too important to be omitted:

"That the northwestern and Indian war was a continuation of the revolutionary contest, is susceptible of proof. The Indians, in that quarter, had been engaged in the first seven years of the war as the allies of Great Britain, and they had no inclination to continue it after the peace of 1783. It is to British influence that their subsequent hostilities are to be attributed. The agents of that government never ceased to stimulate their enmity against the government of the United States, and to represent the peace which had been made as a temporary truce, at the expiration of which their great father would unite with them in the war, and drive the Long Knives from the land they had so unjustly usurped from his red children. This was the cause of the detention of the posts of Detroit, Mackinaw and Niagara, so long after the treaty of 1783.

"The bare suggestion of a wish, by the British authorities, would have been sufficient to induce the Indians to accept the terms proposed by the American Commissioners. At any rate, the withholding the supplies with which the Indians had been previously furnished, would have left no other alternative but to make peace. From that period, however, the war was no longer carried on in disguise. Acts of open hostility were committed. In June, 1794, the Indians assembled at the Miami of the Lake, and were completely equipped out of the king's store. From the fort, a large and regularly fortified work which had been built

there the preceding Spring, for the purpose of supporting the operations of the Indians against the army of General Wayne.

"Nor was the assistance limited to the supply of provisions and munitions of war. On the advance of the Indians, they were attended by a captain of the British army, a sergeant, and six *matrosses*, provided with fixed ammunition, suited to the caliber of two field pieces, which had been taken from General St. Clair, and deposited in a creek near the scene of his defeat, in 1791.

"Thus attended, they appeared before Fort Recovery, the advanced post of our army, on the 4th of July, 1794, and having defeated a large detachment of our troops, encamped under its walls, and would probably have succeeded in taking the fort, if the guns which they expected to find had not been previously discovered and removed. In this action, Captain Hartshorn, of the first sub-legion, was wounded by the Indians, and afterwards killed in a struggle with Captain McKee, of the British army.

"Upon the advance of the American army in the following month, the British Fort at the Rapids was again the point of rendezvous for the Indians. There the deficiencies in arms, ammunition and equipments, were again supplied, and there they were fed with regular rations from the king's stores, consisting of flour and Irish beef, until the arrival of General Wayne with his army, on the twentieth of August. In the general action of that day there were two militia companies from Amherstburg and Detroit. The captain of the cutter, who was also clerk of the court in that place, was among the killed, and one of his privates taken prisoner.

"These unequivocal acts of hostility, on the part of Great Britain did not pass unnoticed by our Government, and, although anxious to avoid a general war, the President determined that the aggression on our territory, by the erection of a fortress so far within our acknowledged limits, required some decisive measure. Authority was therefore given to General Wayne to dispossess the intruders, if, in his opinion, it was necessary to the success of his operations against the Indians. Although the qualification of this order, in its literal sense, might be opposed to its execution, after the entire defeat of the Indians, the daring violation of neutrality, which was professed by the supply of food, arms and ammunition to the enemy, on the very morning of the action, afforded, in the opinion

of General Wayne, a sufficient justification for its being carried into effect.

"An accurate examination, however, of the defenses of the fort, made by the general at great personal hazard, showed but too clearly that our small howitzers, which had been transported on the backs of horses, our only artillery, could make no impression upon its massive earthen parapet, while the deep fosse and frazing by which it was surrounded afforded no prospect of the success of an escalade, but at the expense of valuable lives which the occasion did not seem to call for. From my situation as aid-de-camp to the general-in-chief, I mention these things from personal knowledge. If, then, the relation which I have given is correct, it must be admitted that the war of the Revolution continued in the western country until the peace of Greenville, in 1795."

Colonel English was commandant at Detroit during the campaign of general Wayne. Colonel McKee was Superintendent of the Indians under the King of Great Britain. In one of McKee's letters to English, just before the battle, dated "Rapids, August 13, 1794," he writes:

"Sir: I was honored last night with your letter of the 11th, and am extremely glad to find you making such exertions to supply the Indians with provisions. Scouts are sent up to view the situation of Wayne's army; and we now muster one thousand Indians. All the lake Indians, from Saginaw downwards, should not lose one moment in joining their brethren, as every accession of strength is an addition to their spirits."

The Indians utterly disheartened by their great defeat, and considering themselves very dishonorably treated by the British officers, who had spurred them on to the battle, and then had abandoned them, were eager for peace. One of their distinguished chiefs, Blue Jacket, was associated with Little Turtle in the battle. He had, indeed, the chief control. In Drake's *Life of Tecumseh*, he writes:

"In the month of October following this defeat, Blue Jacket concurred in the expediency of suing for peace. At the head of a deputation of chiefs, he was about to bear a flag to General Wayne, then at Greenville, when the mission was arrested by foreign influence. Governor Simcoe, Colonel McKee, and the Mohawk Chief, Brandt, having in charge one hundred and fifty

Mohawks and Messasagoes, arrived at the Rapids of the Maumee, and invited the chiefs of the combined army to meet them at the mouth of the Detroit River, on the 10th of October. To this Blue Jacket assented, for the purpose of hearing what the British officers had to propose. Governor Simcoe urged the Indians to retain their hostile attitude towards the United States. In referring to the encroachments of the people of this country on the Indian lands, he said :

"Children, I am still of the opinion that the Ohio is your right and title. I have given orders to the Commandant of Fort Miami to fire on the Americans whenever they make their appearance again. I will go down to Quebec and lay your grievances before the great man. From there they will be forwarded to the king, your father. Next Spring you will know the result of everything, what you and I will do."

"He urged the Indians to obtain a cessation of hostilities until the following Spring, when the English would be ready to attack the Americans, and, by driving them back across the Ohio, restore their lands to the Indians. These councils delayed the conclusion of peace until the following Summer. Blue Jacket was present at the treaty of Greenville, and conducted himself with moderation and dignity."

It was the special object of General Wayne to inflict such terrible chastisement upon the Indians as would compel them to bury the tomahawk, and not to dare to take it up again. He therefore sent out his cavalry and laid utterly waste the whole Valley of the Maumee, for a distance of fifty miles. The women and children fled in terror into the woods. Every village was laid in ashes. The orchards were cut down; the harvests of corn, potatoes and other vegetables, with which the rich fields luxuriantly abounded, were destroyed. Nothing was left. Cold Winter was approaching, and the homeless families, men, women and children, were doomed to hopeless destitution, misery and death. No imagination can probably exaggerate the woes which ensued. Such is war. "War," exclaimed Napoleon in anguish, as he witnessed its horrors, "is the science of barbarians." "War," says General Sherman, "is cruelty. You cannot refine it."

The army returned by easy marches, while laying waste the adjacent country, to Fort Defiance. It reached this point on the 27th of August, and remained there until the 12th of September.

Then leaving a strong garrison in the works, the main army took up its march for what were called the Miami Villages, at the confluence of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Rivers.

On the 17th of September the army reached the Miami villages, forty-seven miles southwest of Fort Defiance. Here another stockade was erected, which was called Fort Wayne. Leaving a garrison here, the rest of the army set out on their march for Greenville, which post they reached on the 20th of November, where they went into winter quarters.

The campaign fully accomplished its intended object. The Indians were thoroughly humbled and subdued. Their houses were destroyed, their country ravaged, their supplies consumed. They no longer cherished any hope of being able to check the advance of the white men. In this state of extreme suffering, they were so anxious for peace that they were ready to accept such terms as the conqueror might dictate. Early in January, 1795, movements were made for an assembling of a general council of the Indian tribes of the Northwest, to enter into a treaty of peace and friendship.

Accordingly, in July, a council of chiefs and warriors from twelve of the tribes east of the Mississippi River was convened in the vicinity of Fort Greenville. Negotiations continued for six weeks. On the 3d of August the treaty was signed. General Wayne, acting as commissioner plenipotentiary, signed in behalf of the United States. The following tribes were represented: the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanese, Ottawas, Chippewas, Potawatamies, Miamis, Eel Rivers, Weas, Kickapoos, Piankeshas and Kaskaskias. The boundary line between the Indian lands and those of the United States was then fixed as follows:

Beginning at the mouth of the Cuyahoga River, where it enters Lake Erie, it ran up to the portage between that and the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum. Crossing the portage, it followed down the Tuscarawas to Fort Laurens, an important military station about half a mile below the present town of Bolivar. From that point it ran directly west to Loramié's Creek, a tributary of the Great Miami. Thence it followed a line almost due west of Fort Recovery, which point was very near the present eastern boundary of Indiana. It then ran in a southerly direction to the Ohio, to strike that stream near the mouth of the Kentucky River, which the Indians called Cuttawa.

The United States, however, reserved within the limits of the lands thus retained by the Indians, six miles square at what was called Loramië's Store, on Loramië's Creek; two miles square at the head of boat navigation on the St. Mary's River, a tributary of the Wabash; six miles square at the head of the navigable waters of the Auglaise; six miles square at Fort Defiance, situated at the confluence of the Auglaise and Maumee Rivers; twelve miles square at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, where the British had constructed Fort Miami; six miles square at the mouth of the Maumee, where it enters Lake Erie; six miles square on Sandusky Bay, where a fort formerly stood, and two miles square at the lower rapids of the Sandusky River.

In the annals of those days we meet with frequent mention of Loramië's Store. A Frenchman had established a trading post at the mouth of Loramië's Creek, about sixteen miles northwest of the present Town of Sidney. It was an important station, as here commenced the portage between the waters of the Miami, flowing into the Ohio, and those of the St. Mary, which, through the Maumee, entered Lake Erie. There is something wonderful in the power which the French had to endear themselves to the Indians. They seem always to have been on even affectionate terms with them. The Indians, as a general rule, welcomed them to all parts of their country. The most tender and lasting friendships sprang up between them. Colonel Johnston writes—

"I have often seen the Indians burst into tears when speaking of the time when their French father had dominion over them; and their attachment to this day remains unabated."

It is an undeniable fact, that while British gold purchased the reluctant alliance of the Indians, French friendliness won their cordial and loving support. Amidst all the horrors of savage warfare, Loramië was as secure, with his goods, in his lonely station in the wilderness, surrounded by savages, as if he had been on the boulevards of Paris. He had great influence with the Indians.

When General Clarke, from Kentucky, invaded and laid desolate the Miami valley, he plundered and burnt Loramië's store. The Frenchman had a large stock of goods, and many valuable furs which he had purchased of the Indians. General Clarke, who was greatly in want of money, ordered them all to be sold at auction. An amusing story is told of one Burke, an Irishman. He was

considered but half witted, and was the butt of the army. Strolling through the store he found about two hundred dollars in coin, tied up in a bag. He secreted it, by cutting a hole in a dilapidated saddle. At the auction no one bid for the saddle, it being deemed utterly worthless. It was struck off to Burke for a trifling sum, amidst roars of laughter! Burke began examining the saddle, and drew forth, as if he had but just then found it, the bag of money. Shaking it in the eyes of the men, he exclaimed triumphantly, "An' it is not so bad a bargain after all."

Loramiê, thus plundered, and with his trading post laid in ashes, emigrated with a colony of Shawanese Indians to the Spanish territories west of the Mississippi. They settled at the junction of the Kansas and Missouri Rivers, where most of the rest of the nation eventually joined them.

General Wayne did not receive, during his lifetime, the honors to which he was entitled for the services he had rendered his country. Had he failed in his campaign, all the southern Indians, from the Savannah River to the Mississippi, would undoubtedly have combined with the northwestern tribes, and scenes of devastation, woe and death would have ensued which even the imagination can scarcely exaggerate. At the close of the year 1796, General Wayne, returning from Detroit to the Eastern States, was taken sick in a humble log cabin at Presque Isle, on the shores of Lake Erie, now Erie, Pennsylvania. At that time it was but a little hamlet in the depths of the wilderness.

Here, after a short illness, he died, and at his request was buried under the flag staff of the fort. Subsequently his son removed his remains to Radnor Churchyard, Delaware County, Pennsylvania. We have no means of knowing what preparation General Wayne deemed it necessary to make for his transference to the spirit land.

"There is no death ; what seems such is transition.
This life, of mortal breath,
Is but the suburb of that life elysian
Whose portals we call death."

CHAPTER XX.

ADVENTURES ON THE MUSKINGUM; AND THE FRENCH COLONY.

SCENE AT BIG BOTTOM—AT CROOKED CREEK—NARROW ESCAPE
—AMUSEMENTS OF THE SETTLERS—BEQUEST TO THE OHIO
COMPANY—POPULATION IN 1793—THE SETTLER'S CABIN AND
FURNITURE—THE TEA PARTY—PREPARATION OF CORN—
THE HAND MILL—SURRENDER OF BRITISH POSTS—DIVISION
OF THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY—GLOWING DESCRIPTION
OF OHIO—FALSE REPRESENTATIONS—FOUNDING OF GALLIP-
OLIS—TESTIMONY OF MONS. MULETTE—TRIALS OF THE
COLONISTS—THEY APPEAL TO CONGRESS.

LET US now return to Marietta, on the Muskingum, to witness the scenes which have been transpiring there. In the autumn of 1790 a party of thirty-six men went from Marietta and commenced a settlement at Big Bottom. This was an expanse of rich meadow land, four miles above the mouth of Meigs Creek. They were mostly thoughtless young men, who deemed recklessness to be courage. The wiser men at Marietta considered it a very imprudent step to take, in view of the menacing attitude of the Indians. They went, however, and erected a block house sufficiently capacious to accommodate the whole of them on an emergency. The house was built of large birch logs, unhewn. Being in a hurry, they postponed filling in the chinks between the logs to some future period. This was a fatal error. They planted no pickets around the house, and stationed no sentry. All engrossed in the construction of their new homes and farms, they introduced no system of military discipline or defense. Their guns were lying about any where, without order. Twenty men usually encamped in the block house. Each individual cooked for himself. At one end of the room there was a fire-place. When the sun went down they all came in, built a large fire, whose blaze brilliantly illuminated the inclosure, and with jokes and merriment,

prepared and ate their suppers. It was midwinter. The weather was unusually cold. It was not customary at this season of the year for Indian war parties to venture out. This idea lulled these pioneers into fatal security. About twenty rods above the block-house, at a short distance back from the river, two brothers, by the name of Choate, had erected a cabin and commenced clearing a lot. Two hired men lived with them. About the same distance below the block-house there was another small cabin which two men by the name of Bullard occupied.

An old Indian trail, or war-path, leading across the State of Ohio, from the Sandusky Valley to the mouth of the Muskingum, passed along the opposite bank of the river from which there was a clear view of the little settlement on the opposite shore. The Indians during the Summer had been loitering around all the settlements, selling venison and bear's meat in exchange for corn and vegetables. They had thus rendered themselves familiar with the approaches to the settlements and the most feasible points of attack. They had now gone to their towns, far up the river, preparatory to winter quarters. They then planned and fitted out their war party.

The warriors reached the bank opposite Big Bottom early in the evening, crossed the river on the ice just above the settlement, and divided their men into two parties, one to attack the men in Choate's cabin, while the other took the block-house and then proceeded to capture the cabin of the Bullards below. The plan was skillfully arranged and successfully executed. Cautiously they approached Choate's cabin. The four men were at supper. Several of the Indians entered, assuming a friendly attitude, while others remained quietly outside the door. Looking eagerly around they espied some leather thongs which had been used in packing venison. At a given signal the rest rushed in, seized their victims who were unable to offer any resistance, and bound them firmly with the thongs. In the meantime the other and larger party advanced to the block-house unobserved. The whole interior was lighted by the blaze of the winter's fire. Peering through the crevices they saw the whole party within, which consisted of but twelve persons, including a woman and two children, seated around the supper-table. Their guns were stacked in one corner of the room.

The sagacious Indians silently arranged themselves with their

rifles around the door, each having selected his victim. One Indian then threw open the door, and, stepping in, held it open. At the same instant the savages fired, and nearly every one fell dead. The woman, Mrs. Meehs, from Virginia, either by accident or design, was not hit. Seizing an ax she aimed a tremendous blow at the head of the Indian who opened the door. He dodged, but the blow fell upon his face, cutting off entirely one of his cheeks, and burying its keen edge in his shoulder. Before she could repeat the blow a tomahawk cleft her skull. The savages all rushed in, and scarcely a moment elapsed before the tomahawk had finished the work of death.

One of the young men, however, while this slaughter was going on, sprang to a ladder, by which he escaped to the top of the house. The savages followed him, and here he presented a fair mark for their rifles. Piteously he begged them to spare his life. They were merciless, and he fell pierced by their bullets. Another young man, but sixteen years of age, crept under a bed. They dragged him out, and, satiated with massacre, carried him off as a captive.

There were but two men in the cabin of the Bullards. Hearing the firing they ran out and saw the demon Indians in and around the block-house. Seizing their rifles and some ammunition they plunged into the woods in a direction to be hid by the cabin from the sight of the Indians. Scarcely had they closed the door ere they heard it dashed in by the savages. In the darkness of the night they were not pursued. The Indians, thus triumphant, first carefully secured the scalps of all their victims. They then loaded themselves with all the plunder they deemed valuable. The dead bodies were then placed in a pile in the center of the room. The floor was torn up and thrown upon them. The torch was then applied, and the Indians, like fiends of darkness, disappeared. Fourteen were killed and five were taken captive to Detroit. The two Bullards, who escaped, ran with the alarm to a small neighboring settlement at Wolf Creek.

The next day an armed party visited the ruins at Big Bottom. Dreadful was the sight which there met their view. Though the fire had not consumed the bodies, it had so charred and blackened them that no recognition was possible. The walls of the block-house, which were built of green beech logs, remained standing. As the ground was frozen hard without, they dug a pit

in the center of the hut, where they consigned these mutilated bodies to their mournful burial.

One cannot read this narrative without emotions of indignation blending with those of grief. Civilized men, if they have no regard for their own lives, have no right thus to trifle with the sympathies of humanity. Major Putnam lost a son in this massacre, but he had in vain entreated that son to be more cautious in making preparations for defense against the Indians. Colonel Stacy, a veteran soldier, and familiar with Indian warfare, had two sons there. One of them was shot on the roof of the house. The other was dragged from beneath the bed and carried into captivity. The colonel had visited the post but a few days before the awful disaster, and entreated the inmates immediately to fill the chinks between the logs, so as to render them bullet-proof; to open port-holes for defense; immediately to prepare strong bars for the door, to be shut every night at sunset; and, without any delay, to establish a night watch. Had they done this the Indians would not have attacked them, and if they had the little garrison, with its supply of guns and ammunition, might easily have beaten off two or three hundred assailants. But these reckless young men paid no heed to these common-sense warnings.

The Indians, who could laugh to scorn General St. Clair's unmilitary posting of his troops, might well look with contempt upon these fool-hardy young men. Having carefully watched their proceedings, though they supposed the settlement to number thirty-six men, some of whom chanced to be absent on the occasion, they sent only twenty-five warriors to take their scalps, plunder their possessions, and burn down their station. Under the circumstances, had the white men outnumbered the Indians, two to one, the result would have been the same.

Prowling bands were continually wandering about, watching for opportunities to shoot the unwary and to plunder. A boat was wrecked at the mouth of Crooked Creek. A man went out, incautiously, from Stone's garrison, to draw the nails from it. Two Indians caught sight of him. Creeping cautiously along the bank they shot him, and took his scalp and his clothing. As he did not return that night an armed party went out in search of him. His mangled dead body was found by the side of the boat. This young man was to have been married the next day, and his wedding suit was already prepared. But here again we have an act

of great imprudence as well as of disobedience. The rules of the garrison strictly forbade any one from going alone beyond gunshot of the station.

The next day six young men went down the Ohio in a canoe, in search of the murderers of their companion. They repaired to a pond, famous as a place for trapping beaver. Here they found unmistakable signs that Indians were about, and came across one of their traps; it was near sunset. They concealed themselves in a thicket near by. They had not been long thus in ambush ere they saw a solitary Indian approaching. His quick eye caught their trail, and he saw at once that it was that of strangers. Slowly he moved along, anxiously examining it. When he had arrived within about a hundred feet of the ambush, one of the men fired, and the Indian fell; but as he fell he raised the shrill war whoop. It was instantly responded to by his companions, forty in number, who were encamped at but a short distance. With loud yells they came rushing forward; the white men fled. Night was setting in; they were soon out of sight, amid the glooms of the forest. All night long they continued their flight, and at length reached their homes in safety.

Several young men had obtained lots on the south branch of Wolfe's Creek, about three miles from the Waterford Garrison. They were accustomed to go out well armed, and in company, to clear their lands. Very prudently they built a block-house, and cut the timber down all around, so that there should be no covert for a lurking foe. One morning it rained so violently that they remained in the block-house. One of them went to the creek, at a short distance from the house, to get some birch bark. In a few moments the report of a rifle was heard. Every one seized his gun, and every one rushed to a port-hole; through them they saw their companion running, wounded and bleeding, towards the house, followed by a gang of savages in hot pursuit. When within a few yards of the door he fell, utterly exhausted, yet piteously imploring his comrades to rescue him. Two of them rushed out and brought him in. Then, with unerring aim from their port-holes, they soon compelled the savages to retire. One of the young men then volunteered to carry tidings of the attack to Waterford Station.

An armed party was immediately sent to the rescue of the young men. Upon their arrival, they found the wounded man

dying. He breathed his last that night. The party cautiously reconnoitered the region around. They found the spot where the Indians had concealed themselves the night before, and where they had made arrangements to decoy their victims, so as to secure the destruction of them all. Probably the rain alone, by shutting them up in the block-house, saved their lives. There were very many adventures similar to the above.

Still, notwithstanding all the privations of pioneer life, it would seem that the settlers had many bright and joyous days. The elasticity of the human mind is so wonderful, that it will find sources of enjoyment even under the most adverse circumstances. These intelligent settlers, who had come from the culture and refinement of the States, had not plunged into the wilderness, that they might consign their families to barbarism. The great object of their emigration was to lift them up to a higher elevation of opulence, intelligence and comfort. Schools were established in the block-houses, where the children were very carefully taught reading, writing and arithmetic. The young men had their games of ball, leaping, wrestling, running. Foot-races were very much enjoyed, since fleetness of foot was often of inestimable advantage in their contests with the Indians. At all the military stations of the government, there were musical bands; dancing to their inspiring tunes was a favorite recreation with the young people. It was, by now means, all work and no play with these bold adventurers. Four or five times a year, pic-nic parties from Campus Martius, Fort Harmar and Farmer's Castle would meet at each others stations. They were always accompanied by a strong guard.

These fortresses took the place of the old baronial castles of Europe in feudal days. There was the military pageantry; the merry making of all kinds, with feasting, dancing, rifle shooting and all athletic games. It must have been a spectacle almost like paradise, to see a little fleet of boats and fairy-like birch canoes, often gaily caparisoned, crowded with young men and maidens, floating down the gentle current of the beautiful river, to Farmer's Castle, at Belpre. The soul-stirring strains of the martial bands would be floated over the water, and reverberated among the silent forest-clad hills. The moon would bathe the whole region in rays of loveliness, and God, our kind heavenly Father, would seem to say, through all the voices of nature, "I love to see my children happy."

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of the bear, the buffalo and the deer, constituted the bedding. A pot, kettle and frying-pan were considered the only indispensable utensils for cooking. A plate was a luxury which few enjoyed. The food could be eaten from trenchers or the puncheon table. The ingenuity of the good wife was sometimes pretty severely taxed in providing entertainment for an influx of visitors.

"A year or two after we arrived," writes one of the early pioneers, "a visiting party was arranged by the ladies in order to call on a neighboring family who lived a little out of the common way. The hostess was much pleased to see us, and immediately commenced preparing the usual treat on such occasions—a cup of tea, with its accompaniments. She had only one fire-proof vessel in the house, an old broken bake-kettle, and it was some time before tea was ready. In the first place, some pork was fried in the kettle to obtain lard; secondly, some cakes were made and fried in it; thirdly, some short cakes were prepared in it; fourthly, it was used as a bucket to draw water; fifthly, the water was boiled in it; and finally the tea was put in, and a very excellent and sociable dish of tea we had."

The seats were generally three-legged stools. A few of the wealthier families had some split-bottomed chairs. Wood was abundant, and when this humble apartment was illumined with the blaze of the crackling fire, it presented quite an attractive aspect. Such was, in general, the home of the pioneer. But often has the emigrant, when his log hut has given place to the sealed house, with glass windows and carpeted floors, and luxurious chairs and porcelain-ware—often has he said, "I was never so happy as in my little log cabin."

As soon as the log house was completed, the next thing to be done was to effect a clearing for a corn patch. This was a very arduous task. Sometimes the settler would choose a spot for his residence at the edge of a treeless prairie, but not unfrequently the richness of the soil and the prospective advantages of the location would induce him to select his lot in the midst of the dense forest. To cut down the gigantic trees, burn them, and plant his crops amid the blackened stumps, required herculean energies. But the reward was often great, in the development of a farm of inexhaustible fertility. Thus toil and hardship in youth, secured competence and ease in old age.

The journey cake, so called because so easily prepared, but

Congress had made a bequest of a hundred thousand acres of land to the Ohio Company, under condition that the company should obtain a resident settler for each one hundred acres, within a period of five years. All the land not taken up within the specified time was to revert to the government. General R. Putnam was appointed by the government, the superintendent for surveying and deeding this land. For this service he was to receive five dollars from each person to whom he should give a deed. The person purchasing must be a male, not less than eighteen years of age.

In the year 1793 there were but a hundred and eighty-six males capable of bearing arms within the limits of the few stations clustered around the mouth of the Muskingum. The advance of wealth and luxury in the United States has been so great within the last half century that it is difficult for us to form a conception of the humble residences of these pioneers. The first object of the emigrant was to erect his cabin. Having selected his site, and generally with an eye to picturesque beauty, with a sunny exposure, a pleasant prospect, and, if possible, a rippling brook near his door, he constructed his walls of unhewn logs, piled one upon another, dove-tailed together at the ends. The interstices were compactly closed with clay, which soon became hardened in the sun. The floor was made of very rough planks, formed by splitting a log in two and hewing the surface as smooth as could be done with the broad-ax. The convex side of the log was buried in the earth, thus presenting a very solid and tolerably level floor. The roof was formed by sawing and splitting logs into a sort of clapboard, about six feet long and six or eight inches wide. The doors and windows were sawed out through the logs. The holes for the windows were pasted over with strong paper lubricated with bear's oil or lard. This effectually excluded the rain and yet allowed a softened light to enter the room. It was a very pleasant light when the sun shone brightly upon it, but sombre and gloomy in the dark days of storm and rain.

The furniture was of corresponding simplicity. The bedstead was formed by fastening two stakes, about two feet high, to the floor and four and a half feet from the wall. Poles were then extended from the wall, and from one stake to the other. This frame-work was covered with the split clapboards, or puncheons, as they were called, such as were used for the roof. The skins

of the bear, the buffalo and the deer, constituted the bedding. A pot, kettle and frying-pan were considered the only indispensable utensils for cooking. A plate was a luxury which few enjoyed. The food could be eaten from trenchers or the puncheon table. The ingenuity of the good wife was sometimes pretty severely taxed in providing entertainment for an influx of visitors

"A year or two after we arrived," writes one of the early pioneers, "a visiting party was arranged by the ladies in order to call on a neighboring family who lived a little out of the common way. The hostess was much pleased to see us, and immediately commenced preparing the usual treat on such occasions—a cup of tea, with its accompaniments. She had only one fire-proof vessel in the house, an old broken bake-kettle, and it was some time before tea was ready. In the first place, some pork was fried in the kettle to obtain lard; secondly, some cakes were made and fried in it; thirdly, some short cakes were prepared in it; fourthly, it was used as a bucket to draw water; fifthly, the water was boiled in it; and finally the tea was put in, and a very excellent and sociable dish of tea we had."

The seats were generally three-legged stools. A few of the wealthier families had some split-bottomed chairs. Wood was abundant, and when this humble apartment was illumined with the blaze of the crackling fire, it presented quite an attractive aspect. Such was, in general, the home of the pioneer. But often has the emigrant, when his log hut has given place to the sealed house, with glass windows and carpeted floors, and luxurious chairs and porcelain-ware—often has he said, "I was never so happy as in my little log cabin."

As soon as the log house was completed, the next thing to be done was to effect a clearing for a corn patch. This was a very arduous task. Sometimes the settler would choose a spot for his residence at the edge of a treeless prairie, but not unfrequently the richness of the soil and the prospective advantages of the location would induce him to select his lot in the midst of the dense forest. To cut down the gigantic trees, burn them, and plant his crops amid the blackened stumps, required herculean energies. But the reward was often great, in the development of a farm of inexhaustible fertility. Thus toil and hardship in youth, secured competence and ease in old age.

The journey cake, so called because so easily prepared, but

which is now corrupted into johnny cake, was made of corn, thoroughly pounded into meal, and baked in the ashes or upon some utensil placed before the fire. There was much game in the forests, so that these hungry men had an ample supply of venison and wild turkeys. As they had no mills, a rude mortar was made by burning a hole in the end of a block of wood. This was called a "hominy block," in which they pounded their corn. Some of the more wealthy had hand-mills. After the corn was pounded it was passed through a sieve. The finer portion of the meal was made into bread or mush, and the coarser portion into hominy.

The usual supper of the pioneer consisted of mush and milk, if he were so fortunate as to have a cow. A large vessel filled with this preparation was placed in the center of the table, and each guest helped himself. The mush, when mingled with milk, and taken from a tin cup, with a pewter spoon, afforded a very satisfactory repast.

Flour was so dear that only a little was kept to be used in case of sickness. But progress in comforts was very rapid. In the course of two or three years hand grist-mills were found standing in the chimney-corner of almost every dwelling.

The stones were of the kind ordinarily used for grindstones. They were about twenty inches in diameter, and four inches thick. The upper stone or runner, was turned by hand. A pole was firmly fixed in the top of the stone, near the edge. The upper end of the pole entered a hole in a board or timber overhead. One person turned the stone, while another fed the corn into what was called the eye. It was hard and slow work to grind. The operators alternately changed places. It required the work of nearly two hours to supply meal enough for one person for a single day.

Nearly all the animal food which found its way to the table of the pioneer was taken from the woods. The deer and the turkey were so timid that it was not easy to approach them. To elude their shyness, the hunters were accustomed to wear hunting shirts suited to the general appearance of the forest at that particular season of the year. In the Spring and Summer they wore a green dress. In the Fall of the year they assumed a color resembling the autumnal leaf. In the Winter, if there were snow upon the ground the hunter spread over his dress a white shirt.

Generally, they went out on their excursions in companies.

Quite an imposing cavalcade was presented, when all were ready to move. The horses were laden with flour, meal, blankets or buffalo-robcs, ammunition, traps, cooking utensils, and such other articles as might be needed. Some sequestered spot was chosen, where a rude cabin was reared, with an immense log-fire blazing in front of the door. The interior of the hut was lined and carpeted with skins and moss, and presented a very alluring aspect. It was almost invariably in the Winter that these enterprises were undertaken, for then the men could not work upon the land.

The winter evenings, in the cabins, must have seemed long and tedious. They had no candles. The principal substitute for them was pitch pine-knots. Sometimes a man of more than ordinary intelligence, would read to his family by this light. Usually, however, the evening was spent, by the fire-light, in shelling corn, scraping turnips, stemming and twisting tobacco, plaiting straw for hats, cracking hickory nuts, of which they always laid in a full supply.

According to the Treaty of Paris, in 1783, the British military post at Detroit, and all their other forts within what the British government had recognized as the boundaries of the United States, were to have been surrendered to the United States "as soon as convenient." Yet, for more than ten years after the treaty they retained these posts, notwithstanding the reiterated and earnest remonstrances of the American government. This utter disregard of the treaty stipulations was deemed a matter of so much importance that a special minister was sent to England, to urge the amicable evacuation of the posts. The minister, John Jay, after much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining a promise, from the British government, that all their troops and munitions of war should be withdrawn before the first day of June, 1796. The post at Detroit, and those on the Maumee, were accordingly delivered over to General Wayne early in that year.

Peace being thus secured for the whole of the Northwestern Territory, all of the region, excepting that in the actual possession of the Indians, was divided into five counties. Washington County embraced all the territory within the present State of Ohio, between the Muskingum River and the Little Miami; and extending north from the Ohio River forty miles. Marietta was the seat of justice for this county. All that portion of the state between the Little and the Great Miami, within forty miles of the

Ohio River, was called Hamilton County. Cincinnati was the county seat. Knox County embraced the lands between the Great Miami and the Wabash, also bordering on the Ohio, with Vincennes for its seat of justice. The County of St. Clair included the settlements on the Illinois and the Kaskaskia Rivers, as well as those on the upper Mississippi, with Kaskaskia for its county seat. Wayne County embraced all the settlements on the Maumee, Raisin, and Detroit Rivers, with Detroit for its seat of justice.

Over this vast region, now teeming with a population so numerous, intelligent, and wealthy, there were then but a few small settlements, widely separated from each other. Often the unbroken wilderness extended for hundreds of miles, unenlivened by a single hut of a white man. The only routes of travel were the rivers, over whose solitary waters the birch canoes could glide, or the narrow trail of the Indian.

Great efforts were now made by land speculators, who had purchased large tracts of territory, to induce emigrants to take up the lots. The Ohio and Scioto Companies had sent Joel Barlow, for this purpose, to Europe. In the following glowing language, he described, to the toiling artisans in the thronged streets of Paris, the new Eden to which they were invited, beyond the Atlantic. It was indeed a picture to allure the toiling, half-famished artisans of that great metropolis.

"The climate of Ohio is wholesome and delightful. Frost, even in winter, is almost entirely unknown. The river, called by way of eminence, 'The Beautiful,' abounds in excellent fish of a vast size. There are noble forests, consisting of trees which spontaneously produce sugar. There is a plant which yields ready-made candles. There is venison in plenty, the pursuit of which is uninterrupted by wolves, foxes, lions, or tigers. A couple of swine will multiply themselves a hundred fold in two or three years, without taking any care of them. There are no taxes to pay, and no military services to be performed."

The distinguished French traveler, Volney, who visited this country in 1795, commenting upon these statements, writes :

"These munificent promisers forgot to say that these forests must be cut down before corn could be raised ; that, for a year at least, they must bring their daily bread from a great distance ; that hunting and fishing are agreeable amusements, when pursued

for the sake of amusement, but are widely different when followed for the sake of subsistence; and they quite forgot to mention that, though there be no lions or tigers in the neighborhood, there are wild beasts infinitely more cunning and ferocious, in the shape of men, who were at that time at open and cruel war with the whites.

"In truth, the market value of these lands at that time, in America, was no more than six or seven cents an acre. In France, in Paris, the imagination was too heated to admit of doubt or suspicion. And the people were too ignorant and uninformed to perceive where the picture was defective and its colors too glaring. The example, too, of the wealthy and reputedly wise confirmed the popular delusion. Nothing was talked of, in every social circle, but the paradise that was opened for Frenchmen in the western wilderness, the free and happy life to be led on the beautiful banks of the Scioto."

Now and then some remonstrance was uttered. Occasionally some one would warn the excited community that the representations were greatly exaggerated. Unfortunately for the French, about that time a French traveler, just returned from this country, published a book in Paris, entitled "New Travels in America." In this, we know not how influenced, he fully supports the statements of the Ohio and Scioto companies. Alluding to the Scioto organization, he writes:

"This company has been much calumniated. It has been accused of selling land which it does not possess, of giving exaggerated accounts of its fertility, of deceiving the emigrants, of robbing France of her inhabitants, and of sending them to be butchered by the savages. But the title of this association is incontestible. The proprietors are reputable men. The descriptions which they have given of the lands are taken from the public and authentic reports of Mr. Hutchins, Geographer of Congress. No person can dispute their prodigious fertility."

Such was the strain of eulogy which pervaded his book. He was regarded as an impartial witness. His endorsement wonderfully increased the confidence of the French community that a new earthly paradise was blooming for them on the banks of the Ohio, with fruit and flowers and bird-songs, which the unblighted garden of our first parents could scarcely have rivaled. The fascinating pages of Brissot completed the delusion. The office of the agency in Paris was thronged with eager buyers. Many of



GALLIPOLIS IN 1791

these were from the better classes of society. They often disposed of their earthly all at a great sacrifice to purchase bowers in the Eden of the Ohio.

About five hundred emigrants were thus induced to leave France for the New World. They were generally entirely unfitted to discharge the labors and grapple with the hardships of the wilderness. The company laid out a town for them on the banks of the Ohio, about four miles below the mouth of the Kanawha River, which was called Gallipolis, or the *City of the French*.

In anticipation of the arrival of the emigrants, forty men were employed by the Scioto Company in cutting a large clearing from the vast and gigantic forest which entirely covered the region. This clearing, which had the river on its south front, was on the other three sides bounded by the sublime primeval forest. On this large square, still encumbered with stumps, and presenting a very gloomy aspect to artisans from Parisian streets and avenues, eighty log cabins were erected. There were four rows, with twenty in each row. Each cabin contained one room. There were eight blocks, the cabins being united, like the blocks in a city, ten cabins in a block. At the four corners of these blocks, which formed in themselves quite a fortress, was built a strong block-house, two stories in height.

Above the cabins on the square were two other parallel rows of cabins, with a block-house at each corner. These were surrounded by a high and strong stockade fence. These works were of the character of a citadel, to which all the population could flee for protection in case of danger.

These upper cabins were constructed ten in each block. They were a story and a-half high, and were intended for the more wealthy families of the emigrants. They were built of hewed logs, and were a little more elaborately constructed than the rest. There was one large apartment finished off for a Council Chamber and a ball room. We will allow one of the emigrants himself, to tell the story of his experience. Let it be remembered, that Gallipolis was commenced two or three years before the campaign of General Wayne. Monsieur Meulette writes:

" I did not arrive until nearly all of the colonists were there. I descended the river in 1791, in flat boats, loaded with troops, commanded by General St. Clair, destined for an expedition against the Indians; some of my countrymen joined that expedi-

tion. Among others was Count Malartie, a captain in the French guard of Louis XVI. General St. Clair made him one of his aide-camps in the battle, in which he was severely wounded. He went back to Philadelphia, and thence returned to France.

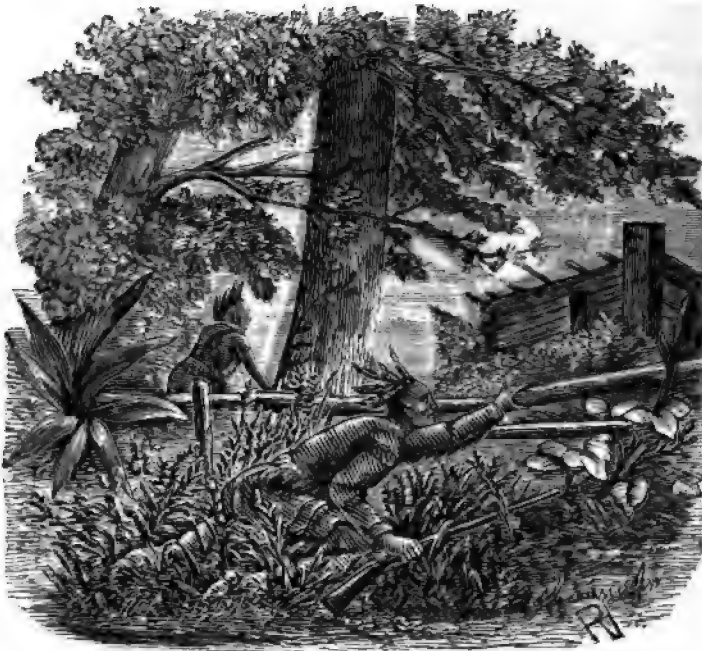
"The Indians were encouraged to greater depredations and murders by their success in this expedition, but most especially against the American settlements. From their intercourse with the French in Canada, they seemed less disposed to trouble us. Immediately after St. Clair's defeat, Colonel Sproat, who was commandant at Marietta, appointed four spies or rangers for Gallipolis. Two of these were Americans and two were French, of whom I was one. It was not until after the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, that we were released.

"Notwithstanding the great difficulties, the difference of temper, education and profession, the inhabitants lived in harmony. Having little or nothing to do, they made themselves agreeable and useful to each other. The Americans and hunters, employed by the company, performed the first labors of clearing the township, which was divided into lots. Although the French were willing to work, yet the clearing of an American wilderness and its heavy timber, was far more than they could perform. To migrate from the Eastern States to the far West, is painful enough, but how much more must it be for a citizen of a large European town? Even a farmer of the old countries would find it very hard, if not impossible, to clear land in the wilderness.

"Those hunters were paid by the colonists, to prepare their garden ground to receive the seeds brought from France. Few of the colonists knew how to make a garden; but they were guided by a few books on that subject, which they had brought likewise from France. The colony then began to improve in appearance and comfort. The fresh provisions were supplied by the company's hunters; the others came from their magazines.

"Many of the troops connected with the expeditions of Generals St. Clair and Wayne, stopped at Gallipolis for supplies, which had been deposited there by the government. Every morning and evening parties of the troops would go around the town, in the forest, to see if there were any traces of lurking Indians. The Indians, who doubtless *came there often in the night*, attacked one of these parties, killing and wounding several. One of the French colonists, who was endeavoring to raise some corn, at a little dis-

tance from the houses, saw an Indian, rising from ambush, and shot him through the shoulder. The Indian probably thought the Frenchman one of the American patrols. Sometime afterwards a Frenchman was killed, and a man and woman made prisoners, as they were going to a little distance from the town for ashes to make soap.



NIGHT SCENE.

“After this, although the Indians committed depredations on the Americans, on both sides of the river, the French suffered only from some cattle carried away. The Scioto Company, in the meantime, had nearly fulfilled all their engagements for a period of six months. After this time they ceased their supply of provisions for the colonists. One of their agents gave as a reason, that the company had been cheated by one or two of their agents in France. It was said that they, having received the funds in France, for the purchased lands, had kept the money and run off to England, without having purchased any of the tract which they had sold to the deceived colonists.

"This intelligence exasperated the French. It was the more sensibly felt, as a scarcity of provisions added to their disappointment. The winter was uncommonly severe. The creek and the Ohio River were frozen over. The hunters had no longer any meat to sell. Flat-boats could not come down with flour, as they had done before. This produced almost a famine in the settlement. A family of eight persons, father, mother, and children, was obliged to subsist for eight or ten days on dry beans, boiled in water, without either salt, grease, or bread, and this was a family which had never before known what it was to want for anything. On the other hand, the dangers from the Indians seemed to augment every day

"The colonists were, by this time, weary of being confined to a few acres of land. Their industry and their labor were lost. The money and clothes they had brought were nearly gone. They knew not to whom they were to apply to get their lands. They hoped that if Wayne's campaign forced the Indians to make a lasting peace, the Scioto Company would send immediately, either to recover or purchase those promised lands. But they soon found out their mistake. After the treaty of Greenville, many Indians passing through Gallipolis, on their way to the seat of government, and many travelers, revealed the whole transaction. It was ascertained that the pretended Scioto Company was composed of New Englanders, the names of very few only being known to the French; who, being ignorant of the English language, and so far from the residence of their defrauders, could get no redress.

"Far away in a distant land, separated forever from friends and relations, with exhausted means, was it surprising that they were disheartened? May the happy of this day never feel as they did, when all hope was blasted and they were left so destitute. Many of the colonists went and settled elsewhere, with the means that remained to them; and resumed their trades in more populous parts of the country. Others led a half-savage life as hunters for skins. The greater part, however, resolved, in a general assembly, to make a memorial of their grievances and send it to Congress. The memorial claimed no rights from that body; but it was a detail of their wrongs and sufferings, together with an appeal to the generosity and feelings of Congress.

"They did not appeal in vain. One of the colonists proposed

to carry the petition. He only stipulated that his expenses should be paid, by a contribution of the colonists, whether he succeeded or not. At Philadelphia, he met with a French lawyer, M. Duponceau, and through his aid he obtained from Congress a grant of twenty-four thousand acres of land, known by the name of the French Grant, opposite the Little Sandy River. This grant was for the French who were still resident at Gallipolis. The act annexed the condition of settling on the lands three years before receiving the deed of gift. As there were but ninety-two persons remaining in Gallipolis, and the bearer of the petition received four thousand acres of the grant, in consideration of his having purchased and paid for that amount, this left to each inhabitant a lot of two hundred and seventeen and a half acres.'

CHAPTER XXI.

HARDSHIPS AND PERILS.

GALLIPOLIS AND ITS FIRST SETTLERS—DR. SAUGRAIN—PRIVATIONS OF THE FRENCH EMIGRANTS—NARRATIVE OF MR. BRECKENRIDGE—GENERAL WILKINSON—TERMS OF SALE OF LANDS IN OHIO—RESULT OF THE SPECULATION OF THE SCIOTO LAND COMPANY—SECOND VISIT OF MR. BRECKENRIDGE TO GALLIPOLIS—THE FIRST GRIST MILL—TRAVELING IN OHIO IN 1799—JACOB FAUST—INDIAN SHOPPING—A BRIDAL DRESS—COLONEL MEIGS' ADVENTURE—JOSEPH KELLEY AND MISHALENA—INCIDENT—DEATH AND CHARACTER OF COLONEL MEIGS—INDIAN VILLAGES ON THE AUGLAISE—TERRIBLE DESOLATION.

MR. BRECKENRIDGE, in his recollections, gives a very graphic account of a visit to Gallipolis, in the year 1795, when he was a boy but nine years of age. The following extracts will give the reader some idea of the joys and griefs of the inexperienced pioneers:

' Behold me once more in port, and domiciliated at the house, or the inn, of Monsieur. or rather Dr. Saugrain, a cheerful, sprightly little Frenchman, four feet six, English measure, and a chemist, natural philosopher and physician, both in the English and French significations of the word.

"This singular village was settled by people from Paris and Lyons, chiefly artisans and artists, peculiarly unfitted to sit down in the wilderness and clear away forests. I have seen half a dozen at work in taking down a tree, some pulling ropes fastened to the branches, while others were cutting around it like beavers. Sometimes serious accidents would occur in consequence of their awkwardness. Their former employment had been only calculated to administer to the luxury of highly polished and wealthy societies.

"There were carvers and gilders to the king, coach makers, hairdressers and wig makers, who were entirely out of place in

the wilds of Ohio. Their means by this time had been exhausted, and they were beginning to suffer for the wants, and even the necessities of life. The country back from the river was still a wilderness, and the Gallipotians did not pretend to cultivate anything more than small garden spots, depending for their supply of provisions on the boats which now began to descend the river, but they had to pay in cash, and that had become scarce.

"They still assembled at the ball room twice a week. It was evident, however, that they felt disappointment, and were no longer happy. Their private misfortunes had reached their acme, in consequence of the discovery that they had no title to their lands, having been cruelly deceived by those from whom they had purchased. It is well known that Congress generously made them a grant of twenty thousand acres. From this, however, but few of them ever derived any advantage.

"As the Ohio was now more frequented, the house was occasionally resorted to, and especially by persons looking out for land to purchase. The doctor had a small apartment which contained his chemical apparatus, and I used to sit by him, as often as I could, watching the curious operations of his blow-pipe and crucible. I loved the cheerful little man, and he became very fond of me in return. Many of my countrymen used to come and stare at his doings, which they were half inclined to think had too near a resemblance to the black art. The doctor's little phosphoric matches, igniting spontaneously when the glass tube was broken, and from which he derived some emolument, were thought, by some, to be rather beyond human power. His barometer and thermometer, with the scale neatly painted with the pen, and the frames richly carved, were objects of wonder, and probably some of them are yet extant in the West. But what most astonished some of our visitors was a large peach in a glass bottle, the neck of which would only admit a common cork. This was accomplished by tying a bottle to the limb of a tree, with the peach, when young, inserted into it. His swans, which swam around basins of water, amused me more than any wonders exhibited by the wonderful man.

"The doctor was a great favorite with the Americans, as well for his vivacity and sweetness of temper, which nothing could sour, as on account of a circumstance which gave him high claim to the esteem of backwoodsmen. He had shown himself,

notwithstanding his small stature and great good nature, a very hero in combat with the Indians. He had descended the Ohio in company with two French philosophers, who were believers in the primitive innocence and goodness of the children of the forest. They could not be persuaded that any danger was to be apprehended from the Indians. As they had no intentions to injure that people, they supposed that no harm could be meditated on their part.

"Doctor Saugrain was not altogether so well convinced of their good intentions. Accordingly he kept his pistols loaded. Near the mouth of the Sandy, a canoe, with a party of warriors, approached the boat. The philosophers invited them on board by signs, when they came, rather too willingly. The first thing they did, on coming on board the boat, was to salute the two philosophers with the tomahawk. And they would have treated the doctor in the same way, but that he used his pistols with good effect; killed two of the savages, and then leaped into the water, diving like a dipper at the flash of the guns of the others, and succeeded in swimming to the shore, with several severe wounds, whose scars were conspicuous.

"The doctor was married to an amiable young woman, but not possessing as much vivacity as himself. As Madam Saugrain had no maid, her brother, a boy of my age, and myself, were her principal helps in the kitchen. We brought water and wood, and washed the dishes. I used to go in the morning about two miles for a little milk, sometimes on the frozen ground, bare-footed. I tried a pair of sabots, or wooden shoes, but was unable to make any use of them, although they had been made by the carver to the king. In the Spring and Summer a good deal of my time was passed in the garden, weeding the beds. Towards the latter part of Summer, the inhabitants suffered severely from sickness and want of provisions. Their situation was truly wretched. The swamp in the rear, now exposed by the clearing between it and the river, became the cause of a frightful epidemic, from which few escaped and many became its victims. I had recovered from the ague, and was among the few exempted from the disease. But our family as well as the rest, suffered much from absolute hunger, a most painful sensation, as I had before experienced.

"To show the extremity of our distress, on one occasion the brother of Madam Saugrain and myself, pushed a light canoe to



ALLEN TRIMBLE
Governor 1822-1826-30.

an island above town, where we pulled some corn, took it to mill, and, excepting some of the raw grains, had nothing to eat from the day before, until we carried home the flour and made some bread; but we had neither milk nor meat. I had learned to be thankful when I had a sufficiency of wholesome food, however plain, and was blessed with health.

"I had been nearly a year at Gallipolis when Captain Smith, of the United States Army, came along, in advance of the barge of General Wilkinson. According to the request of my father, he took me into his custody, for the purpose of bringing me once more to my native place. He remained two or three days, waiting for the general, and in the meantime procured me hat, shoes and clothes, befitting a gentleman's son, and then took me on board his boat. Shortly after the general overtook us, I was transferred on board his barge as a playmate for his son Biddle, a boy of my own age. The general's lady, and several ladies and gentlemen, were on board his boat, which was fitted up in a style of convenience, and even magnificence, scarcely surpassed even by the present steamboats. It was propelled against the stream by twenty-five or thirty men, sometimes by the pole, the cordelle, and often by the oar. There was also a band of musicians on board, and the whole had the appearance of a party of pleasure.

"My senses were overpowered. It seemed an elysium. The splendor of the furniture, the elegance of the dresses, and then the luxuries of the table, to a half-starved creature like me, produced an effect which can scarcely be described. Every repast was a royal banquet; and such delicacies were placed before me as I had never seen before, and in sufficient abundance to satiate my insatiable appetite. The general's countenance was continually lighted up with smiles, and he seemed *faire le bonheur* of all around him. It seemed his business to make every one happy. His countenance and manners were such as I have rarely seen; and now that I can form a more just estimate of them, were such as better fitted him for a court than a republic. His lady was truly an estimable person, of the mildest and softest manners. She gave her son and myself a reproof one day, a reproof which I never forgot. She saw us catching minnows with pin-hooks, made us desist, and then explained to us the cruelty of taking away life wantonly from the humblest thing in creation "

It is not generally supposed that the Scioto company intended

to defraud the emigrants. The company included many men of established integrity of character. It was formed solely as a land speculation. The richest of the western lands could be purchased of Congress for sixty-six cents an acre. Payment could be made in continental paper, which could then be purchased in almost any quantities at so enormous a discount that the actual cost per acre would not be more than eight or ten cents. The terms offered to the emigrants by the company were, that they would take them to their lands, paying the expense of transportation, supply them with food, and at the end of three years give them a deed of fifty acres of land and a cow. For this the emigrant was bound to work for the company for the three years, draining marshes, clearing the forest, and raising crops for the rapidly increasing market, or to pay down a certain sum.

If the labor of the emigrant was worth fifty cents per day in addition to his food, his cabin and his other incidental expenses, the company would receive about one hundred dollars an acre. This certainly afforded scope for a very brilliant speculation. But the chickens were indeed counted unhatched. The adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the successful establishment of the government under Washington, greatly raised the price of governmental securities. The Scioto company failed to make the expected purchase. All its affairs were thrown into confusion by bad management. Colonel Rufus Putnam contracted to build the block-houses and cabins; but the company failed of payment, and he lost a large sum of money. In the meantime, Joel Barlow in France, had engaged his five hundred emigrants. They had already embarked and were on their way. The result was misery and ruin.

We have given some extracts from the "recollections" of Mr. Breckenridge of his visit to the French colony, in the year 1795, just after the arrival of the emigrants. Twelve years after this in the year 1807, he revisited Gallipolis, and gives the following interesting account of the changes which those few intervening years had introduced :

"As we passed Point Pleasant and the island below it, Gallipolis, which I looked for with anxious feelings, hove in sight. I thought of the French inhabitants; I thought of my friend Saugrain, and I recalled, in the liveliest colors, the incidents of that portion of my life which was passed here. A year is a long time

at that period. Every day is crowded with new, and great, and striking events. When the boat landed, I ran up the bank and looked around. But alas, how changed! The Americans had taken the town in hand, and no trace of *antiquity*, that is of twelve years ago, remained. I hastened to the spot where I expected to find the abode, the little log-house tavern, and laboratory, of the doctor. But they had vanished like the palace of Aladdin. After some inquiry, I found a little Frenchman who, like the old woman of Goldsmith's Village, was the sad historian of the deserted plain; that is, deserted by one race to be peopled by another.

"He led me to where a few logs might be seen, as the only remains of the once-happy tenement which had sheltered me; but all around it was a common: the town had taken a different direction. My heart sickened; the picture which my imagination had drawn—the scenes which my memory had loved to cherish—were blotted out and obliterated. A volume of reminiscences seemed to be annihilated in an instant. I took a hasty glance at the new town, as I returned to the boat. I saw brick houses, painted frames, fanciful enclosures, ornamental trees! Even the pond, which had carried off a third of the French population by its malaria, had disappeared, and a pretty green had usurped its place, with a neat brick court house in the midst of it. This was too much; I hastened my pace, and with sorrow once more pushed into the stream."

Though the grinding of corn by a hand-mill was a great improvement upon pounding it in a rude mortar, still the process was slow and laborious. Very many settlers had no mill, but were compelled to rely upon what was called the "hominy mortar."

It is said that the first mill carried by water-power was built upon a boat or float on the Little Miami River. The boat was firmly anchored in the middle of the stream, or tied to some tree, on the bank. The great mill-wheel was slowly turned by the force of the current. It was an inefficient concern, yet so far superior to anything before enjoyed, that settlers often came to it from quite a distance. Soon a larger boat of the same general character, was built upon the Ohio. But with the rapid increase of population which peace secured, these conveniences were increased and multiplied. Grist mills began to rise in various parts of the vast territory, where rushing streams afforded a good water-

power. It was not uncommon for the pioneer to take two or three pack-horses, load them with sacks of corn, and set out on a journey of twenty or thirty miles to have the grist ground.

As his route often led through a pathless forest, where there was not even an Indian trail to guide his steps, it was necessary for him to take with him a gun and ammunition, an ax, a pocket-compass, a blanket and bells. At times it was necessary to cut a path through the dense woods, or to bridge some small stream. If night overtook him on his way, he must procure fuel for his fire, and game for his supper. With powder he could soon kindle his fire, and, experienced in all the emergencies of a backwoodsman's life, he could speedily rear for himself a shelter against wind or rain. The bright flame of his fire would also drive off the approach of wild animals. Having removed the loads from the horses, the bells were attached to their necks, and they were driven forth to find such pasturage as the forest afforded. The pioneer often doubtless shot some game by the way, and he knew well where to find and how to cut the most delicious morsels. With his blanket or his buffalo-robe spread upon the ground, and his feet towards the fire, the weary traveler, in the solitudes of the forest, with the wind wailing his lullaby in the branches of the trees, richly enjoyed the blessing of sleep.

With the dawning of day he sprang from his couch, and eagerly listened for the bells, which would guide him to the spot where his horses were brousing. They were too weary and hungry to stray far. He could generally find a spot for his encampment where there was a sufficiency of forage. Having collected and loaded his animals, and partaken of his breakfast, he was again upon his way.

After the peace of Greenville, the emigrant could take these journeys without fear of being murdered and scalped by the Indians. The hardships to be encountered by the settler are in themselves very severe. If we add to them the horrors of Indian warfare, it would seem that they must be unendurable. After this long journey the emigrants often had to wait one or two days before his turn for the grinding would come.

One of these backwoodsmen, a noble man, whose name deserves to be perpetuated, Jacob Faust, had a sick wife whom he tenderly loved. There was nothing in the coarse fare of the cabin which her delicate appetite could relish. He purchased a bushel of

wheat, took it upon his shoulders and traveled seventy miles, through the trails of the forest, to a mill at what is now Zanesville. Here he had his wheat ground and bolted and carried back to the sick bed of his wife food which she could enjoy.

The pioneers, as well as the Indians, relied mainly upon the furs, which they obtained by trapping or in the chase, for means to purchase, by barter, the few necessities which they could not raise on their lands. There was an Indian trail, which the moccasined feet had trodden for unknown generations, leading across Ohio from the Valley of the Sandusky to the Tuscarawas. As the relations of peace continued and were strengthened, trading houses were established on many of these routes. It was not an uncommon sight to see a single hunter coming to one of the trading posts in the Spring, with twenty horses laden with his Winter's work. This consisted generally of furs, jerked venison and bear's oil. Their horses were loose, and either from training or instinct followed each other in single file.

Their mode of conducting business was peculiar, and yet quite in harmony with the undemonstrative and taciturn character of the Indian. A group of Indians would walk into the merchant's store, and silently, perhaps, without any recognition of the merchant, each take one of the seats which were always in readiness for them. The merchant then presented a small quantity of tobacco to each one. They lighted their pipes and deliberately smoked, occasionally exchanging with each other a few words in a low tone of voice. In the meantime their eyes were glancing over the store, at the stock of goods exhibited for sale.

At length one would rise, advance to the counter, and, taking the yard-stick, would point to some article and inquire "How much?" The established currency consisted of furs. A muskrat skin was equivalent to a quarter of a dollar; a raccoon skin, a third of a dollar; a doe skin, half a dollar; a buck skin, one dollar. Perhaps the article at which he pointed would be a brass kettle. The merchant would simply reply two dollars and a half.

There was never one word of chaffering. The Indian never endeavored to cheapen the article—to beat down the price. If dissatisfied with the price, he would express no dissatisfaction, but would quietly turn to some other article. If satisfied, he would take from his pack two buck skins and a raccoon skin, or furs equivalent to that amount, and lay them upon the counter. Hav-

ing made this purchase and paid for it, he would then turn to another article. He always paid for each thing before inquiring for anything else.

When he was through, another, we know not by what law of precedence, took his turn. There was never any strife or bickering among them. They were very careful not to trade when intoxicated. They however generally reserved some of their skins with which to buy whisky, after all their other purchases were made. They would then, in the evening, meet around their camp fire and have a barbarian carouse until morning.

Nearly all articles of dress were of domestic manufacture. Wolves so abounded that sheep could not be kept. Their depredations were so great, that very early in the settlement of the state a bounty was offered of from four to six dollars for their scalps. This rendered wolf-hunting, in some sections, very lucrative employment.

Wool being thus unattainable, many of the garments were made of flax or hemp, homespun. The skins of deer, when nicely dressed, afforded very warm and comfortable clothing, and was much worn by the men. A woman in a cotton check was considered superbly dressed for her bridal. A yard of this material then cost one dollar, and five yards gave an ample pattern for bridal robes.

Return Jonathan Meigs, subsequently Governor of Ohio, was one of the first settlers of Marietta. He was born at Middletown, Connecticut, in 1765. He graduated at Yale College, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in his native town. He took an active and very heroic part in the conflict of the Revolution. At the close of the war he was appointed one of the surveyors of the Ohio Company. In the year 1788 he landed at Marietta, and entered upon the duties of his office. He immediately entered upon a survey of the meanderings of the Ohio River, from the Muskingum down to the mouth of the Big Sandy. In this adventure he encountered many perils and hardships. Quite a well armed party accompanied him, and he returned to Marietta in safety, though another company connected with his had seven men shot by the Indians.

Colonel Meigs' residence at Marietta was in the Campus Martius, he being a part of the garrison which held that fortress. He had planted a small field of corn upon the west side of the river, not

far from Fort Harmar. To reach this field he crossed the Muskingum River in a canoe, and then walked nearly a mile in a narrow path through the dense forest. One pleasant morning in June, Colonel Meigs went with a colored servant boy and a hired laborer, Joseph Symonds, to his corn-field. With imprudence, which seems to us now to have amounted to unpardonable recklessness, neither the boy nor the hired man took their rifles. Flocks of wild turkeys were then extraordinarily abundant, and Colonel Meigs carried a small shot-gun, that he might bring home with him some of the game which he was sure to meet with by the way. A hundred turkeys in a flock were not uncommon, and these of extraordinary fatness.

As they were returning at the close of the afternoon, just before they reached the river, Colonel Meigs not having chanced to have met any turkeys by the way, discharged his gun at a large snake which crossed his path. At the moment, two Indians, lying in ambush, and who had been watching the movements of the party, seeing that two were without guns, and that the one only gun they had was empty, sprang into the path but a few steps behind them, and firing, shot Symonds through the shoulder. Symonds, who was a very powerful man, with his arm thus disabled, rushed down the banks, plunged into the Muskingum, and floating and swimming with the rapid current, was soon picked up by a canoe from Fort Harmar. The garrison had heard the two guns, and were on the watch, apprehensive of danger. The black boy endeavored to follow Symonds. One of the Indians pursued him, buried the tomahawk in his brain, and with a yell of savage delight, stripped off his scalp. Colonel Meigs rushed upon the savage who had discharged his rifle, and with his clubbed gun endeavored to beat him down. The Indian did the same. Each struck the other a staggering blow, but neither was disabled. Colonel Meigs was in the vigor of his early manhood, and a very swift runner. He dropped his gun, and with the utmost speed commenced his flight towards Fort Harmar. The powerful and athletic savage, with equal speed pursued. For sixty or eighty rods there was no perceptible advantage on either side; but every rod passed over was bringing the Colonel nearer the protection of the fort.

Colonel Meigs soon encountered a deep gulley traversing his path. Life and death hung trembling in the balance. With a prodigious effort he leaped the run. The savage could not accom-

plish the feat. Stopping upon the brink he uttered a loud yell of disappointment and rage, and hurled his tomahawk at his foe. The weapon missed its aim. The yell of the savage was heard at both Fort Harmar and Campus Martius, rousing both garrisons to arms. Colonel Meigs rushed in at the gates of Fort Harmar, which were open to receive him. The Indians, with the scalp of the boy as the trophy of their triumph, fled into the depths of the wilderness. Symonds, though very painfully wounded, eventually recovered.

In the triumphant campaign of General Wayne to the Maumee country, Colonel Meigs took an active part. He was commissary of the clothing department, and after the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, distributed such clothing as had been promised to the Indians, as well as to our own troops. He was also appointed to see that all the prisoners held by the Indians were released, as stipulated in the articles of the treaty. He made very careful investigations to ascertain what captives had been taken by the savages, and what had been their fate.

There was a poor widow residing at Marietta by the name of Kelly. Four years before this, their lonely cabin had been attacked by the Indians, who had killed her husband, carried away her little son Joseph as a captive, while she had almost miraculously escaped. From that dreadful hour the bereaved and widowed mother had never received any tidings whatever from her child. She knew not if he were living or dead. The sympathies of Colonel Meigs were strongly excited in behalf of this afflicted woman whom he well knew. He made all possible inquiries for Joseph, but could learn nothing of him. As the Indians very seldom put boys to death, after taking them prisoners, Colonel Meigs was of the impression that the child was still living, held by some family who had become attached to him, and were reluctant to give him up.

In the Autumn of 1795, the Indians had brought in and surrendered, as they said, all their captives. Still no Joseph Kelly was among them. Colonel Meigs, however, continued to inquire for him of every new Indian whom he met. At length two savages came to the settlement, who, upon being closely questioned, said that there were two white boys in an Indian family far away in the wilderness near the head-waters of the Auglaise River. Colonel Meigs immediately dispatched a white man, with one of these Indians

as a guide, to ascertain the facts. Threading the trails of the forest for many leagues, they at length reached a cluster of a few Indian huts, surrounded by the solitudes of the forest. Here they found Joseph, and another boy by the name of Bill. Joseph was in the family of an old Indian warrior by the name of Mishalena. The old man had lost in the war with the white man, all of his sons, five in number. He had but one child, a daughter left. He had adopted Joseph, the child of his mortal enemies, as his own son. He was but six years of age when captured, and was now eleven. Joseph had become so much attached to his new parents, his forest home, and the Indian boys with whom he was associated, that he was very reluctant to leave them.

He always testified that his adopted father, Mishalena, was one of the most kind and benevolent men he had ever met with. He was a man of noble aspect, and dignified demeanor, and he treated his adopted son with all the tenderness which a Christian father could have displayed. The old man in his prime had been one of the most noted hunters of the tribe. He was extremely popular, and was still regarded as one of their most able counselors. Joseph says that his adopted mother, whose name was Patepsa, was of a less genial and affectionate temperament, though she always treated him kindly, and gave him plenty of food when she had it. Yet she never accepted him with the hearty good will and tenderness which the father manifested. Still she evidently loved him, perhaps, as strongly as it was in her nature to love any one. They had given Joseph a new name, that of Lala. He had been with them so long that he had forgotten his native language, and most of the incidents of his earlier life.

The other boy, whose name was Bill, was captured when so young that he had entirely forgotten the family name. He had but a dim recollection of an awful midnight scene of conflagration and blood, when all were killed but himself. A warm-hearted Indian widow, who had no children, had adopted him, and apparently loved him with all the fondness with which any mother could love a child. She parted with him with tears of anguish, and the boy had no desire to leave so loving a mother.

Mishalena and Patepsa accompanied their loved boy to Greenville. The father gave him at parting a beautiful bow and arrows, made with his own hands. Upon the arrival of the two boys at Fort Greenville, no ordinary observer could discern any difference

between them and other Indian boys. Bronzed by exposure to the weather, speaking the language, wearing the dress, and having insensibly imbibed all the habits of the Indians, there was but little external evidence that the white man's blood flowed through their veins. As soon as they reached the fort, Colonel Meigs sent for a tailor and fitted them with warm woolen dresses. The blanket and leggins of the Indian were thrown aside.

But a short time before this rescue of the boys, Colonel Meigs wrote to Mrs. Kelly that he could learn no tidings of her lost child, and that in all probability he was dead. Joseph's mother had described to Colonel Meigs the color of his hair, his eyes, and his general features. So accurately had she done this that, at the first glimpse of the two boys, he selected Joseph. On being questioned, he remembered the names of his brothers and sisters, and that his own name was Joseph Kelly. This satisfied the colonel that he had found the lost son of the sorrowing widow. She was a Christian mother, and, from the time of his capture, never had a day passed without his being remembered in her prayers. So anxious was the sympathetic, kind-hearted colonel to restore the boy to his mother, that he started in February to cross the pathless swamps and dense forests of Ohio for distant Marietta. A young, active and intelligent Indian guided the party, which consisted of six soldiers and eight horses. They made almost a bee-line through the wilderness, until they struck the Muskingum River at Big Rock, which was a noted Indian landmark about twenty-four miles above Marietta.

While upon this journey an incident occurred which exhibits very strongly the sagacity of the Indian in traversing the forest. One day a severe storm came on. The smothering snow-flakes filled the air so that they could see but a few rods before them. They were in the midst of a vast swamp, covered with a very thick growth of beech trees. Most of the party became bewildered. Colonel Meigs took out his compass, and after carefully examining it, pointed to the east as the direction in which their course lay. But the Indian, whose name was Thom, shook his head and pointed to the southeast. The colonel, having more confidence in the accuracy of the compass than in the sagacity of the Indian, insisted on following the guidance of the needle. The Indian at length became irritated, and exclaimed in broken English, "What care I for compass," shouldered his musket and pursued his own

course. They all followed the Indian and soon found that he was right, and the colonel and the compass wrong.

The party reached Marietta early in March, and the mother had the unspeakable satisfaction of again clasping in her arms her long lost son, for whom she had so perseveringly and fervently prayed. It was through the unwearied efforts of Colonel Meigs that this was accomplished. A few years after this he was appointed by President Jefferson Indian Agent among the Cherokees. He resided in their country until his death in 1832. It has been truly written of him :

"During a long life of activity and usefulness, no man ever sustained a character more irreproachable than Colonel Meigs. He was a pattern of excellence, as a patriot, philanthropist and Christian. In all the vicissitudes of fortune, the duties of religion were strictly observed, and its precepts strikingly exemplified. In the discharge of his duties among the Cherokees, he acquired their highest confidence. They loved and revered him as a father, denominating him for his integrity and uprightness, 'The White Path.'"

Joseph Kelly, after his return to his friends, gave a very affecting account of the ruin and devastation inflicted upon his Indian friends by the army of General Wayne. Their villages on the Auglaise and the Maumee were very comfortably built. Their cabins, though lowly, furnished warm and cheerful homes for their inmates. They were supplied with many convenient articles of furniture, some of which had been constructed at an immensity of labor. They had also, with their furs, purchased of the white traders many articles of inestimable value to them, such as kettles, hatchets, and garden tools. They had articles of clothing, very elaborately and laboriously made, and often richly ornamented with embroidery, beads and fringes. They had also provided themselves with comfortable beds, with bedding of blankets and furs. In these dwellings were to be found the sick, the aged, and the new born babes. Each little hut had its garden and its corn-field, which were carefully cultivated by the women. In these they raised quite a rich supply of corn, beans, melons, squashes, and other vegetables. They had also some fine orchards.

The avenging army was commissioned to destroy every thing. Fearfully it accomplished its work. The most awful devastation swept the whole land. It would seem that the terrified and flying

Indians themselves, when caught sight of, men, women and children, were shot down as wolves would be shot by the hunter. This may have been deemed, under the circumstances, a necessary policy. But it was terribly cruel, though it must be admitted, that it proved effective. Major Jonathan Haskell, who was a prominent actor in these scenes, writes :

"We have marched through the Indian settlements for about sixty miles. We have destroyed several thousand acres of corn, beans, and all kinds of vegetables, and burned their houses, with their furniture and tools. A detachment has gone to Fort Recovery for a supply of provisions for the troops, and when it returns we shall march up the Miami, sixty miles to where the St. Mary's unites with the St. Joseph's, and destroy all the corn in that country."

It is said that even the British troops, in their inroads upon the white settlements during the Revolutionary War, were never guilty of atrocities more horrible than were inflicted by our armies upon these native inhabitants of the soil. Joseph Kelly, then a boy of twelve years, was residing with his aged adopted parents in a very pleasant Indian village, at the junction of the Auglaise and the St. Mary's Rivers. All the warriors were gone; only the aged men, the women and the children, remained. Joseph had found there a very happy home. One morning, just after sunrise, as he was playing with the little Indian boys and girls, whom he loved, an Indian runner came rushing into the village, and almost breathlessly announced that the Indians had been utterly defeated by General Wayne, and that a large party of white men, on horseback, was rapidly approaching, burning every house and shooting every Indian, old and young, male and female, whom they could overtake.

Dreadful was the consternation into which the little village was thrown. Not a moment was to be lost. In another instant, the dragoons might appear, applying the torch and shooting the helpless people. Terror-stricken, and with loud wailings, mothers with their babes, the aged men and the sick, rushed to the river, sprang into the birch canoes, and paddled up the stream, to find refuge in the remote fastnesses of the woods. They abandoned every thing. They had scarcely a blanket to wrap around them in the chill night. Scarcely had the canoes disappeared beyond the curvatures of the stream ere the clatter of the horses was heard,

as the avengers entered the doomed village. Had a single canoe remained in sight, it would certainly have been riddled by the bullets of the sharpshooters, and Joseph Kelly and Bill might have been slain by their own countrymen. The torch was applied to the village; every house was burned; every fruit-bearing tree was cut down; every garden and field was laid waste. The melons were just beginning to ripen, and rich squashes embellished the gardens. The vines were pulled up by the roots, and all such products of the soil were devoured by the horses or trampled under their feet.

When the Indians again cautiously returned to their desolated homes, even their imobility was softened, and they wept bitterly over the ruin which had overtaken them, and the still greater ruin impending. The autumnal season would soon pass away. Cold Winter would soon be upon them. They had no houses, no sufficient clothing, no tools, no food. Starvation and misery stared them in the face.

Their worst anticipations were more than realized. All suffered from cold and hunger; many perished in lingering wretchedness. Game was by no means sufficient to supply their wants. They were in the habit of laying up their winter's stores as regularly as the white people. Those who survived the Winter were barely kept alive by the few deer they could shoot, and fish they could catch.

Alas for man! The most mournful of all themes is the history of the nations. War and woe have, since the fall, been the lot of humanity. How long, O Lord! how long!

CHAPTER XXII.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

CHARACTER OF THE EARLY SETTLERS OF OHIO—JAMES MITCHELL VARNUM—HIS CHARACTER, APPEARANCE AND DRESS—HE REMOVES TO MARIETTA—HIS FAILING HEALTH—HIS LETTER TO HIS WIFE—WILLIAM DANA—COLONEL BATELLE—HIS BIRTH, EDUCATION AND CHARACTER—CATCHING A BEAR—MAJOR GOODALE—HIS FORESIGHT—HIS DISAPPEARANCE—DR. TRUE—CRUELTY OF PROWLING INDIANS—CAPTAIN HUBBELL—HIS HEROISM—CAREFUL PREPARATIONS—FEARFUL BATTLES—SAVAGES DEFEATED.

As we have mentioned, the majority of the early pioneers in the settlement of Ohio were very noble men, intellectually, morally and religiously. They were generally men who revered the religion of Jesus Christ; who recognized God as our common father, and all men as brothers. In heart and life they wished to adopt the fundamental rule of Christianity in their intercourse with their fellow men, Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you. They would have had no difficulty with the Indians but for the worthless, vagabond white men, who roamed the country as regardless of right as fiends from pandemonium would have been, and whom no laws could restrain.

Among these good men who aided in laying the foundations of the State of Ohio, James Mitchell Varnum deserves honorable mention. He was one of those in whom all the elements of manhood seemed to be thoroughly developed. He had a kind heart, a mind highly cultivated, a devout Christian spirit, and physical energies which it would seem nothing could tire. Mr. Varnum was born in Dracut, Massachusetts, in 1749, and graduated at Brown University, at the age of twenty, with the first honors of his class. He was distinguished alike for his mathematical abilities, his classical attainments, and his extraordinary gymnastic skill. He was a very active and efficient officer in the Revolution-

ary war, was very highly regarded by Washington, and attained the rank of brigadier general. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law at East Greenwich, and attained great celebrity for his remarkable oratorical powers. In the year 1786 he was elected to Congress, where he more than sustained the reputation he had already gained as a man of uncommon talents and brilliant eloquence.

Much of the old English aristocratic feeling at that time pervaded the colonies. There was generally a marked distinction between the dress of the so-called gentleman and the commoner. General Varnum always appeared elegantly dressed. The following is a description of his person and attire as seen on the floor of Congress:

"General Varnum appeared with a brick-colored coat, trimmed with gold lace; buckskin small clothes, with gold lace bands; silk stockings and boots; a high, delicate and white forehead, eyes prominent and of a dark hue, his complexion rather florid; somewhat corpulent, well proportioned, and finely formed for strength and agility; large eyebrows; nose straight and rather broad; teeth perfectly white; a profuse head of hair, short on the forehead, turned up some, and deeply powdered and clubbed. When he took off his cocked hat he would lightly brush his hair forward, and with a fascinating smile take his seat."

It will be remembered that the Ohio Land Company originated with the disbanded officers of the revolutionary army. They had but little chance of obtaining any pay for their services unless they took it in land. General Varnum was appointed one of the directors of this company. When General Arthur St. Clair entered upon his office as Governor of the Northwestern Territory, General Varnum, Samuel H. Parsons and John Cleaves Symmes were appointed Judges of the Supreme Court. General Varnum immediately repaired to Marietta, where he arrived in June of 1788. In the fourth of July celebration at Fort Harmar, to which we have before alluded, General Varnum delivered the oration. It is said to have been a production of unusual eloquence, and was published by order of the directors of the Land Company.

Soon after the arrival of General Varnum at Marietta, his health began to fail, and alarming symptoms of consumption made their appearance. Though he rapidly grew more feeble, he devoted himself with much energy to the fulfillment of all his duties. His

fine taste led him to exert himself to preserve those ancient remains at Marietta of a departed race, who must have inhabited the valley in ages long gone by. Ere long it became evident that his life was drawing to a close. From his dying bed he wrote to his absent wife the following letter. It has often been published as a fine specimen of elegant composition. It is worthy of record here, as illustrative of the character of the man and of the power of Christian faith to sustain one in the dread hour of departure from earth:

"My dearest and most estimable friend:

"I now address you from my sick chamber, and perhaps it will be the last letter that you will receive from me. My lungs are so far affected that it is impossible for me to recover but by exchange of air and a warm climate. I expect to leave this place on Sunday or Monday next for the Falls of the Ohio. If I feel myself mended by the tour, I shall go no further; but if not, and my strength should continue, I expect to proceed to New Orleans, and from thence, by the West Indies, to Rhode Island. My physicians, most of them, think the chances of recovery in my favor. However, I am not either elevated or depressed by the force of opinion, but shall meet my fate with humility and fortitude.

"I cannot, however, but indulge the hope that I shall again embrace my lovely friend in this world, and that we may glide smoothly down the tide of time for a few years, and enjoy together the more substantial happiness and satisfaction, as we have already the desirable pleasures of life. It is now almost nineteen years since Heaven connected us by the tenderest and most sacred of ties; and it is the same length of time that our friendship hath been increased by every rational and endearing motive. It is now stronger than death, and I am firmly persuaded will follow us into an existence of never-ending felicity.

"But, my lovely friend, the gloomy moment will arrive when we must part. And should it arrive during our present separation, my last, and only reluctant thought, will be employed about my dearest Martha. Life, my dearest friend, is but a bubble. It soon bursts, and is remitted to eternity. When we look back to the earliest recollections of youthful hours, it seems but the last period of our rest, and we appear to emerge from a night of slumbers, to look forward to real existence. When we look forward,

time appears as indeterminate as eternity, and we have no idea of its termination but by the period of our dissolution.

"What particular relation it bears to a future state, our general notions of religion cannot point out: we feel something constantly active within us, that is evidently beyond the reach of mortality; but whether it is a part of ourselves, or an emanation from the pure source of existence, or re-absorbed when death shall have finished his work, human wisdom cannot determine. Whether the demolition of the body introduces only a change in the manner of our being, or leaves it to progress infinitely, alternately elevated and depressed, according to the propriety of our conduct; or whether we return to the common mass of unthinking matter, philosophy hesitates to decide.

"I know, therefore, but one source from whence can be derived complete consolation in a dying hour; and that is, the divine system contained in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There life and immortality are brought to light. There we are taught that our existence is to be eternal; and, secure in an interest in the atoning merits of a bleeding Saviour, that we shall be inconceivably happy. A firm and unshaken faith in this doctrine must raise us above the doubts and fears that hang upon every other system, and enable us to view with a calm serenity the approach of the king of terrors, and to hold him as a kind and indulgent friend, speeding his shafts only to carry us the sooner to our everlasting home.

"But should there be a more extensive religion beyond the veil, and without the reach of mortal observation, the Christian religion is by no means shaken thereby, as it is not opposed to any principle that admits the perfect benevolence of the Deity. My only doubt is, whether the punishment threatened in the New Testament, is annexed to a state of unbelief which may be removed hereafter, and so a restoration take place, or whether the state of the mind at death irretrievably fixes its doom forever.

"I hope and pray that the Divine Spirit will give me such assurance of an acceptance with God, through the merits and sufferings of his Son, as to brighten the way to immediate happiness. Dry up your tears, my charming mourner, nor suffer this letter to give you too much disquietude. Consider the facts, at present, as in theory; but the sentiments such as will apply whenever the change may come.

"I know that humanity must and will be indulged in its keenest griefs; but there is no advantage in too deeply anticipating our inevitable sorrows. If I did not persuade myself that you would conduct yourself with becoming prudence and fortitude, upon this occasion, my own unhappiness would be greatly increased, and perhaps my disorder too; but I have so much confidence in your discretion as to unbosom my inmost soul.

"You must not expect to hear from me again, until the coming Spring, as the river will soon be shut up with ice, and there will be no communication from below, and if in a situation for the purpose, I will return as soon as practicable. Give my sincerest love to all those whom you hold dear. I hope to see them again, and love them more than ever.

"Adieu, my dearest friend, and while I fervently devote, in one undivided prayer, our immortal souls to the care, forgiveness, mercy, and all-prevailing grace of Heaven, in time and through eternity, I must bid you a long, long, long farewell,

"JAMES M. VARNUM."

Such were the thoughts and the utterances of a dweller in a log cabin, on the forest-covered banks of the Muskingum three-fourths of a century ago. There were many such men, in that band of pioneers of whom Ohio may justly feel proud. The disease of General Varnum made such rapid progress, that he was unable to leave Marietta. He died on the 8th of January, 1789, and was buried with all the marks of respect and affection which his noble character had elicited. His wife, Martha Childe, was a highly educated and accomplished woman, from one of the distinguished families of Rhode Island. She survived her husband forty-eight years.

In searching the annals of those ancient days we, now and then, catch a very vivid glimpse of the physical hardships which the settlers were called to endure. William Dana, from Worcester, Massachusetts, was captain of an artillery company in the Revolution. His means were limited, and he found it difficult to support a growing family from a New England farm. Accounts which he received from military associates who had emigrated to the Ohio, led him to follow them.

Leaving behind him at Amherst, New Hampshire, his wife and younger children, until he could make preparation to receive them, he took with him his two older boys, and reached Marietta the last

of June, 1789. It was too late to plant corn. He however built a small log cabin, and with his boys, commenced making bricks, the first which were made in the territory. These were in great demand for chimneys, and thus he supplied his immediate wants.

The next year he brought out his family, and joined the little colony of Belpre, which was situated on very beautiful meadow-land, just above the head of what has since been called Blennerhassett's Island. The first labor of these pioneers was to clear the land of the gigantic growth of forest trees which encumbered it. This left but little time to build a comfortable cabin, and the family were lodged in a mere shed, so small that all could not be accommodated in it at night. The two oldest boys slept in a covered shed.

Such were the humble beginnings of real prosperity. The climate was delightful. The land was fertile. Crops were abundant, and with the rapidly increasing emigration, brought good prices. We soon find Captain Dana in a well-built and well-furnished frame house, surrounded with fertile fields and a thrifty forest. Eight sons and three daughters in health and happiness surrounded his amply-provided table.

Colonel Battelle was another of these marked men whose virtues still live in the institutions which they established and maintained. He was born in Dedham, Massachusetts; the son of Christian parents, and was educated at Cambridge University, designing to enter the ministry. The Revolutionary struggle called him to the field of battle, where he attained the rank of colonel. At the close of the war he became partner in a book-store with Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, and married Anna Durant, daughter of a rich merchant of Boston.

On the formation of the Ohio Company, he became an associate, and was appointed one of their agents. It took him six weeks to effect the passage of the rugged defiles of the Alleghany mountains. He reached Marietta the latter part of May, 1788, and spent the Summer in erecting a comfortable dwelling for his family, who remained in Boston. The latter part of October, he recrossed the mountains to meet his wife and children at Baltimore, and conduct them in their long and toilsome journey over the Alleghanies. Mrs. Battelle, who had been nurtured amid all the luxuries of one of the most opulent families in Boston, found the journey excessively fatiguing. Having reached the Alleghany

River, they abandoned their wagons, and, with several other families from New England, embarked in a large flatboat, to float down to Marietta. They reached their destination in December. The Winter passed very pleasantly away. There were then many gentlemen and ladies of high worth and culture occupying the log cabins at the mouth of the Muskingum. Governor St. Clair was there, with Judges Varnum, Parsons and Symmes. Many of the officers who garrisoned the Forts Harmar and Campus Martius, were men of science and refinement. The weather chanced to be unusually mild and salubrious. The Indians were all friendly, and the remarkable assemblage of chieftains and warriors from many tribes added much to the novel attractions of the place. Game was abundant, and there was no peril in pursuing it at any distance from the forts. The river was unincumbered with ice, and boats with provisions and all needful articles were continually floating down from Pittsburgh. Such are the blessings of peace.

It was during this Winter that the plan was formed for establishing a new settlement, at Belprè or Beautiful Prairie. On the first of May, Colonel Battelle, with two of his sons, and another very distinguished emigrant, Griffin Greene, embarked at Marietta in a large canoe, with tools and provisions, to commence operations there. Others very soon joined them. Two strong block-houses were built, sufficiently capacious to accommodate them all. Not long after this, before any families had moved to the place, a party of officers from Fort Harmar, with quite a number of ladies from Marietta, took a very splendid barge, propelled by twelve rowers, and descended the river to pay their friends a visit. These were the first white females who had ever set foot on the soil of Belprè. They had a very merry time, nothing occurring to mar their enjoyment.

As the party set out on its return to the barge, Colonel Battelle, with a few of his friends, followed in a light birch canoe. While on the way, a huge bear was seen swimming across the river. Rapidly plying their paddles in the canoe, they soon overtook him. He was a very formidable animal, with teeth and claws which warned all to keep at a distance. One blow from his paws might have overturned the boat, or rent open its side. It would seem that there was no rifle in the canoe. It was necessary to approach the creature with extreme caution. Colonel Battelle seized him by the tail, and by raising his haunches, threw

his head under water. The half-suffocated animal was soon dispatched with an ax. He weighed over three hundred pounds, and his savory flesh afforded several very dainty feasts to the captors.

The colony of Belprè rapidly increased, and the celebrated fort called "Farmer's Castle," was built. The block-house, which Colonel Battelle had built for his family, occupied the northeast corner of the fort. A lower room of the building was fitted up for divine worship, and these religiously-disposed men had services there every Sabbath. The colonel's son, Ebenezer, a lad of fourteen years, who was drummer to the garrison, every Sabbath marched through the little settlement, summoning the inhabitants to the church. The colonel himself often officiated as chaplain. He frequently preached from the fullness of his own heart. Sometimes he read a sermon of some standard divine. Thus the Sabbath was honored, and the community ennobled. But as Satan entered Eden, so war came, eventually, to mar all this happiness.

Major Nathan Goodale was born in Brookfield, Massachusetts. In July, 1788, he arrived at the mouth of the Muskingum, with his family and several others from Massachusetts. It is worthy of notice, as illustrative of the foresight of the man, that when he left his native state in one of the strong, canvas-covered Ohio wagons, so well known in those days, instead of taking a team of horses or of oxen, as all others did, he selected three of the best cows and one of the finest bulls, and trained them to work together in a team. With these he drew his wagon, with his family and household goods, the whole distance across the mountains, to Wheeling. Here he took a boat, and with cattle, wagon and family, floated down the Ohio. The journey was accomplished with as much ease, and in as short a time, as could have been the case with the best oxen. He had also the advantage of a supply of milk for his family while on the road. The stock from this breed has been widely spread. The cattle are held in high estimation, for their graceful forms, gentle dispositions, and great abundance of milk.

Major Goodale united with the Belprè colony. He was esteemed as one of the most valuable members of the community. When the war with the Indians broke out in 1791, he was one of the most active in planning and erecting Farmer's Castle, and was

unanimously elected commandant of the garrison. Notwithstanding the war which mainly raged far away on the banks of the Maumee, and the Miamis, the colony at Belpèrè so increased that in the Winter of 1793 more families were assembled there than could be conveniently congregated within the walls of the fort in case of an assault. It was therefore decided to build two additional stockades; one a mile and a half below Farmers' Castle, on Major Goodale's farm, and another a little distance above, on Colonel Stone's land, nearly opposite the little Kanawha.



-CAPTURE OF MAJOR GOODALE.

Major Goodale removed his family to his new garrison. It was not known that there were any hostile Indians around, and there was no special occasion for watchfulness. But he had been but one week in his new home, when, on the morning of the first day of March, 1793, he went out to work, clearing his farm. A hired laborer, an Irishman by the name of John McGee, accompanied him. They were at work but about forty rods from the house. While John was grubbing up the bushes and small trees, Major Goodale with a yoke of oxen was at a little distance, hauling timber for rails. Suddenly he seemed to vanish, nobody knew how

or where. No gun was heard, no savage yell was uttered, no Indians were seen, no marks of a struggle could be found. Major Goodale had disappeared; that was all that was known. No clue whatever could be found. The first intimation that was had of the disaster was by some one in the garrison observing that the oxen were standing idle in the field, with no one near them. An hour passed and still there they stood. This excited surprise and some little alarm. John was still quietly at work, unconscious that anything unusual had happened.

A search was immediately instituted. In the woods, at some little distance from the clearing, there was a light layer of snow which the sun had not yet melted. Here at length was found the imprint of several moccasined feet. This indicated that Indians had been there. But no blood could be seen on the ground, and therefore they inferred that Major Goodale had been very strangely captured, but not killed. A small body of armed men followed the trail for a short distance, but soon lost it. The next day a larger party set out, but returned in discouragement, having learned nothing. Terrible was the distress of Mrs. Goodale and the children. The imagination brooded over the probable fate of the lost man. A deep gloom was thrown over the whole community; for Major Goodale had won the affection and confidence of them all. For six years not the slightest information could be obtained respecting his fate. It seemed as if an awful mystery hung over his destiny, which would never be revealed.

At the treaty of Greenville, when all the captives held by the Indians were given up, no intelligence whatever could be obtained respecting Major Goodale. At length, in the year 1799, Colonel Forest, who was an intimate friend of the Goodale family, was in Detroit, where he fell in with three Indians. They related to him the particulars of their capture of Major Goodale in the Spring of 1793. They said that a party of eight were out on the war-path, watching the settlements for an opportunity to make some attack. They had concealed themselves behind a small ridge in the vicinity of Belprè, when they heard a man calling to his oxen.

Cautiously they crept along when his back was turned to them, until they reached a point near which they knew he must soon come, and where he would be out of sight of the man who was working with him. When Major Goodale arrived at that spot, which was just in the edge of the wood, they rushed upon him, seized

him, and with the uplifted tomahawk, threatened him with instant death should he make the slightest noise. They bound his hands firmly behind him and commenced a rapid retreat. It was their intention to take him to Detroit, where they expected to obtain a large sum for his ransom.

When they reached the Valley of the Sandusky, their captive, exhausted by the hurried journey and mental agitation, fell sick. He was so utterly prostrated that he could travel no farther. They left him at the house of the wife of an Indian trader, a Mrs. Whitaker, where he almost immediately died of pleurisy. Mrs. Whitaker subsequently confirmed this statement. She said that the Indians left him at her house without inflicting any cruelty upon their captive. They had merely adopted such measures as were necessary to prevent his escape. Sad as was the fate of Major Goodale, it was a great relief to his friends to learn that he had not perished beneath the horrors of Indian torture. His memory was for many years affectionately cherished by his associates, who have now all passed away, and their descendants still honor the many virtues which adorned his character.

Dr. Jabez True was born in Hampstead, New Hampshire, in the year 1762, where his father, a highly educated man and a fine classical scholar, was pastor of the church. Jabez, having been thoroughly instructed by his father, entered upon the study of medicine, and commenced practice in Gilmanton, New Hampshire. Glowing descriptions had reached him, of the new earthly paradise to be found on the banks of the Ohio. He accordingly joined a party of emigrants from Newburyport, Massachusetts, and reached the mouth of the Muskingum early in the Summer of 1788. The country then presented the aspect of quite an unbroken wilderness. But few white men had as yet entered that region of hostile savages. There was more employment for strong arms to fell the forest and build log cabins than for medical practitioners.

The next year several young men from Boston, came to Marietta. They had heard much of the beauty and fertility of the Ohio Valley, and determined to see for themselves. Putting up a log cabin, they commenced clearing the land. But city young men are not often accustomed to swing the ax with sufficient perseverance to be good woodsmen. It is not strange that these laborious employments discouraged some of them, and when the

wars with the Indians threatened them with the scalping knife, they thought discretion the better part of valor, and returned to Boston.

Dr. True was of a more persevering nature. He had gone to the West with the deliberate intention of spending his life there, and from that purpose he could not easily be turned. His intelligence, energy and upright character, soon won for him the confidence of the community, and he was appointed assistant surgeon to the Ohio Company's troops. As there were several small stations in the vicinity of Marietta, it was necessary that he should be occasionally called from one post to another. These excursions, when hostile Indians were prowling about, watching from ambuscades to fire upon every unwary traveler, were at times extremely hazardous. As all these stations at that time were either upon the banks of the Muskingum or the Ohio, Dr. True generally made his trips in a birch canoe, well armed himself, and accompanied by two well armed soldiers.

Early in the Spring of 1792, one of the settlers of Belpré, Mr. Stephen Sherwood, went out one morning, soon after sunrise, to his field at a little distance from the house, but upon the banks of the river. At the same time his wife went to milk a cow which was standing about twenty yards from the gate of the upper block-house. Mr. Sherwood having reached his field, stepped into a thicket to cut an ox goad, intending to plow that day among the young corn. As he was cutting his stick, ten Indians who were waiting in ambush sprang upon him, overpowered him, and made him prisoner. Having bound him firmly, two of them remained to watch their captive, while the other eight stealthily crept down towards his cabin to capture his wife and plunder the dwelling. As Mrs. Sherwood was absorbed in milking, the noise of the milk falling into the pail preventing her from hearing the approach of moccasined footsteps, two of the Indians crept up behind and seized her. She was a strong, muscular woman, fifty years of age, who had always resided on the frontiers. She made such frantic struggles to escape that the savages became alarmed, and relinquishing their plan of taking her captive, struck her down with the tomahawk, and instantly commenced the operation of taking off her scalp. It was the work of but a moment. Two men, Peter Anderson and Joel Dewey, had just risen from their beds in the block-house, and were putting their rifles in order for a hunt.

Anderson's gun lay across his knee, and having taken off the lock, cleaned and oiled it, he was about to replace it when he heard the screams of Mrs. Sherwood, and rightly judged the cause.

He clapped on the lock without fastening it with the screws, and sprang up the staircase to fire through a port-hole, should any savage be in sight. He had taken deliberate aim at an Indian, and was just upon the point of firing when the lock dropped from his gun.

At this instant Joel Dewey, whose gun was in good condition, sprang to his side, took deliberate aim at the savage who was scalping Mrs. Sherwood, and shattered with his bullet the arm which was wielding the scalping knife, before the operation was accomplished. The Indians seeing the effect of this shot, and knowing not how soon others might follow it, precipitately fled.

Anderson and Dewey, though there were eight Indians to be encountered, heroically rushed from the block-house, seized the prostrate and insensible Mrs. Sherwood by the shoulders and feet, and brought her in at the gate. The Indians turned and discharged a volley of bullets, which fortunately did not strike either of them. The morning was foggy, the Indians were at quite a distance, and the movements of the pioneers were very rapid. Many of the bullets, however, pierced the logs on each side of the doorway.

Mrs. Sherwood remained for some time without any signs of life, having been thoroughly stunned by the dreadful blow. Her head was gashed in the most frightful manner, and the blood had flowed all over her person. At length there were some signs of returning sensibility. A young man took a birch canoe, and with his rifle as his only protection, paddled up the stream to Marietta, which place he reached before nightfall. Immediately Dr. True, ever ready to listen to the call of the distressed, embarked with him, and rapidly through the night they paddled down the stream, reaching the wounded woman in the early dawn of the morning. Under the doctor's kind and skillful care Mrs. Sherwood entirely recovered. Her husband soon after escaped from his captivity, and they lived many years happily together. Dr. True was a sincere Christian, a member of the Congregational Church in Marietta, and for many years one of its honored deacons.

In the year 1792, when the Indians were becoming very troublesome, and a general war with the savages seemed inevitable, Cap-

tain William Hubbell, with his family and two or three other families, nine of whom were men, were on the route across the mountains to find a new home somewhere on the banks of the beautiful river. Having reached the Alleghany River in their wagons some forty or fifty miles above Pittsburgh, they purchased one of the large flat-bottomed boats then in vogue for that purpose, and commenced floating down the stream. Rumors had reached them of many hostile acts of the Indians, and they deemed it necessary to practice the utmost caution. Their whole party numbered twenty, there being in addition to the nine men three women and eight children. It was the latter part of March—a lovely season in that genial clime. The streams were swollen by the Spring floods, and swept along with calm, majestic placidity to their final destination in the Gulf of Mexico. The buds were bursting into leaf on the luxuriant hill-sides, and the flowers were beginning to expand in great profusion. Hardly anything can be conceived of as more delightful for one who had the soul to enjoy it, than such a voyage through the luxuriance, silence and sublimity of the primeval forest. Water-fowl of varied plumage floated upon the unruffled surface of the stream; turkeys, often in immense flocks, were seen in the groves, while buffalo, deer, and other game, were browsing in the distant glades.

They passed by the little cluster of huts beneath the shelter of Fort Pitt, and entered the broad Ohio without encountering any alarm. They were careful to keep in the middle of the stream, and never to land for wood or game except at points where it was manifest that no Indians could lie in ambush. Thus they floated on day after day, enjoying ease and abundance, and feasting their eyes with the scenery opening around them. They made a short tarry at Fort Harmar; another at Gallipolis, where they heard alarming reports of the increasing hostility of the Indians, and of emigrant boats attacked and captured by savages in fleets of birch canoes.

Captain Hubbell, who had been appointed commander of the boat, made every preparation in his power to repel an attack should one be made. All the guns were put in perfect order, loaded and placed in the best position for immediate service. The nine men were divided into three watches for the night. They were to be on vigilant look-out alternately two hours at a time.

We have often had occasion to allude to the utter recklessness

sometimes practiced by the pioneers, which led to the most awful disasters which might easily have been averted by the exercise of a little prudence. There were now two very distinct classes of emigrants crowding into the boundless fields of the far West. The one class consisted of intelligent, industrious, Christian men and women, such as laid the foundations of Marietta and Cincinnati, and all the other thriving settlements in the Territory of the Northwest. Another class consisted of fugitives from justice, broken-down gamblers—profane, lazy and drunken.

On the evening of the 23d of March, Captain Hubbell overtook six boats laden with passengers of the latter description. When he first came in sight of these boats he was greatly rejoiced, thinking that by descending the river in their company, they could easily repel any force which the savages could bring against them. But he soon found to his great disappointment that he had fallen in with a gang with whom he could have no sympathies. They were a reckless set of desperadoes, upon whom no reliance could be placed in the hour of danger. They were fiddling, dancing, drinking, swearing, having adopted no precautions to repel an attack. Captain Hubbell therefore wisely considered it more hazardous to remain in such company than to be alone. He accordingly ordered his men vigorously to ply their oars, and the midnight revelers were soon left far behind.

One of the boats of this disgraceful fleet, commanded by Captain Greathouse, seemed to have adopted the same opinion with Captain Hubbell. He also left the reckless carousers, and for several miles followed closely in company with Captain Hubbell. But about midnight his crew became weary and fell asleep, and his boat also was left behind in the gloom.

Early in the morning, Captain Hubbell saw far in the distance down the river, a single birch canoe. It was unquestionably occupied by keen-eyed savages, who were on the watch to give notice to a war party of the approach of a boat.

Though no force whatever was to be seen, Captain Hubbell made immediate and vigorous preparations for battle. The force of the current would soon sweep him down to the point where the canoe had been seen, and from which it had disappeared. He ordered the boat to be kept well over on the left side of the river, so as to be out of gun-shot from the shore. Every man had his position, with his gun loaded, and a second one loaded by his

side. The women and children were directed, as soon as the action should commence, to lie flat on the cabin-floor. Trunks and other baggage were piled up around them, to prevent their being struck by bullets, which might pierce the plank sides of the boat. Scarcely were these preparations completed when a voice from the shore was heard, calling loudly, and in most piteous tones, to come to the shore, and take on board a white man who had escaped from the Indians. No attention whatever was paid to these supplications, for such attempts of the wily Indians to decoy boats were now well known. When the savages perceived that this stratagem had failed, the wailing voice of entreaty was changed into the coarsest language of vituperation and insult.

Quite a dense morning mist now covered the stream. But the splash of many distant paddles was heard, and soon three large Indian canoes, each filled with about twenty-five warriors, came rapidly upon the boat through the fog. Every man was in position. Captain Hubbell seemed as calm as though nothing unusual were occurring.

"Let not a gun," said he, "be fired till the savage is near enough for the flash to singe his eye-brows. Take deliberate aim, and be sure that every bullet shall kill an Indian. Try not to fire simultaneously, but endeavor to keep up such success in discharges that there shall be no interval between them."

Fearful were the odds of seventy-five savage warriors, well armed with rifles, against nine white men. As soon as the canoes arrived within musket shot, a general fire from one of them was given. The bullets fell upon and around the assailed like hailstones. One bullet struck Mr. Tucker upon the hip, shattering the bone so that the limb hung only by the flesh. Another passed through the side of Mr. Light. With military precision the canoes were brought into action, by placing one at the bows, one at the stern, and the third at the right side of the barge they were assailing. The valiant little crew, now reduced to seven, kept up an incessant fire, every bullet killing a warrior, and sometimes wounding two or three more, as they were crowded closely together in their birch canoes. The Indians seemed to be staggered by this tremendous and unexpected slaughter, every moment costing them the lives of several warriors. Though they kept up a frenzied fire, they were far less deliberate in their aim, and many of their bullets were thrown away.

Captain Hubbell, having shot an Indian threw down his gun and immediately caught up another, which had fallen from the hands of a wounded man. He was just raising it to his shoulder to throw another bullet into the heart of a foe, when a ball struck the lock of his own gun and carried it away. Very coolly he seized a brand of fire from the caboose and still taking unerring aim applied it to the powder in the pan, and another fell dead in his blood.

In the midst of such awful scenes, minutes are as hours. The Indians for a moment seemed to rally, and on both sides the firing was very vigorous. Captain Hubbell rapidly reloaded his gun, and was for a third time taking aim, when a bullet passed through his right arm. Scarcely had he recovered from the shock, when he saw the Indians from one of the canoes, endeavoring to board the boat at the bows. Here the horses were placed. Some of the Indians in the endeavor to clamber into the boat had actually clasped its side with their hands. Captain Hubbell forgetting his wound, drew a pair of horse pistols in his belt, fired and the foremost Indian was shot dead, crimsoning the water with his blood. Quick as thought the other pistol was discharged, and another warrior fell back in the canoe a corpse. The captain was now left unarmed; but it so chanced that there was a massive club lying by, which had been brought on board for firewood. He seized it, and in the frenzied strength which the occasion gave, rained down such a tempest of blows upon the head and hands of the Indian, crushing some skulls, and breaking some bones, that with yells they gave way, and withdrew the canoe from their terrible assailant.

In the meantime, the deadly fire was continued. Every discharge of the musket was the death knell of the Indian. The savages had no protection whatever, but the white men had so barricaded themselves, behind the gunwale of the boat, and were so protected by the baggage, that but a small portion of their bodies was exposed. The Indians having been terribly whipped, and uttering hideous yells of hatred and defiance, gave up the contest.

But just at that moment the boat of Captain Greathouse hove in sight. The Indians with a simultaneous war whoop turned upon them. They had made no preparation for the fight. In utter consternation, as they viewed the disparity of numbers, and saw the impossibility of resistance, they surrendered without striking a

blow, undoubtedly thinking, that if taken captive without having slain any of the warriors, they would be spared death by torture. They consequently all fled into the cabin and the Indians making the shores echo with their yells of triumph, with rapid paddles took the boat to land. They immediately tomahawked and scalped the captain and a boy of fourteen.

There were three or four women on board. The savages took these women, placed them in one of their large canoes, which they manned with picked warriors, and again advanced to attack Captain Hubbell's boat. They thought the white man would not venture to fire upon them, when they stood behind a barricade of their country women. A melancholy alternative now presented itself to these brave men. But Captain Hubbell very justly remarked, that the law of self preservation made duty plain; and that it might not be a calamity to the women, to be rescued by sudden death, from all the cruelties of captivity among the savages.

There were now but four men left on board Captain Hubbell's boat capable of offering any serious resistance. The captain himself had received two severe wounds. But they were all prepared for a renewal of the fight. Every gun was loaded, so that the discharges could be more rapid, and the barricades were repaired, so that the Indians could scarcely catch a glimpse of their foes. The battle was short and bloody for the assailants. The bottom of the canoe was soon covered with the bodies of the slain, and they could see no evidence that they were making any impression on the assailed.

With another yell of rage the savages retired, probably to wreak their vengeance upon the captives whom they held. Just then the current swept the boat near the Ohio shore. Again the hopes of the Indians were revived. Four or five hundred were seen rushing down the banks shouting like so many fiends, as the boat was brought within easy rifle shot. There were only two men in the boat, Ray and Placent, who remained unwounded. They were placed at the oars. The current swept the boat within twenty yards of these howling savages. All on board, except the two rowers, threw themselves flat on their faces, under protection of the gunwale, and such other articles as they could find. Bullets like hail stones struck the boat. The rowers were so carefully barricaded that they were not hit; but during the short time while the boat was thus exposed, nine bullets were shot into one oar and ten

into the other. It was about twenty minutes before the rowers succeeded in pushing the boat beyond the reach of the enemy's fire.

In the very midst of this appalling scene one of the wounded men, Mr. Kilpatrick, saw a powerful Indian chieftain running so near, that he could not resist the temptation to seize his rifle and shoot him. Mr. Kilpatrick was lying by the side of Captain Hubbell. The latter warned him of the imprudence of exposing himself to so terrific a fire. But Kilpatrick, maddened by his wound, rose to shoot; instantly two bullets struck him; one entered his mouth and passed out at the back of his head, the other pieced his heart. He dropped a dead man. His two daughters were near by to gaze upon the awful spectacle of their dead father bathed in blood, lying among the dead horses; for nearly every horse was struck by the bullets, and their convulsive struggles added to the tumult and terror of the scene.

The current again aided the rowers and the boat was borne rapidly down the stream, near the Kentucky shore, beyond the reach of the enemy's balls. The little band assembled to ascertain the damages which they had received, and to repair them as far as possible. Under such circumstances it is not a little remarkable that these men of indomitable pluck should, as one of their first acts, have sent back three cheers of defiance upon their maddened and baffled foes. Thus ended the awful conflict. Two men were killed outright, Kilpatrick and Tucker. A third, Stoner, was mortally wounded. Four others had received wounds more or less severe. Two only were uninjured. The women and children had been so carefully protected that none of them had been touched by the bullets, except the son of Mr. Plasket, a lad ten or twelve years of age. The brave little fellow, after the battle was over, came to the captain and very coolly asked him to take a ball out of his head. It was even so. A bullet had passed through the side of the boat, and had struck the boy on the head, with sufficient force to bury itself beneath the skin. It was speedily removed, and then the brave boy said, "This is not all;" and raising his arm, showed where a ball had struck his elbow, splintering off a piece of bone which hung only by the flesh. His mother exclaimed, "My son, why did you not tell me of this?" The heroic child replied, "Because the captain directed us to be perfectly silent during the action, and I was afraid if I told you you would make a noise about it."

The boat with its wounded, afflicted, exhausted, but yet unvanquished occupants, was borne on by the current, and reached its destination at Maysville, Kentucky, then called Limestone, that night. It is said that this was the last boat descending the Ohio that was attacked by the Indians.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SETTLEMENTS ON THE OHIO AND ON THE LAKE.

SETTLEMENT AT MANCHESTER—ADVENTURE AT DONALSON CREEK—CAPTIVITY OF MR. DONALSON—HIS ESCAPE—ADVENTURE OF JOHN EDGINTON—CHARACTER OF SOME OF THE INDIANS—INTERESTING ANECDOTE—CHARACTER OF BLACK HOOF—FOURTH OF JULY, 1796, ON THE WESTERN RESERVE—ELOQUENT WORDS OF JOHN BARR—JUDGE KINGSBURY'S SAD EXPERIENCE—INDIAN CRUELTY TO CAPTIVES—A SECOND POCAHONTAS—ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND—PECULIARITY OF THE EARLY SETTLERS—INCREASING PROSPERITY—INFLUENCE OF MAJOR CARTER WITH THE INDIANS.

ABOUT FIFTY miles east of Cincinnati a little settlement sprang up which received the name of Manchester. St. Clair had, by proclamation, created a county there, which was called Adams, in honor of John Adams, second President of the United States. It covered a very large tract of country, being one of the four counties into which the whole Northwestern Territory was divided. General Nathaniel Massie was governmental surveyor for this region. He needed a settlement for his surveying parties in the midst of his operations. In the year 1790, he succeeded by very liberal offers of land in securing about thirty families to co-operate in the enterprise. His station was carefully laid out into town lots and farming lots. In those days it was necessary that all the buildings should be clustered together for mutual protection. Cabins were raised, and by the middle of March, 1791, the little village was entirely surrounded by strong pickets, firmly planted in the ground, with block houses at each angle. This was the fourth settlement which was effected within the bounds of the present State of Ohio.

Its early settlers consisted of a very choice set of emigrants. They were intelligent, temperate, industrious and brave. Their courage consisted in the spirit which makes every preparation for

the hour of peril, and then, in the language of the apostle, "having done all to stand." Though this settlement was commenced very nearly in the hottest period of the Indian war, it suffered less than any other which had been made on the banks of the Ohio River. This is undoubtedly to be attributed to the watchfulness with which these brave pioneers guarded their homes. Most of them had come from the Kentucky side of the river, where they had been reared in the midst of dangers and were enured to peril.

Among the honored names, we find the Beasleys, the Stouts, the Washburns, the Wades, and many others, who were not only the equals, but the superiors, of the savages in all the arts and stratagems of border warfare. Their nearest neighbors, north of the Ohio River, were those at Cincinnati, on the west, and the French settlement at Gallipolis, about seventy-five miles east of them. Nearly opposite the town there were three of the beautiful islands of the river, of apparently inexhaustible fertility of soil. As soon as the cabins were reared the whole population combined their energies to clear the lowest of the islands and plant it with corn. They could all work there at their ease, men, women and children, for the approaches could be very easily watched, and no foe could advance in canoes from either side of the river without affording sufficient time for the laborers to reach the protection of their fortresses.

Game was very abundant in the woods, consisting of deer, elk, bears and turkeys. The hunter could go out any morning, make his own selection of game, and in an hour or two return with any quantity he might desire. The river furnished also a great variety of excellent fish. Thus the inhabitants were dwelling in the midst of abundance. But there is no Elysium to be found in this wicked world where man is the most cruel foe of his brother man.

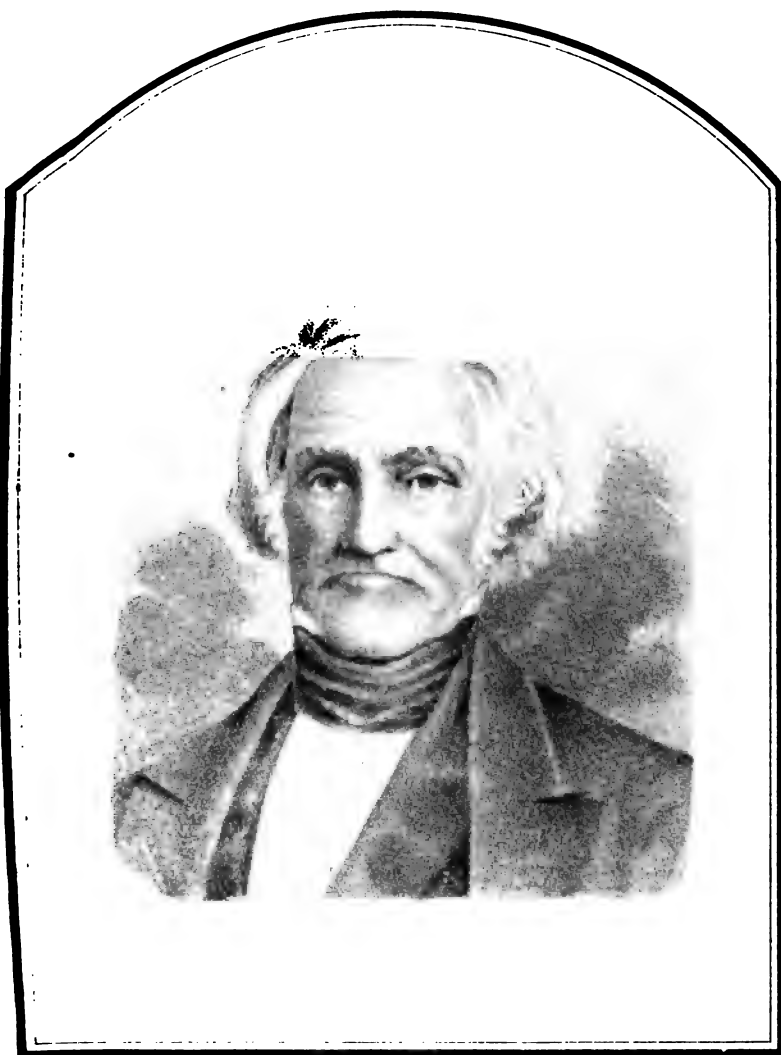
One evening in the latter part of April, 1791, Mr. Israel Donalson visited the settlement to assist Mr. Massie in some of his surveys. One morning Mr. Massie, with the young surveyor and two other men, all well armed, took a birch canoe and paddled up the stream four or five miles to make a survey. It was at the time of the spring floods, and the majestic river was full to its upper banks. The current was so strong, that with their paddles they made slow progress against it. At length they reached a little stream entering the river from the north, then without a name, but since known as Donalson's Creek. Here they moored their boat and

commenced to survey. General Massie had the compass, Mr. Donaldson and one of the other men, William Lytle, carried the chain. The fourth man, James Tittle, followed to render any assistance which might be needed.

They had advanced but about one hundred and fifty rods along the banks of the creek, when the chain broke. They were all clustered together riveting it again by the aid of a tomahawk and stone, when suddenly, and to their great consternation, two canoes filled with Indian warriors descending the creek, came upon them. The savages, as soon as they caught a glimpse of the white men, turned their canoes to the land and sprang ashore. The surveyors fled towards their boat, three of them reached it, and pushing out from the lane, escaped. Mr. Donaldson, who was by no means of agile frame, and who was totally unaccustomed to such adventures, was left far in the rear. In the terror of his clumsy flight, he struck his foot against some obstruction and plunged headlong into a ditch. The Indians were so close upon him, that seeing escape to be impossible, he did not attempt to rise. Three warriors were instantly at his side presenting their rifles at his head. As he offered no resistance, they raised the muzzles of their guns, and one of them held out his hand to help him up.

Instead of pursuing those who had escaped, they took Donaldson back to their canoes, when several of the party, loading themselves with provisions, blankets, etc., prepared to march with their captive through the forest to their distant settlement. The Indian who had helped Donaldson from the ditch was a very lusty and, apparently, kind-hearted man. On the march he seemed to assume that the prisoner was peculiarly his, and entitled to his protection. Soon the rain began to fall, and very copiously. But rapidly the Indians continued their tramp all the afternoon, until nightfall. They then built their camp-fires, kindling them from the flash of their guns, cooked and ate their supper, and, apparently, as insensible to rain and the chill night air, as were the buffalo and the deer, slept soundly until morning. Their captive was not treated cruelly, but merely bound so as to prevent escape.

At an early hour of the morning they resumed their march. The rain still continued. As they were passing along, drenched with the falling showers, one of the bareheaded Indians seemed to think that the slouched hat which Mr. Donaldson wore, was a convenient article of apparel. He therefore snatched it from the



JEREMIAH MORROW
Governor 1822-26.

head of the prisoner, and put it upon his own. Mr. Donalson, by signs, appealed to his stalwart guardian for redress. The Indian promptly seized the cap from the purloiner, and replaced it upon its owner's head. They, however, had not advanced far, before the thief took it again. Donalson once more appealed to his protector. The Indian shook his head, and opening his budget, took from it a sort of blanket cap.

"We went on," writes Donalson. "It still rained hard, and the brooks were very much swollen. When my friend discovered that I was timorous, he would lock his arm in mine and lead me through. Frequently in the open woods when I would get tired, I would do the same thing with him, and walk for miles. They did not make me carry anything until Sunday or Monday. They got into a thicket of game, and killed, I think, two bears and some deer. They then halted and jerked their meat, ate a large portion, peeled some bark, made a kind of box, filled it, and put it on me to carry. I soon got tired of it, and threw it down. They raised a great laugh, examined my back, applied some bear's oil to it, and put on the box again. I went on some distance, and again threw it down. My friend took it, threw it over his head, and carried it. It weighed, I thought, at least fifty pounds."

While resting one day, one of the Indians took a kernel of corn, which was carefully wrapped up, and digging a hole in the ground, planted it, and having a comical smile on his face, indicated that that would be Donalson's employment, calling him at the same time a squaw. At length they had traversed the whole breadth of Ohio, and reached a Shawanese village, on the banks of the Sandusky. Here they undertook the rather painful operation of transforming their captive into an Indian. One by one the hairs of his head were pulled out by the roots, leaving the head entirely bare, excepting what was called the scalp lock. His face was painted, and a tin jewel put into his nose.

The village they had entered was quite a spacious one, and it was evident that British or French engineers had assisted them in constructing what was really a fortified camp. There was something quite remarkable in the barbarian etiquette there established, and in the courtesies of daily intercourse practiced by these savages, courtesies often violated by the parliamentary bodies of England, France and America.

The day after the capture of Donalson, a war party of the Indians, in the vicinity of Maysville had been cut off, and nearly every man killed. While Donalson was in the Shawanese village an Indian runner entered with the afflicting tidings. Immediately all the men of the camp were assembled to hear the story. The messenger spoke for an hour. There was breathless silence. A pinfall could have been heard. It was remarkable that the savages did not retaliate upon their captive, but they made no difference in his treatment.

There were two other white men in the camp who had been captured when quite young, and who had been incorporated into the tribe. They both had become thoroughly Indian in character, and instead of wishing to return to the settlements of the white men, had imbibed all the hostility of the Indians to the invaders of their soil.

The tidings which the courier had brought threw the little community into a state of great excitement. Donalson's protector and another left the camp on some excursion as scouts. "Never before," writes Donalson, "had I parted with a friend with the same regret."

In the afternoon of that day about sixty warriors, with a hundred very fine horses, which had been stolen from Kentucky, left the camp in a state of great excitement, taking Mr. Donalson with them. They traveled until nightfall, and then encamped on the edge of a prairie. The captive was firmly bound and placed, to sleep, between two Indians, one of whom held each end of the rope. After the Indians had fallen asleep, Donalson gnawed at the rope, which was made of bark, till just before the dawn of day when he succeeded in freeing himself; creeping softly on his hands and feet, for a few rods, when his guard awoke, and with loud cries gave the alarm.

The night was dark. They had no knowledge of the direction in which their captive had fled, and fortunately for him they commenced their pursuit in an opposite course. Donalson fled with all speed, as the shouts of his bewildered pursuers faded away in the distance. Exhausted by a sleepless night, and by his rapid flight, at 10 o'clock he crept into a hollow log, where he slept soundly for several hours. It was nearly sundown when he awoke. He continued his flight until dark, and then secreted himself for another night. On his way he fortunately found a

turkey's nest, with two eggs in it. They afforded him a refreshing supper.

Thus he continued, day after day, to journey on, in a south-westerly direction, knowing that he would thus eventually reach the Miami River. He could then follow down that stream to the Ohio. At length, with rent clothes, and bleeding feet, and famished frame, as he was about sinking in despair, he heard the distant tinkling of a bell. It animated him with new life. As he pressed on the sound of an ax reached his ears. "It was the sweetest music I had heard," he said, "for many a day." He soon entered the clearing of an emigrant, Mr. Woodward. The farmer was working in a field at some distance from his house. When he first caught sight of Donalson, he was greatly alarmed, supposing him to be an Indian. An explanation ensued, and Mr. Woodward caught his horse and placed the half-dead fugitive upon his back, and gently led the horse to his house. There were a few cabins clustered together for mutual protection.

The little community was much excited by the strange arrival. They all supposed, at first, that he was an Indian whom Mr. Woodward had wounded and captured; and hurried questions were put upon that supposition.

"I was not surprised," writes Mr. Donalson, "nor offended at the inquiries; for I was still in Indian uniform, bare headed, my hair cut off close, excepting the scalp and foretop, which they had put up in a piece of tin, with a bunch of turkey feathers, which I could not undo. Mr. Woodward took me to his house, where every kindness was shown me. They soon gave me other clothing. Coming from different persons they did not fit me very neatly. But there could not be a pair of shoes found, that I could get on, my feet were so much swollen."

Donalson having thus reached the settlements, was soon conveyed in safety to his friends. Another incident of the little colony at Manchester I will give, as well narrated in McDonald's Sketches:

"John Edginton, Ashael Edginton, and another man, started out on a hunting expedition, towards Brush Creek. They camped out six miles, in a northeast direction from where West Union now stands, on the road from Chillicothe to Maysville. The Edgintons had good success in hunting, having killed a number of deer and bears. Of the deer killed they saved the skins and hams alone. They hung up the proceeds of their hunt on a scaffold, out of the

reach of the wolves and other wild animals, and returned home for pack-horses.

"As it was late in the season, no one apprehended danger, the winter season being usually a time of repose from Indian incursions. The two Edgingtons returned to their old hunting camp, and, alighting from their horses, were preparing to strike a fire, when a platoon of Indians fired upon them, at the distance of not more than twenty paces. Ashael Edgington fell to rise no more. John was more fortunate. The sharp crack of the rifles, and the horrid yells of the Indians, as they leaped from their place of ambush, frightened the horses, who took the track towards home at full speed.

"John Edgington was very active on foot, and now an occasion offered which required his utmost speed. The moment the Indians leaped from their hiding place they threw down their guns and took after him. They pursued him, screaming and yelling in the most horrid manner. For about a mile the Indians stepped in his tracks, almost before the bending grass could rise. The uplifted tomahawk was frequently so near his head that he thought he felt its edge. Edgington at length gained upon his pursuers, and, after a long race, he distanced them, made his escape, and safely reached home. This, truly, was a fearful and well conducted race. The big Shawnee chief, who headed the Indians on this occasion, after peace was made, and Chillicothe became settled, frequently told the writer of this sketch of the race. He said, 'The white man who ran away was a smart fellow. He ran and I ran. He ran and ran, and at last ran clear off from me.' "

All those who became intimately acquainted with the Indians agree with the declaration that many of them possessed amiable and attractive traits of character. Mr. David Robb, an intelligent and candid observer, and who was for some time Indian Agent among the Senecas and the Shawnees, has given a very interesting account of his intercourse with the red men.

Though intemperance generally prevailed, there were those who scorned thus to degrade themselves. In the pride of self-respect, they refused to associate with the low and the groveling, and there were almost as marked distinctions in society as with more civilized communities. These men cultivated their little farms with much taste and judgment. Their wives often cooked very palatable meals. They obtained cows, and made both butter and

cheese. Many of them gradually obtained very considerable skill in the use of tools. One chief had a full assortment of carpenter's tools, which he kept in good order.

"He made," writes Mr. Robb, "plows, harrows, wagons, bedsteads, tables, bureaus. He was frank, liberal, and conscientious. On my asking him who taught him the use of tools, he replied, no one. Then, pointing up to the sky, he said, 'The Great Spirit taught me.'"

It seems to be the testimony of every one who has spent any length of time among them, that there was something fascinating in the Indian character. The captives, when adopted, almost invariably became attached to them. It was often very difficult, and at times impossible, to induce those who had been taken prisoners when young, in after life to return to their own people.

There was among the Shawnees a white woman, who had numbered her three-score years and twenty. Her friends made every effort in their power to induce her to return to them. It was all in vain. In the whole tribe there could not be found a squaw who was more thoroughly Indian in her nature. The Indians were generally very conscientious in fulfilling their contracts. Mr. Robb says:

"I have often loaned them money, which was always returned in due season, with a single exception. This was a loan to a young man, who promised to pay me when they received their annuity. After the appointed hour he shunned me, and the matter remained unsettled until just prior to our departure for their new homes. I then stated the circumstance to one of the chiefs, more from curiosity to see how he would receive the intelligence than with the expectation of its being the means of bringing the money. He therefore talked with the lad upon the subject, but, being unsuccessful, he called a council of his brother chiefs, who formed a circle, with the young man in the center. After talking to him awhile in a low tone they broke out, and vociferously reprimanded him for his dishonest conduct. But all proved unavailing. Finally, the chiefs, in a most generous and noble spirit, made up the amount from their own purses, and pleasantly tendered it to me."

The leading men of the Indians were truly great men. They attained their eminence by their achievements. They loomed above their fellows by their sagacity, their bravery, and their oratorical powers. Black Hoof was one of the most eminent of the Shawnee chiefs. He was present at Braddock's defeat, and was one

of the prominent actors in all the wars of the Ohio Indians; and that he had a wonderfully happy faculty in expressing his ideas, and was remarkably graceful and eloquent. Colonel Johnson, who knew him intimately, writes :

“He was well versed in the traditions of his people. No one knew better their peculiar relations to the whites, whose settlements were gradually encroaching on them, or could detail with more minuteness the wrongs with which his nation were afflicted. But although a stern and uncompromising hostility to the whites had marked his policy, through a period of forty years, and nerved his arm in a hundred battles, he became at length convinced of the madness of an ineffectual struggle against a vastly superior and hourly increasing foe. No sooner had he satisfied himself of this truth, than he acted upon it with a decision which formed a prominent trait in his character. The temporary success of the Indians, in several engagements, previous to the campaign of General Wayne, had kept alive their expiring hopes. But their signal defeat by that gallant officer, convinced the more reflecting of their leaders, of the desperate character of the conflict.

“Black Hoof was among those who decided upon making terms with the victorious American commander; and having signed the treaty of 1795, at Greenville, he continued faithful to his stipulations, during the remainder of his life. From that day he ceased to be the enemy of the white man. As he was not one who could act a negative part, he became the firm ally and friend of those against whom his tomahawk had been so long raised in vindictive animosity. He was their friend, not from sympathy or conviction, but in obedience to a necessity which left no middle course, and under a belief that submission alone could save his tribes from destruction. Having adopted this policy, his sagacity and sense of honor alike forbade a recurrence either to open war or secret hostility. He was the principal chief of the Shawanee nation, and possessed all the influence and authority which are usually attached to that office, in the period when Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, commenced their hostile operations against the United States.

“When Tecumseh and the Prophet embarked in their scheme for the recovery of the land as far south as the Ohio River, it became their interest as well as policy, to enlist Black Hoof in

the enterprise, and every effort which the genius of the one and the cunning of the other could devise, was brought to bear upon him. But Black Hoof continued faithful to the treaty which he had signed at Greenville, in 1795, and by prudence and influence kept the greater part of his tribe from joining the standard of Tecumseh, or engaging on the side of the British in the late war with England. In that contest he became the ally of the United States, and, although he took no active part in it, he exerted a very salutary influence over his tribe.

"In January, 1813, he visited General Tupper's camp, at Fort McArthur, and while there, about ten o'clock one night, while sitting by the fire in company with the general and several other officers, some one fired a pistol through a hole in the wall of the hut, and shot Black Hoof in the face. The ball entered the cheek, glanced against the bone, and finally lodged in the neck. He fell, and for some time was supposed to be dead, but revived, and afterwards recovered from this severe wound. The most prompt and diligent inquiry as to the author of this cruel and dastardly act, failed to lead to his detection. No doubt was entertained that this attempt at assassination was made by a white man, stimulated, perhaps, by no better excuse than the memory of some actual or ideal wrong inflicted on some of his own race by an unknown hand of kindred color with that of his intended victim.

"Black Hoof was opposed to polygamy, and to the practice of burning prisoners. He is reported to have lived forty years with one wife, and to have reared a numerous family of children, who both loved and esteemed him. His disposition was cheerful, and his conversation sprightly and agreeable. In stature he was small, being not more than five feet eight inches in height. He was favored with good health and unimpaired eyesight to the period of his death."

Early in the year 1796 arrangements began to be made to establish a colony in that northern portion of Ohio to which we have before referred, called the Western Reserve. A surveying party was sent out, which, coasting along the shores of Lake Erie, landed on the fourth of July at the mouth of a small stream called Conneaut Creek. John Barr, Esq., in a sketch of this movement, eloquently writes :

"The sons of revolutionary sires ; some of them sharers them-

selves in the great baptism of the Republic, they made the anniversary of their country's freedom a day of ceremonial and rejoicing. They felt that they had arrived at the place of their labors, the, to many of them, sites of homes as little alluring, almost as crowded with dangers as were the levels of Jamestown or the rocks of Plymouth, to the ancestors who had preceded them in the conquest of the sea coast wilderness of this continent. From old homes, and friendly and social associations, they were almost as completely exiled as were the cavaliers who debarked upon the shores of Virginia, or the Puritans who sought the strand of Massachusetts.

"Far away as they were from the villages of their birth and boyhood, before them the trackless forest, or the untraversed lake, yet did they resolve to cast fatigue and privation in peril from their thoughts, for the time being, and give to the day its due, to patriotism its awards. Mustering their numbers, they sat them down on the eastern shore of the stream now known as Conneaut, and dipping from the lake the liquor in which they pledged their country — their goblets, tin cups of no rare workmanship, with the ordnance accompaniment of two or three fowling pieces, discharging the required national salute — the first settlers of the Reserve spent their landing day as became the sons of the Pilgrim Fathers, as the pioneers of a population that has since made the then wilderness of Northern Ohio to blossom as the rose, and prove the homes of a people as remarkable for integrity, industry, love of country, moral truth and enlightened legislation as any to be found within the territorial limits of their ancestral New England."

This truly pilgrim band which thus wrought new homes on the bleak shores of Lake Erie, consisted of fifty-two persons. Two only were females, Mrs. Stiles and Mrs. Gunn. There was one child. The next morning they commenced the building of a large block-house. It was to be their fortress, their store house, and, for the present, the dwelling place of the little company of emigrants. They named this building, which was erected on the sandy beach that fringed the eastern shore of the stream, Stow Castle.

It would not now seem that the location was a wise one. The beach, though overgrown with heavy timber, was a mere accumulation of sand. The trees were to be cut down to afford room for the house. The creek was scarcely even boatable, and offered no



CONNEAUT IN 1796.

facilities as a harbor. The mouth was frequently so choked up with a sand bar that often, after a severe storm upon the lake, there was no visible harbor for many days. After the gale had subsided, the creek in a few days would gain sufficient strength again to cut an opening through the bar, forming new channels. Thus the mouth of the creek was continually shifting.

We cannot but wonder at the apparent want of judgment often manifested by these pioneers, leading to awful scenes of suffering, which ordinary prudence might have avoided. The surveying party, of which we have spoken, spent the Summer at Conneaut, but were not prepared to winter there. Judge James Kingsbury came there during the Summer, with his family. He erected a log hut upon the borders of the lake. When all the rest had departed, his family was left to bide the storms of the approaching Winter. Business, in the Fall, compelled him to go to New York. He made all the provision he could for his family, expecting to be absent but two or three weeks.

Mrs. Kingsbury was left alone with her little children, in that awful solitude, as the storms of Winter were beginning to lash the lake and howl through the forest. The judge, on his journey, was attacked by severe illness, which confined him to his bed for several weeks. Upon his recovery he attended to his business as speedily as possible, and commenced his return.

Upon reaching Buffalo, a frontier post far away amidst the wilds of New York, he hired an Indian to guide him through the pathless wilds to his distant cabin. His anxiety was terrible, as he knew that his family must be quite destitute of food. At Presque Isle he purchased twenty pounds of flour to be carried to them. In crossing Elk Creek on the ice, his exhausted horse fell beneath him and died. He took the sack of flour upon his own shoulders, and oppressed with the most gloomy forebodings, pressed forward on his weary tramp through pathless wilds, and drifted snow, and wintry storms. At length he reached his dreary home, late one evening. His worst fears were realized. His poor wife, pale, emaciated, reduced by cruel hunger to the last stages in which life can be supported, lay stretched upon a cot, scarcely able to move. By her side, on a little pallet, was the lifeless body of a child who had died of starvation. Who can imagine the scenes of anguish which that mother had passed through during those long wintry months of woe. After this dreadful experience, prosperity seems

to have dawned upon the family. Judge Kingsbury rose to important posts of trust.

The harbor of Conneaut has since then been greatly improved, rendering it quite an important place of shipment. There was, after the treaty of 1795, at Greenville, peace with the Indians. There were at this time at Conneaut about thirty lodges of the natives. They were pleasantly located, and presented an unusual appearance of neatness and comfort. The Massauga tribe then possessed this territory.

After the awful defeat of St. Clair, two captives were brought to this village. They both were doomed first to run the gauntlet. As we have mentioned, this terrible ordeal consisted of arranging all the Indians, men, women, strong boys and girls in two long parallel lines, about five feet apart. The Indians stood about five or six feet from each other, so as to give ample opportunity to swing their sticks, and strike with all their strength.

They were all provided with stout switches, strong enough to inflict terrible blows, but not sufficiently massive to break the skull or to destroy life. Through the parallel lines the captive, divested of his clothing, was forced to run, while every one struck him in the face, over the head, or wherever a blow could be inflicted. It was a terrible ordeal through which to pass. If the wretched victim fell, bleeding and exhausted, he was then kicked and beaten still more unmercifully.

When the young men had somewhat recovered from this terrible infliction, a council was held, and it was decided that, while one should be saved, the other, Fitz Gibbon by name, should be burned, to appease the spirits of the Indians slain in battle. The victim was bound to the stake. A large quantity of the most combustible material which the forest would furnish was piled up around him. But just as the torch was about to be applied, the maiden daughter of one of the chiefs, whose heart was touched that so fair a young man should suffer so cruel a death, implored her father, with flooded eyes and in the most piteous terms, to save him. She also offered to the little community a small sum of money and a package of furs for his ransom. The savages, who did not regard their captive with personal animosity, listened to this humane appeal, and the life of the young man was spared. It is to be regretted that the name of this second Pocahontas has not been transmitted to us.

The remarkable statement is made that, in the eastern part of the Village of Conneaut, there were found the remains of an ancient burying-ground, which evidently belonged to a race who had occupied the soil at some period, far before the days of the present Indian inhabitants. The burial-ground embraced four acres. It was laid out in the form of an oblong-square. It had been accurately surveyed into lots running north and south. It presented all the order of arrangement of a Christian grave-yard.

Many of the bones seemed to have belonged to men of gigantic stature. Some of the skulls were sufficiently large to admit the head of an ordinary man. The jaw-bones were much larger than those of any men of our day. In one jaw, a metallic tooth was found, which had been fitted into the cavity from which the natural tooth had been drawn.

Though the region was covered with a gigantic forest, there were many traces of ancient cultivation. A large tree was cut down, which presented, near its heart, evident marks of the blows of an ax. The annular rings of the tree, when carefully counted with a magnifying glass, amounted to three hundred and fifty, since the blows received by the ax. This would carry us back to thirteen years before the discovery of America.

Emigrants began to flock in considerable numbers to the Reserve, and having no fear of the now friendly Indians, commenced settlements in various places. Being thus far removed from the haunts of civilization, one would suppose that they would have clustered together, for the sake of companionship and aid in case of sickness or other adversity. But one who was familiar with these adventures and hardships writes:

"The settlement of the reserve commenced in a manner somewhat peculiar. Instead of beginning on one side of a county, and advancing gradually into the interior, as had usually been done in similar cases, the proprietors of the reserve, being governed by different and separate views, began their improvements wherever their individual interests led them. Hence we find many of the first settlers immured in a dense forest, fifteen or twenty miles or more from the abode of any white inhabitants.

"In consequence of their scattered situation, journeys were sometimes to be performed of twenty or fifty miles for the sole purpose of having the staple of an ox-yoke mended, or some other mechanical job, in itself trifling, but absolutely essential for the

successful prosecution of business. These journeys had to be performed through the wilderness, at a great expense of time; and in many cases the only safe guide was to direct their course by the township lines made by the surveyors."

As early as the year 1755 there was a French trading post in a small Indian village on the banks of the Cuyahoga River, near the mouth of which stream the beautiful City of Cleveland now stands. Ten years after this a Moravian missionary, Zeisberger by name, accompanied by several Indian converts, left Detroit in a vessel called the Mackinaw, and cast anchor in the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. They then ascended the lonely, forest-fringed stream about ten miles, and settled in an abandoned village of the Ottawas. They gave their little settlement the appropriate name of Pilgerruh, or *Pilgrim's Rest*. It was within the limits of the present Town of Independence.

From an early day the mouth of the Cuyahoga River had attracted the attention of leading American statesmen as an important commercial position. The company of surveyors who celebrated the fourth of July, 1796, at Conneaut, in the Autumn of that year, advanced to the Cuyahoga and laid out the plan of a city, which they named Cleveland, in honor of General Moses Cleveland, who was the agent of the Land Company. Mr. Cleveland was a lawyer of Canterbury, Connecticut. He had received a liberal education at Yale College, had a large fortune, and was a man of considerable note.

The surveyors having completed their task by the 18th of October, retired from the place, leaving two families only to pass the dreary Winter in those vast solitudes. The heads of these families were Job V. Stiles and Edward Paine. Both families resided in one log cabin, which stood in the heart of the present city, where at that time a dense forest shed its gloom.

The next Summer the surveying party returned, and made Cleveland its head-quarters. Judge Kingsbury, whose family experience during the Winter at Conneaut had been so dreadful, moved to Cleveland. Soon several other families of emigrants came to the same place. The difficulty of traveling in those days was greater than we can now easily imagine. Mr. Nathaniel Doane, in the year 1798, removed to Cleveland with his family from Chatham, Connecticut. It took him ninety-two days to traverse the vast wilderness between. In the Autumn of that year every person

in the little hamlet of log huts was sick of bilious fever. Mr. Doane's family consisted of his wife and nine children, all under thirteen years of age. The eldest child, Seth, had daily attacks of fever and ague. He was so weak that he could not without difficulty lift a pail of water.

And yet, for two or three months, the only way in which the family were supplied with food was for this poor boy to walk to Judge Kingsbury's, five miles distant, with a peck of corn, grind it in a hand-mill, and bring it home upon his shoulders. Little Seth would wait in the morning till his first attack of ague was over. He would then hasten along his toilsome journey. Having obtained his meal, he would wait until the second attack had come and gone—for he had two attacks each day—and he would then set out on his return.

At one time the boy was so feeble, and a wintry storm so severe, that for several days he was unable to make the trip. During that time the sick family lived upon turnips alone. In November four men of the settlement, who were just recovering from severe sickness, started in a boat for Walnut Creek, Pennsylvania, to obtain some flour for their enfeebled families. When just below Euclid Creek a fierce storm swept the lake; the boat was driven ashore and dashed to pieces upon the rocks. With difficulty they saved their lives, and in utter destitution regained their homes. During the Winter and the ensuing Summer there was no flour in the settlement but such as was obtained from hand and coffee mills. As they had no means of separating the bran, the flour was made into bread similar to what is now called Graham bread.

During the Summer of 1790, the Connecticut Land Company constructed the first road on the Reserve. It ran from the Pennsylvania line, a few miles back from the lake, to Cleveland. Very strangely the settlers scattered at great distances from each other. The dispersion was such that, from January, 1799, to April, 1800, there was but one white family in Cleveland, that of Major Carter. During this latter year several settlers came. Two enterprising Connecticut emigrants erected a saw-mill and a grist-mill, at the falls, on the site of Newbury. The little colony began now to flourish.

In the year 1801 the fourth of July was celebrated in Cleveland by a ball given by Major Carter in his log cabin. One of the guests fiddled while the dancers, numbering thirty in all, vig-

rously passed through the evolutions of scamper-down, double-shuffle, and western-swing. These were not temperance days. Whisky, sweetened with maple sugar, was amply provided for the guests, and it is not improbable that with some the merriment degenerated into carousing. Even in the most genteel circles of our cities, where wine flows freely at an evening entertainment, it is not unusual for some wine-bibber to learn that "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The Indians were accustomed, at this period, to meet every Autumn at Cleveland in large numbers, and from wide dispersion, for purposes of trade. They came in canoes from their hunting grounds along the shores of the lake, and up the rivers and the creeks, and in quite a fleet entered the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. They would spend the Winter in hunting, scattered through these wide regions. In the Spring they flocked to Cleveland, disposed of their furs to traders, and launching their bark canoes upon the lake, returned to their towns in the region of the Sandusky and the Maumee. Here they spent the Summer raising their crops of corn and potatoes. They were far more dependent upon their crops for food than has generally been supposed.

"In this connection we give an incident showing the fearlessness and intrepidity of Major Lorenzo Carter, a native of Rutland, Vermont, and a thorough pioneer, whose rough exterior covered a warm heart. Sometime in the Spring of 1799, the Chippewas and Ottawas, to the number of several hundred, having disposed of their furs determined to have one of their drinking frolics at the camp on the west bank of the Cuyahoga. As a precautionary measure, they gave up their tomahawks and other deadly weapons to their squaws to secrete, so that, in the height of their frenzy, they need not harm each other.

"They then sent to the major for whisky, from time to time, as they wanted it; and in proportion as they became intoxicated he weakened it with water. After a while it resulted in the Indians becoming partially sober from drinking freely of diluted liquor. Perceiving the trick they became much enraged. Nine of them came to the major's cabin, swearing vengeance on him and his family. Carter, being apprised of their design, and knowing that they were partially intoxicated, felt himself to be fully their match, although he possessed but poor weapons of defense. Stationing himself behind the cabin door, with a fire poker, he

successively knocked down two or three as they attempted to enter, and then, leaping over their prostrate bodies, furiously attacked those on the outside, and drove them to their canoes. Soon after a deputation of squaws came over to make peace with the major; when, arming himself, he fearlessly repaired to the camp alone and settled the difficulty. Such eventually became his influence over the Indians that they regarded him as a magician; and many of them were made to believe that he could shoot them with a rifle and not break their skins."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LIFE IN THE CABIN.

A FEARFUL TRAGEDY—ATTACK UPON CAPTAIN KIRKWOOD'S HOUSE—SETTLEMENT AT GLEN'S RUN—MR. WILLIAMS' NARRATIVE—SILENCE OF THE WILDERNESS—REMARKS OF MR. ATWATER—HAPPY CONTENT OF THE PIONEERS—RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE—CAPTURE OF MRS. BUILDERBUCK—TORTURE OF CAPTAIN BUILDERBUCK—MRS. BUILDERBUCK RANSOMED—WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF JOHN DAVIS—MEETING OF TWO CAPTIVES ON THE SCIOTO RIVER—CAPTURE OF TWO BOYS—THEIR BRAVERY AND ESCAPE—LIFE IN COLUMBIA, IN 1790—THE FIRST CLERGYMAN IN COLUMBIA.

THERE WERE, during these journeys of emigration, many fearful tragedies enacted in the wilderness, which it appalls one to contemplate. Mr. Hunter, with his wife, one or two children, and a colored servant boy, was on his way to Cleveland. He had taken a boat, and was coasting along the southern shore of Lake Erie. Just east of Rocky River they were overtaken by a squall, which drove the boat violently upon the shore, where the craggy bluffs rose almost perpendicularly. Gigantic waves were dashed upon the rocks, drenching them with the spray. With great difficulty they clambered up a few feet, where they clung to the side of the cliff, with but very narrow foothold, holding on by the shrubs, which grew out from the crevices of the rocks.

Awful hours passed, while the gale raged with unabated fury. Night came, midnight came, lurid morning dawned, and still the maddened elements howled around, as cold, drenched, and starved, they clung to the rock. On Saturday, the children, one after another died, on Sunday, Mrs. Hunter died. On Monday, Mr. Hunter died. Their lifeless bodies rolled down into the boiling surf. On Tuesday, as the storm was subsiding, some French traders, going to Detroit, discovered the black boy cling-

ing to the rock. He was nearly dead, having been for three days and four nights without sleep or food.

Opposite the City of Wheeling, in Virginia, lies the County of Belmont, in Ohio. Here, in the year 1791, Captain Joseph Kirkwood had reared his lonely cabin. He was from Delaware, and had obtained much distinction for his bravery during the Revolutionary war. His house stood upon a small eminence, surrounded by gigantic forest trees, and was by no means in a state of preparation to repel an attack by the savages. It is not improbable that his native recklessness of danger influenced him to neglect those precautions which should have been adopted. It fortunately so happened on the night of the attack that fourteen soldiers were in the cabin with Captain Kirkwood and family.

The Indians stealthily approached through the forest in the night, and a little before the dawn, while the soldiers were sleeping as soundly in the cabin as if no danger were to be apprehended, they succeeded, without giving any alarm, in setting fire to the highly inflammable roof, while each savage completely concealed himself behind a tree, rifle in hand, prepared to shoot the inhabitants of the cabin whenever they should expose themselves to extinguish the flames.

The first alarm the inmates had was from the flame bursting up from the roof. All was consternation. The dense forest surrounded them. Every tree might conceal a warrior, and the savages might be numbered by hundreds. Still, as the glare of the conflagration illumined the forest, not a foe was to be seen, not a hostile sound was to be heard. The family, fully aware of their danger, immediately commenced pushing off the flaming roof, while they kept themselves concealed as much as possible.

Captain Biggs, who was in command of the little company of soldiers, while descending the ladder which led from the loft to the room below, was struck by a bullet which entered the window and pierced his wrist. Then the war-whoop resounded from apparently hundreds of savage throats. The cabin was entirely surrounded by the exultant foe. While all the energies of the inmates were devoted to the attempt to extinguish the flames, the savages kept close watch for any exposure. Several boldly rushed forward and endeavored to hew down the door with their tomahawks.

So unprepared were the inmates for this assault, that there was

not even a firm fastening for the door. They had to tear up the puncheons from the floor to brace it. Awful was the scene. The roof was on fire. The howling savages were hammering at the door. Rifle bullets were piercing the hut through the crevices between the logs. The fort at Wheeling was on the other side of the river, and at the distance of a mile. The feeble garrison there heard the firing and the yells of the Indians, and knew too well what those sounds portended.

The soldiers at Wheeling did not dare to leave the fort and cross the river, for they knew not but that the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. They knew also that the Indians would have spies upon the banks, and that their canoes would be riddled with bullets before they could touch the shore. They therefore contented themselves with firing a swivel. The Indians heard the impotent report, understood its significance, and hailed it with a shout of derision.

The panic within the burning cabin was such that many wished to escape from the flames at whatever hazard. Captain Kirkwood, who was one of the most resolute of men, threatened to shoot down the first man who should attempt to leave, asserting that the Indians would tomahawk them as fast as they went out. At length they succeeded in smothering the flames, mainly with damp earth from the floor of the cabin. The fight continued for two hours. With the light of day the baffled savages disappeared. The number of Indians engaged in this attack, or their loss, was never known. In the darkness of the night and surrounded by the gloom of the forest, one Indian only was seen from the cabin. He endeavored to climb a corner of the hut, when he was fired upon and fell to the ground. Whether killed or merely wounded could not be ascertained.

Seven of the inmates of the cabin were struck by the bullets of the Indians, and one, Mr. Walker, was mortally wounded. He died in a few hours, and was buried at the fort in Wheeling. This tragic affair seems to have disgusted Captain Kirkwood with frontier life. Abandoning his cabin in the wilderness, he returned to Delaware.

It was nearly nine years after this before any attempts were again made to people these solitudes. There was then peace with the Indians, and the pioneer had only the natural hardships of emigration to encounter. In the year 1800, Mr. Williams

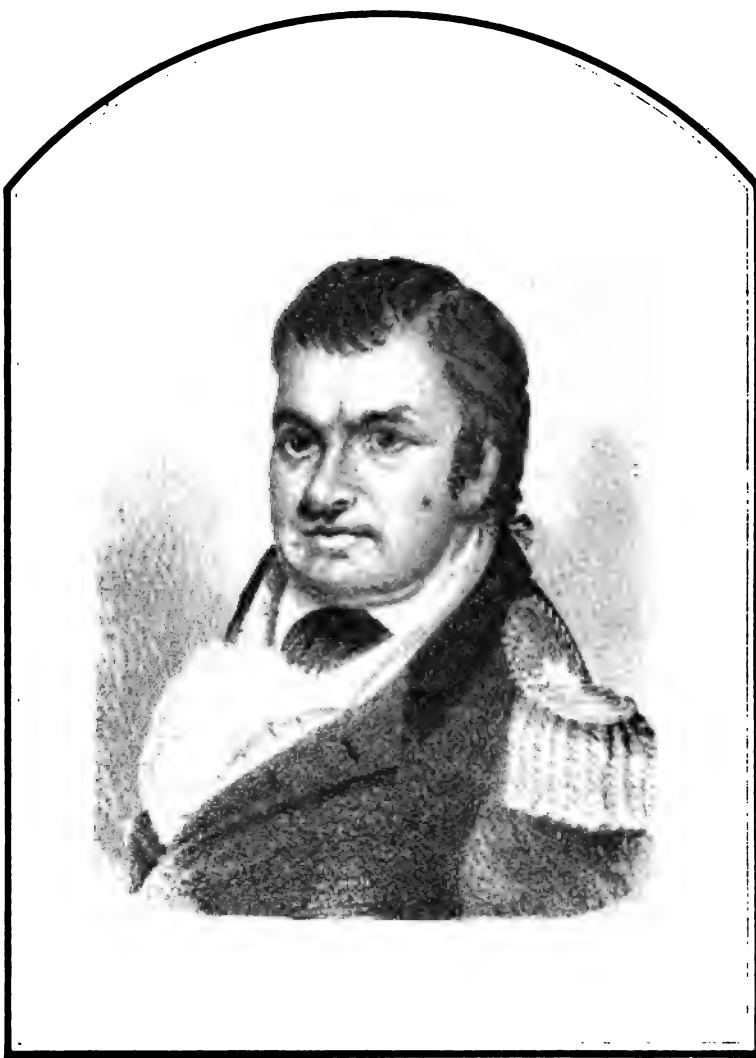
moved from Carolina, and, with several other families, commenced a settlement upon the banks of a small creek called Glen's Run, about six miles northeast from the present site of St. Clairsville. His son, John S. Williams, subsequently editor of the *American Pioneer*, was then a lad eleven years old. In after life he wrote a sketch entitled, "Our Cabin, or Life in the Woods." From his graphic narrative we give an abridged account of the adventures of this pioneer family.

Emigrants were pouring in from different parts. Cabins were put up in every direction, and women, children and goods were tumbled into them. The tide of emigration flowed like water through a breach in a mill-dam. Every thing was bustle and confusion, and all were at work who could work. Our cabin had been raised, covered, part of the cracks chinked, and part of the floor laid, when we moved in on Christmas day. There had not been a stick cut except building the cabin. We had intended an inside chimney, for we thought the chimney ought to be in the house. We had a log put across the whole width of the cabin for a mantel. But when the floor was in we found it so low as not to answer, and removed it.

Here was a great change for my mother and sister, as well as for the rest of us, but especially for my mother. She was raised in the most delicate manner, in and near London; and had lived, most of the time, in affluence, and always comfortable. She was now in the wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts; in a cabin with about half a floor, no door, no ceiling overhead, not even a tolerable sign for a fire-place; the light of day and the chilling winds of night passing between every two logs in the building; the cabin so high from the ground that a bear, wolf, panther, or any other animal less in size than a cow could enter without even a squeeze.

Such was our situation on Thursday and Thursday night, December 25, 1800, and which was bettered but by very slow degrees. We got the rest of the floor laid in a few days. The chinking of the cracks went on slowly. The daubing with clay could not proceed until the weather became more suitable. Doorways were sawed out, and steps made of the logs. The back of the chimney was raised up to the mantel; but the funnel, of sticks and clay, was delayed until Spring.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, a daughter



DUNCAN McARTHUR
Governor 1830-32.

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twenty-two years of age, a son twenty-one, in very feeble health, and little John. Mr. Williams was a man of mathematical accuracy of mind, and he reared his cabin by the compass, facing exactly south. Indeed it had two fronts precisely alike, a north and a south. Both of the doors had high, unsteady, and often icy steps, made of round beech logs. A window on each side of the doors was made by sawing a hole through the logs about two feet square. Two narrow strips of wood were placed across so as to divide it into four parts, a foot square each. Over these were pasted a newspaper, saturated with lard. When the sun shone brightly this glazing illuminated the room with a soft and cheerful light. It shut out the wind and shed the rain.

The cabin consisted of one room, twenty-four feet long by eighteen feet wide. There were two beds at the west end. Clapboards, made of split logs, resting on wooden pins, afforded shelves. Upon these were pewter plates and various vessels of shining tin. A ladder of five rounds occupied one of the corners, by which to climb to the loft above. The chimney occupied nearly the whole of the east end of the cabin. A gun hung on pegs over the north door. For seats, they had four split-bottom chairs, and three three-legged stools. A small looking-glass, eight inches by ten, was also attached to the wall. There was a spinning-wheel in one corner of the room. The floor overhead was of loose clapboards, split from a red oak.

The evenings of this first Winter passed very heavily. There was no work which could be done. They had no tobacco to stem, no corn to shell, no turnips to scrape, and even no hickory nuts to crack. Mr. Williams had brought with him one barrel of flour and a jar of lard. It was a very tempestuous Winter. The wind howled fearfully through the gigantic tree-tops. The family were often greatly alarmed from the apprehension that some of those giants of the forest might come crushing down upon them.

"The monotony of the time," writes Mr. Williams, "for several of the first years, was broken and enlivened by the howl of wild beasts. The wolves howling around us, seemed to moan their inability to drive us from their long and undisputed domain. The bears, panthers and deers seemingly got miffed at our approach, and but seldom troubled us. When Spring was fully come, and our little patch of corn, three acres, put in among the beech roots, which, at every step, contended with the shovel plow for the

right of soil, and held it, too, we enlarged our stock of conveniences. As soon as the bark would peel we could make ropes and bark boxes. These we stood in great need of, as such things as bureaux, stands, wardrobes, and even barrels, were not to be had.

"The manner of making ropes of linn bark was, to cut the bark in strips of convenient length, and water-rot it, in the same manner as rotting flax or hemp. When this was done, the inside bark would peel off, and split up so fine as to make a pretty considerable rough and good-for-but-little kind of rope. We made two kinds of boxes for furniture. One kind was of hickory bark, with the outside shaved off. This we would take off all around the tree, the size of which would determine the caliber of our box. Into one end we would place a flat piece of bark, or puncheon, cut round to fit in the bark, which stood on end, the same as when on the tree. There was little need of hooping, as the strength of the bark would keep that all right enough."

They settled on beech land, which required a great deal of labor to clear. Instead of cutting down the forest, they merely girdled the large trees, leaving them standing. The underbrush and saplings were cut down, gathered in piles, and burned. The land was very rich, and would produce astonishing crops of corn, growing up in the midst of the gnarled roots. Mr. Williams had a horse, a cow, and two sheep. They were fed mainly from the blades of corn. Salt was so scarce, costing five dollars a bushel, that they could seldom afford to use it. They had no candles. For light they relied mainly upon the fire blazing upon the hearth. They used also seasoned sticks and the bark of hickory.

It is said that one of the more prominent features of this life in the wilderness was its solemn, almost awful, silence. Singing birds love the companionship of men. Seldom was a bird song heard amidst the glooms of the forest. The midnight howl of the wolf, and the screech of the owl, seemed but to intensify the general silence. Even the dog, listless at the cabin door, hearing no sound to rouse him, forgot to bark. Indeed, in the days when Indians were prowling about, he was taught not to bark, lest the noise should guide the savage to the lonely cabin. Occasionally, the melancholy croak of the raven might be heard, or the tap of the woodpecker on the hollow tree, or the gobble of the wild turkey. Speaking of this period of the history of Ohio, Mr. Atwater writes:

"Our houses were logs, not always laid very close together. Before our people had time to clear fields, that would produce a harvest, the woods furnished nuts, on which their hogs fed and fattened. The wild grasses fed the cattle and horses abundantly, Winter and Summer. Better beef or sweeter pork never was tasted than the wild grasses and the nuts fattened, in almost all parts of this now State of Ohio. Many of our old settlers mourn the loss of that breed of hogs which ran wild in the woods and lived on nuts, acorns, and wild roots. The beef, too, of that period, the old settlers think, was sweeter and more like wild animal's flesh than ours now is.

"In this opinion, we agree with them. The honey of those days was made by wild bees. The Indians abundantly procured it, and often sold it to our people. Our sugar was made from the maple tree, and not a few of us, even now, prefer it to that which, at a low price, we obtain from Louisiana. Wild turkeys were abundant. They were so easily taken that they sold in market for only twelve and a half cents each. A good deer sold for one dollar, or even less. Hogs were almost as easily raised as the deer. Thousands were never seen by their owner until he went out with his gun to kill them."

The majority of the settlers, at this time, were very worthy men, though, of course, there were not a few adventurers roving these wilds, of a very different character. Though the emigrants endured many privations after the horrors of Indian warfare had terminated, they seem to have been, in most cases, eminently happy. One of these pioneers, after he attained the luxuries to be found in a dense population, writes:

"When I look back upon the first few years of our residence here, I am led to exclaim, 'O happy days of primitive simplicity!' What little aristocratic feeling any one might have brought with him, was soon quelled; for we soon found ourselves equally dependent on one another. We enjoyed our winter evenings around our blazing hearths, in our log huts, cracking nuts, full as much, yes, far better, than has fallen to our lot since the distinctions and animosities, consequent upon the acquisition of wealth, have crept in upon us."

One incident, which occurred sometime before the close of the Indian war, deserves record here, as illustrative of retributive justice, and of the peculiar traits in the Indian character. Captain

Charles Builderback was a man of herculean frame, and noted for his recklessness in fighting the Indians. He accompanied the band of renegade white men, in its iniquitous assaults upon the Moravian villages, to which we have before alluded. It will be remembered that, in 1782, Colonel Wilkinson led a band of a hundred desperadoes to Gnadenhutten, where they perpetrated a massacre upon the friendly Moravians almost unparalleled in the annals of Indian war.

This same Captain Builderback accompanied Colonel Crawford in his totally unjustifiable expedition to the Upper Sandusky, to pursue and kill the unoffending Moravian Indians who had taken refuge there. The Indians never forget an injury; and they are very apt to learn and remember the names of those who have inflicted wounds upon them.

Captain Builderback had reared his cabin on the Virginia shore of the Ohio River, at the mouth of Short Creek, a few miles above Wheeling. One lovely morning in June, he crossed the river to the Ohio shore in a canoe, with his wife and brother, to look after some cattle. Upon reaching the shore, about twenty Indians, rushing from ambush, fired upon them. His brother, though wounded in the shoulder, succeeded in reaching the canoe, and escaped. The captain was chased some distance and taken captive. In describing this event, Colonel McDonald writes:

"In the meantime Mrs. Builderback secreted herself in some drift-wood, near the bank of the river. As soon as the Indians had secured and tied her husband, not being enabled to discover her hiding-place, they compelled him, with threats of immediate death, to call her to him. With the hope of appeasing their fury, he did so.

"'Here,' to use Mrs. Builderback's words, 'a struggle took place in my breast, which I cannot describe. Shall I go to him and become a prisoner, or shall I remain, return to our cabin, and provide for and take care of our two children?'

"He shouted to her a second time to come to him, saying that, if she obeyed, it would perhaps be the means of saving his life. She no longer hesitated; but left her place of safety, and surrendered herself to his savage captors. All this took place in full view of their cabin, on the opposite shore, and where they had left their two children, one a son, about three years of age, and an infant daughter. The Indians, knowing that they would be pur-

sued as soon as the news of their visit reached the stockade at Wheeling, immediately commenced their retreat. Mrs. Builderback and her husband traveled together that day and the following night. The next morning the Indians separated into two bands. One band took Captain Builderback and the other his wife, and each party continued the journey westward, by different routes."

Mrs. Builderback was taken to a large Indian encampment on the Tuscarawas River. Here she was soon joined by the party who had taken her husband in charge. But he was no longer with them. Brutally they tossed his scalp into her lap, which she instantly recognized. That dreadful night the Indians held a fiend-like carouse, and their hideous yells awoke all the echoes of the forest. Poor Mrs. Builderback, utterly exhausted with fatigue, sleeplessness and anguish, fell soundly asleep, and for a few hours God mercifully granted her the oblivion of all her sufferings.

The Tuscarawas River is one of the upper tributaries of the Muskingum. It was on the banks of the latter stream, but a few miles below the encampment, that the innocent Moravians were slaughtered. In that massacre the first blood was shed by Captain Builderback. He shot down a Moravian chief by the name of Shebosh, and then tomahawked and scalped him. The Indians, who were leading their captive, passed very near the spot where this cruel tragedy was enacted. One of them chanced to ask his name. For a moment he hesitated. Then knowing that they would learn it from his wife, and not deeming it possible that they could know anything of his previous history, he replied, Charles Builderback.

Instantly the little band stopped and looked at each other with astonishment and with malignant triumph. "Ah!" said one of them, "Charles Builderback! You kill many Indians. You big captain. You kill Moravians." His doom was sealed. These untutored savages deemed it a religious duty which they owed the spirits of their slaughtered brethren to punish their slayer with death by torture. He was bound to a tree, and demoniac ingenuity was exercised in drawing from his quivering nerves the utmost possible agony. With the exception of his tormentors, God alone heard his shrieks and witnessed the convulsions of his torment.

As soon as the capture of Builderback was known at Wheeling a party of scouts set out in pursuit of the Indians. They soon struck their trail, and followed it until they found the charred and mangled body of the victim, presenting appalling indications of the lingering and dreadful death he had endured.

Mrs. Builderback, though her mental sufferings were severe, was treated humanely. The Indians took her to the upper waters of the Great Miami. Here she was adopted into the family of a chief, and was required to perform all that drudgery which was usually exacted of squaws. She carried, upon her shoulders, meat from the hunting-grounds, cut it up and dried it, made moccasins and leggins, and other clothing. In this captivity, hearing nothing of the fate of her family, she continued for several months.

At length a friendly Indian informed the commandant at Fort Washington that there was a white woman in captivity in one of the Miami towns. Upon the payment of a liberal ransom she was brought to the fort and surrendered. Speedily she was sent up the river to her lonely and desolated cabin and to her orphan children. Without loss of time she took her two children and re-crossed the mountains to her parental home in Lancashire County, in Virginia.

It may be mentioned, as illustrative of the vicissitudes of this strange earthly life, and of the recuperative energies of the human soul, that after the lapse of two years she married Mr. John Green. With her husband and family she again crossed the mountains, and found a pleasant and prosperous home in the beautiful Valley of the Hockhocking, where peace and plenty reigned. Here, almost forgetful of the woes of her early life, she lived for nearly half a century, not dying until about the year 1842.

The following account of the escape of Mr. John Davis from the Indians, is but one among many similar adventures which might be told. We give the narrative mainly as it has been described by Colonel John McDonald. Mr. Davis, while hunting on the Big Sandy, with one companion, was surrounded at his camp fire, in the night, by about thirty warriors, and was taken captive.

The Indians were returning from an unsuccessful attack upon one of the white men's stations upon the Big Sandy. They had several of their wounded with them. They had succeeded, here and there, in accumulating considerable plunder, and the horses

which they had stolen were heavily laden. They consequently did not travel more than ten or twelve miles a day.

Mr. Davis was well aware that the Indians often put their captives to death by the most horrible tortures. Many circumstances led him to the conviction that he was reserved for that fate. He doubted not that as soon as they should reach their distant towns, the tribe would be assembled, he would be bound to the stake, and the savages would have a gala day in inflicting upon him the most awful torments. He, therefore, resolved to attempt an escape, even under the most desperate circumstances, preferring much to die by the bullet or from a sudden blow of the tomahawk than by lingering tortures at the stake.

The Indians, having swam their horses across the Ohio River, on their journey, came to a small stream, called Salt Creek, in the present County of Jackson. Here they encamped for the night. Their mode of securing their prisoners seemed to render an escape impossible. A strong rope or thong was cut from the raw hide of a buffalo; this they tied around the prisoner's waist. The two ends were then tied each around the waist of an Indian. Thus the prisoner, at the encampment, laid down upon the ground with these Indians on each side of him, and in the closest proximity. He could not turn at all; he could not move even without disturbing the Indians, and receiving from them cruel blows.

In the morning, as they resumed their journey, the captives were released from this most uncomfortable confinement. With their hands bound behind them, and an Indian armed with rifle and tomahawk before and behind each one, they trudged along in single file through the narrow trail. They were told that instant death would be the consequence of any attempt to leave the line of march.

During the long hours of the night, Davis lay in his uncomfortable position, brooding over the awful fate which awaited him. As the day began to dawn he hunched one of the Indians, and by signs requested to be untied. The savage raised his head and looked around, and seeing that it was still quite dark, and that no Indians were yet moving, gave him a severe blow with his fist, and told him to lay still.

Fire and faggot, sleeping or awake, were constantly floating before his mind's eye. The torturing suspense would fill his soul with horror. After some time a number of Indians rose up and

made their fires. It was growing light, but not light enough to draw a bead. Davis again jogged one of the Indians to whom he was fastened, and said that the tug hurt his middle, and again requested the Indian to untie him. The Indian looked around, and seeing that it was getting light, and that there were a number of Indians about the fires, untied him.

Davis rose to his feet. The doom before him nerved him with the energies of despair. He resolved upon an immediate attempt to escape, whatever the result might be. It was morning twilight; chill, cheerless and foggy. Some of the Indians were still sleeping. Others were moving about, kindling fires and preparing breakfast. The two Indians to whose guard he was intrusted still stood at his side. As Davis looked around and saw how desperate was the undertaking to escape, his heart throbbed violently, and, for a moment, even his eyesight began to fail him.

The Indians had placed a pole between two forked sticks, and had stacked their guns so that they could grasp them at any moment. These guns were but a few yards behind where Davis stood. Quite a group of Indians were before him, moving around the fire. Should he start back to plunge into the forest, the Indians, as they rushed after him, could easily seize a gun by the way. Should he make a bold and vigorous plunge directly through the midst of them, they would have to run back for their guns. This would give the captive a little advantage in the race, especially as the morning light was dim and a thick mist hung over the gloomy landscape.

All this passed through his mind in a moment. Summoning all the frenzied energies of despair, he made the plunge. One stout Indian who stood directly in his way he struck such a blow with his clenched fist as to prostrate him sprawling in the fire. With the speed of an antelope he sprang into the forest. The Indians, inured to such surprises, were instantly on the pursuit. The somber forest echoed with their yellings. But he was soon out of sight among the gigantic trees, and no one could get a shot at him. The pursuers, knowing the direction in which he had fled, put their swiftest runners on his trail, and for some time the demoniac howlings of the savages were so near that the fugitive had but little hope of escape. But if overtaken he resolved, if possible, not to be taken alive.

At length he felt conscious that he was gaining ground upon

the savages. He could no longer hear the twigs break beneath their footsteps, and their whoops and yells sounded more distant. Reaching the summit of a long, sloping ridge, he looked back for the first time, and, to his inexpressible joy, could see no foe. But his feet were terribly torn by thorns and gashed by the sharp stones over which he had heedlessly rushed. He sat down, took off his waistcoat, tore it into two pieces, and bound them around his feet for moccasins.

His flight was nearly west, hoping to reach the Scioto River, and to follow that down to the Ohio. He would then, in some way, paddle himself across the river and regain his home in Kentucky. Through indescribable sufferings he at length reached the Scioto, near where Piketown now stands. Here he crossed the stream. As there were Indian villages on the banks of the river he kept several miles back from the stream, moving every step of the way with the utmost caution. He reached the majestic flood of the Ohio on the 1st of January, about eight miles below the mouth of the Scioto. For three days and two nights he had toiled through the wilderness without food, save such roots as starvation compelled him to eat, and without covering or fire. It is strange that human strength can endure such privations.

It is pleasant to record that "Mr. Davis was an unwavering believer in that All-seeing Eye whose providence prepares means to guard and protect those who put their trust in Him. His confidence and his courage never forsook him for a moment during this trying and fatiguing march."

"When he reached the Ohio," writes Mr. McDonald, "he began to look about for some dry logs to make a kind of raft on which to float down the stream. Before he began to make his raft he looked up the river, and, to his infinite gratification, he saw a Kentucky boat come floating down the stream. He now thought his deliverance sure. Our fondest hopes are frequently blasted in disappointment. As soon as the boat floated opposite to him he called to the people in the boat, told them of his lamentable captivity and fortunate escape.

"The boatman heard his tale of distress with suspicion. Many boats, about this time, had been decoyed to the shore by similar tales of woe; and their inmates, as soon as they landed, had been cruelly massacred. The boatmen refused to land. They said that they had heard too much about such prisoners and escapes to be

deceived in his case. He followed along the shore, keeping pace with the boat as it slowly glided down the stream. The more pitifully he described his forlorn situation, the more determined were the boat's crew not to land for him.

"He at length requested them to row the boat a little nearer the shore, and he would swim to them. To this proposition the boatmen consented. They commenced rowing towards the shore, when Mr. Davis plunged into the freezing water and swam towards the boat. Their suspicions now gave way, and they rowed with all their force to meet him. He was at length lifted into the boat almost exhausted. The boatmen were not to blame for their suspicions. They now administered to his relief and comfort everything in their power. The next morning he was landed at Massie's Station, now Manchester, and was soon restored to his friends in health and vigor."

What became of the companion of Mr. Davis, in his captivity, we have not learned. It is terrible to reflect upon the numerous tragedies which occurred during these wars, and which have never been recorded. The human mind sickens with anguish in contemplating many of these scenes too awful to be described. And when the crushed spirit, with sobbing voice, asks, "How long, oh Lord, how long?" The only answer which comes back is, "Be still and know that I am God."

A little boy, Jonathan Alder, was taken captive and adopted into one of the tribes. After he had been with the Indians about a year, they took him with them to the salt works on the Scioto. Here he met a Mrs. Martin, who was also a prisoner. They had many very affecting interviews. In the following artless language the child describes their meeting:

"It was now better than a year after I was taken prisoner, when the Indians started off to the Scioto salt springs, near Chillicothe, to make salt, and took me along with them. Here I got to see Mrs. Martin, that was taken prisoner at the same time I was; and this was the first time I had seen her since we were separated at the council-house. When she saw me, she came, smiling, and asked me if it was me. I told her it was. She asked me how I had been. I told her I had been very unwell, for I had the fever and ague for a long time.

"So she took me off to a log, and there we sat down; and she combed my head, and asked me a great many questions about

how I lived, and if I didn't want to see my mother and little brothers. I told her that I should be glad to see them, but never expected to again. She then pulled out some pieces of her daughter's scalp, that, she said, were some trimmings that they had trimmed off the night after she was killed, and that she meant to keep them as long as she lived. She then talked and cried about her family, that was all destroyed and gone, except the remaining bits of her daughter's scalp. We staid here a considerable time, and meanwhile took many a cry together. And when we parted again, took our last and final farewell, for I never saw her again."

We will give one more narrative, illustrative of these days of blood and woe. Mr. Johnson, of Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, having a large family to provide for, sold his farm and moved into the great Ohio Valley, that he might have larger possessions to divide among his children as they should grow up. He crossed the Ohio River, near where Steubenville now is, and reared his cabin about two and a half miles back from the river, and three miles above the mouth of a little stream called Short Creek. He had two sons; John was about eleven and Henry thirteen years of age.

One Sunday morning the two boys were in the woods, at a little distance from the cabin, sitting upon a log cracking walnuts; they saw two men approaching through the forest, from the direction of the house. From their dress they supposed them to be two neighbors, James Perdue and Mr. Russell. They were, therefore, not at all alarmed until the men drew near, and they saw that they were Indians. Escape was now impossible, and they were terror stricken.

One of the Indians greeted the boys pleasantly, saying, "How do brodder," but told them, in terms not to be misunderstood, that they must immediately follow them. At once they took up their rapid line of march; both of the savages were strong men, well armed with rifle and tomahawk. One walked about ten steps in the advance, and the other at the same distance behind.

Rapidly they pressed on for several hours, to put as much distance as possible between them and the friends of the boys, when they halted in a deep ravine and sat down to rest. They took out their knives and began to whet them, talking, in the meantime, eagerly in the Indian tongue, which the boys did not understand. This was probably merely a savage ruse to ascertain the

temper of the boys, and to learn whether they were cowardly or brave. If brave, they were worthy of being adopted into the tribe; if cowards, death was their doom.

Henry, the youngest, thought that the Indians were preparing to kill them, and told his brother so. John was of the same opinion, but, with wisdom above his years, he assumed an attitude of perfect calmness, and finding that the Indians understood a little English, said to them:

"We are very glad to go with you; we do not like to work upon the farm. We have to work very hard; we had very much rather live with the Indians, and go with them hunting in the woods."

This speech evidently pleased them greatly. They sheathed their knives and began to talk socially and pleasantly with the boys. They asked John which was the way home; though he knew perfectly well, he pointed in a contrary direction. This made them laugh heartily, for they thought that the boys were completely bewildered and lost; soon they resumed their march. As the darkness of night began to settle down upon the forest, they selected a place of encampment in a deep gulley where there was a dense growth of trees and shrubs. The boys, worn out with the long march, and far away from their friends in the pathless forest, were not very closely watched. The Indians were doubly deceived; they thought that the boys had no wish to escape, and that escape was impossible, even had they desired it ever so much.

One of the Indians struck fire by flashing powder in the pan of his gun. As the gun was loaded, he plugged the touch-hole. They soon had a cheerful blaze, and, cooking some game by the camp-fire, ate a hearty supper, with such appetites as health and fatigue give. They all talked together some time very pleasantly, and then threw themselves upon the bare ground around the fire for sleep. The Indians took the precaution to put the two boys between them, that they might guard them more safely. After a time, one of the Indians, supposing the boys to be asleep, and not finding his own position very comfortable, rose and laid down on the other side of the fire, and, by his breathing, soon gave unmistakable proof that he was soundly sleeping.

Both Henry and John were carefully watching every motion, and had whispered to each other, hoping that an opportunity might present itself for their escape.

John, when he found that they were soundly asleep, whispered

to Henry to get up. They both rose as carefully as possible. John took the gun with which the Indian had struck fire, cocked it, and aimed it over a log directly at the head of one of the Indians, and left it in Henry's hand to pull the trigger as soon as he should make the sign. He then took a tomahawk, and crept to the side of the other Indian, and held it over his head. At the given signal the gun was discharged, while at the same instant John brought down the sharp tomahawk upon the head of the other Indian with all the force with which the little fellow could strike. The bullet seemed effectually to have done its work, as the Indian neither groaned nor moved. He apparently lay still in death.

But John, in the excitement of the moment, struck the Indian too far back upon the head. Still, it was a stunning blow. The Indian, uttering a terrific yell, endeavored to spring to his feet. For a moment the conflict was terrible and doubtful. A little boy of thirteen was struggling against a burly savage of almost herculean strength. But terror nerved the puny arm. Blow followed blow in quick succession, as the savage struggled upon his knees in the vain attempt to rise. The blood flowed profusely. At length the Indian sank down, helpless and senseless. John did not leave his work half done.

Satisfying themselves that both of the Indians were dead, the two boys took one of their guns, and in rapid flight returned to their friends with the astounding news. They reached home in safety. A small party was sent back, led by John, to the spot where the heroic deed had been achieved. The bodies of the Indians were found, and also the other gun.

Mr. O. A. Spencer, one of the early emigrants to Columbia, Ohio, in the year 1790, gives the following account of life as he then experienced it in that remote settlement:

"It is, perhaps, unknown to many that the broad and extensive plain stretching along the Ohio, from the Crawfish to the mouth, and for three miles up the Little Miami, and now divided into farms highly cultivated, was the ancient seat of Columbia, a town laid out by Major Benjamin Stiles, its original proprietor; and by him and others once expected to become a large city, the great capital of the west. From the Crawfish, the small creek forming its northwestern boundary, more than one mile up the Ohio, and extending back about three-fourths of a mile, and half way up the high hill which formed a part of its eastern and northern

limits, the ground was laid off into blocks, containing each eight lots of half an acre, bounded by streets intersected at right angles. The residue of the plain was divided into lots of four or five acres, for the accommodation of the town. Over this plain, on our arrival, we found scattered about fifty cabins, flanked by a small stockade, nearly half a mile below the mouth of the Miami, together with a few block-houses for the protection of the inhabitants, at suitable distances along the banks of the Ohio.

"Fresh on my remembrance is the rude log house, the first humble sanctuary of the first settlers of Columbia, standing amidst the tall forest trees, on the beautiful knoll, where now (1834) is a grave-yard, and the ruins of the Baptist meeting-house of later years. There, on the holy Sabbath, we were wont to assemble to hear the Word of Life; but our fathers met with their muskets and rifles, prepared for action, and ready to repel any attack of the enemy. And while the watchman on the walls of Zion was uttering his faithful and pathetic warning, the sentinels without, at a few rods distance, with measured step, were now pacing their walks; and now standing and with strained eyes endeavoring to pierce through the distance, carefully scanning every object that seemed to have life or motion.

"The first clergyman I heard preach there was Mr. Gano, father of the late General Gano, of this city, then a captain, and one of the earliest settlers of Columbia. Never shall I forget that holy and venerable man, with locks white with years, as with a voice tremulous with age, he ably expounded the word of truth.

"I well recollect that, in 1791, so scarce and dear was flour, that the little that could be afforded in families was laid by to be used only in sickness, or for the entertainment of friends; and although corn was then abundant, there was but one mill, a floating mill on the Little Miami, near where Turpin's now stands; it was built in a small flat-boat tied to the bank, its wheel turning slowly with the natural current, running between the flat and a small pirogue anchored in the stream, and on which one end of its shaft rested; and having only one pair of small stones, it was at best barely sufficient to supply meal for the inhabitants of Columbia and the neighboring families; and sometimes from low water and other unfavorable circumstances, it was of little use, so that we were obliged to supply the deficiency from hand-mills, a most laborious mode of grinding.

"The Winter of 1791-2 was followed by an early and delightful Spring. Indeed I have often thought that our first western winters were much milder, our springs earlier, and our autumns longer than they are now. On the last of February some of the trees were putting forth their foliage; in March the redbud, the hawthorn and the dogwood, in full bloom, checkered the hills, displaying their beautiful colors of rose and lily; and in April the ground was covered with May-apple, bloodroot, ginseng, violets, and a great variety of herbs and flowers. Flocks of parroquets were seen decked in their rich plumage of green and gold. Birds of various species and of every hue were flitting from tree to tree, and the beautiful redbird and the untaught songster of the West made the woods vocal with their melody.

"Now might be heard the plaintive wail of the dove, and now the rumbling drum of the partridge or the loud gobble of the turkey. Here might be seen the clumsy bear, doggedly moving off or urged by pursuit into a laboring gallop, retreating to his citadel in the top of some lofty tree; or, approached suddenly, raising himself erect in the attitude of defense, facing his enemy and waiting his approach. There the timid deer, watchfully resting, or cautiously feeding, or aroused from his thicket gracefully bounding off; then stopping, erecting his stately head, and for a moment gazing around or snuffing the air to ascertain his enemy, instantly springing off, clearing logs and bushes at a bound, and soon distancing his pursuers. It seemed an earthly paradise; and but for apprehensions of the wily copperhead, who lay silently coiled among the leaves or beneath the plants waiting to strike his victim; the horrid rattlesnake, who more chivalrous, however, with head erect amidst its ample folds, prepared to dart upon his foe, generously with the loud noise of his rattle apprised him of danger; and the still more fearful and insidious savage, who, crawling upon the ground, or noiselessly approaching behind trees and thickets, sped the deadly shaft or fatal bullet, you might have fancied you were in the confines of Eden, or the borders of elysium.

"At this delightful season the inhabitants of our village went forth to their labor, inclosing their fields which the spring floods had opened, tilling their ground, and planting their corn for their next year's sustenance. I said went forth, for the principal corn field was distant from Columbia about one and a half miles east,

and adjoining the extensive plain on which the town stood. That large tract of alluvial ground, still known by the name of Turkey Bottom, and which, lying about fifteen feet below the adjoining plain, and annually overflowed, is yet very fertile, was laid off into lots of five acres each, and owned by the inhabitants of Columbia; some possessing one, and others two or more lots; and to save labor was enclosed with one fence.

"Here the men generally worked in companies, exchanging labor, or in adjoining fields, with their fire-arms near them, that in case of an attack they might be ready to unite for their common defense. Here their usual annual crop of corn, from ground very ordinarily cultivated, was eighty bushels per acre, and some lots well tilled produced a hundred, and in very favorable seasons a hundred and ten bushels to the acre. An inhabitant of New England, New Jersey, or some portions of Maryland, would scarcely think it credible, that in hills four feet apart, were four or five stalks, one and a-half inches in diameter and fifteen feet in height, bearing each two or three ears of corn, of which some were so far from the ground that to pull them an ordinary man was obliged to stand on tiptoe."



EVENING IN THE WOODS.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAPTURE OF THE BOAT.

THE EMBARKATION—THE DECOY—THE CAPTURE—SCENE OF INDIAN REVELRY—DESTRUCTION OF THE CANOE AND ITS CREW—THE THREE BARGES—TERRIBLE RIVER FIGHT—CAPTURE OF TWO BOATS—PICTURESQUE FOREST SCENE—ANOTHER CAROUSE—DISTRIBUTION OF THE CAPTIVES AND THE BOOTY—PERIL FROM A DRUNKEN SAVAGE—KINDNESS OF MESS-HA-WA—THE JOURNEY TO THE INDIAN VILLAGES—VARIOUS INCIDENTS—GAME OF NOSEY—A COLD BATH—AN INDIAN TRADER—THE MIDNIGHT REVEL—PROPOSAL OF A MINGO CHIEF—CURIOUS INCIDENT.

IN THE month of February, 1790, Mr. John May, a gentleman from Virginia, who was employed in surveying lands in Kentucky, accompanied by Charles Johnston, who was but twenty years of age, purchased a boat, such as was then used for the navigation of the western waters, to descend the Kanawha River and the Ohio, to Lexington. At Kelly's Station they took on board Mr. Jacob Skyles with a stock of dry goods. Arriving at Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha, a man by the name of Flinn and two Misses Flemings joined the party.

Here they learned that both banks of the Ohio were infested by bands of hostile Indians, who were using every stratagem which Indian cunning could devise to decoy boats on shore, when they plundered the boat and murdered or captured all on board. They resolved that they would keep in the middle of the channel, and that nothing should induce them to approach either bank. They knew that the Indians, concealed in the forest, would follow descending boats for miles—that by torture they would compel their white captives to assist them in luring their victims to land.

It was the season of spring floods, and the swollen river, filling its banks to the full, rolled along in its channel almost like a

mountain torrent. Their speed was such that there was no need, save to keep themselves in the middle of the stream.

On the morning of the 20th of March, just as they had passed the point where the Scioto River enters the Ohio, they were awoke a little before daylight by Flinn, who was on the watch. Far down the river was to be seen the alarming gleam of camp-fires. Those fires could have been kindled only by the Indians. There was no hope of escaping their keen eyes. There might be a hundred warriors there, thoroughly armed with rifles, and with war canoes by which they could assail the boat from every quarter. The windings of the river were such that it was impossible to tell on which side of the stream the camp stood.

They could not land without certain destruction. They could not anchor. They could not force their way back against the current. All that remained to them was to float down to their fate, whatever that fate might be. As the current bore them swiftly on, it ere long became manifest that the encampment of the savages was on the Ohio shore. Soon two white men appeared upon the bank, in apparently a frenzy of terror. In the most earnest and piteous tones they entreated the voyagers to come to the bank and take them on board.

"We were captured," they said, "a few days ago by the Indians, at Kennedy's Bottom. Last night we escaped. The savages are in hot pursuit of us. Our death, by the most horrible torture, is certain unless you come to our rescue. You have nothing to fear. There are no Indians near enough to fire upon you before you have time to push out again into the middle of the stream. For the love of God save us, and do not leave two of your unfortunate countrymen to be tortured to death by the savages."

The voyagers, in accordance with their resolution, steeled their hearts against these imploring cries. The boat was swept along by the swollen current, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. The two white men, perceiving the obduracy of the boatmen, ran along the bank evidently anguish stricken, and uttering the most lamentable entreaties to be saved. Human nature could not long withstand such supplication. The kind-hearted girls entreated the captain to go ashore. A council was held of the six on board the boat. Captain May, with Johnson and Skyles, declared that it was not safe to listen to their cry; that the chances were that a party of savages was in the forest, compelling the men, by

threats of the most awful torture, to do their bidding; and that the moment the bows of the boat touched the shore they would be fired upon from ambush and all massacred.

But Flinn and the two Miss Flemmings pleaded for the fugitives. They urged that there was every evidence that the men were sincere; that there were too many circumstances corroborating their statement to render it reasonable to suppose that their story was made up for the occasion; and that it would be an eternal disgrace to them all, should they allow two of their fellow countrymen miserably to perish when they could so easily rescue them.

Flinn heroically made a proposition which he said could be carried into effect without endangering any one but himself. The boat had now drifted nearly a mile below the men who were still despairingly running along the shore. He offered, if Captain May would only touch the shore with the bow of the boat, that he would leap on land before it would be possible for the Indians, even if they were at hand, to arrest the boat. The captain should immediately push from the shore and abandon him to his fate. If then he found that there was no danger all could be taken on board.

This plan was assented to. But the unwieldy and heavily-laden boat, when out of the current, was moved with difficulty. It took a much longer time than was expected to reach the bank. The moment the bows grated upon the sand Flinn leaped from the boat. At that moment six savages rushed upon him from the dense wood. They seized him, and with their rifles opened upon the crew a deadly fire. The panic was terrible. Two seized their rifles to return the fire. One seized an oar to push out into the stream. But such a mass could not easily be moved by one puny arm. The forest seemed to be alive with the savages, as with horrid yells they came rushing on. The boat became entangled in the bows of the trees. The Indians, at the distance of scarcely ten paces, were pouring in their fire.

There were many horses on board. Some were struck by the bullets. All were terrified. They broke their halters and plunged madly to and fro. All on board threw themselves on their faces as some slight protection. The yells of the Indians added to the terrors of the awful scene. The wary Indians, ever careful not to expose themselves, continued their fire. Soon all the horses were killed. One of the girls, venturing to raise her head a little, was

pierced through the brain by a bullet, and fell dead. Skyles was struck by a bullet, which shattered his shoulder blade. May received a ball through the forehead, and dropped lifeless.

The lad Johnston and one of the Miss Flemmings alone remained unharmed, with the exception of Flinn, who was a captive on the shore. Twenty of the savages now boarded the boat, some swimming to it, and climbing over its sides. Johnston, making a virtue of necessity, received them with apparent kindness, and helped them in. They all seemed in high glee, and very good natured. They shook him quite cordially by the hand, exclaiming in broken English, "How de do?"

Skyles was writhing in anguish under his painful wound. Miss Flemming was sitting silent and pallid with horror by the side of her dead sister. The Indians greeted them both civilly. They then proceeded to scalping the dead, and the lifeless bodies were thrown overboard. The scalps were stretched upon hoops and hung up to dry. They then drew the boat ashore and very eagerly examined their prize. The unhappy Skyles, tortured by his cruel wound, saw his silks, cambrics and broadcloths seized by the barbarian spoilers, while many of his most precious articles were trampled contemptuously in the mire. At length they came upon a keg of whisky. A general shout of exultation greeted this discovery. Everything else was forgotten, and, in a tumult of delight, they rushed ashore.

They built an immense fire, and all gathered around it, dancing and singing. Thus far, in the excitement and eagerness of examining their prize, they had made no attempt to rob the captives of their clothing. Johnston was quite richly dressed, for a boatman, having provided himself with a new suit just before sailing. He had a warm broadcloth surtout, a thick red flannel vest, a ruffled shirt, and an excellent pair of boots.

While they were gathered around the fire, a stout Shawnee chief, whose name he afterwards learned to be Chick-a-tom-mo, came up and eyed his finery very closely. He then took hold of the skirt of the overcoat, and giving it several very expressive jerks, indicated, by gestures not to be misunderstood, that he wished for it. Johnston drew it off and politely handed it to him. The red flannel waist-coat was now exposed to view in all its shining glories.

The chief examined it with great admiration, and regarding it

as an emblem of the wearer's martial rank, exclaimed: "Hugh! you big cappatain?" Johnston replied, in language which the chief seemed to understand, that he was not an officer, that he had nothing to do with military affairs. The chief, towering up as imposingly as he could, said: "Me cappatain; all dese," pointing to the other Indians, "my sogers." He then demanded the waistcoat. It was a cold windy March day. Johnston gave it to him, and stood shivering in his shirt and pantaloons.

Just then an old Indian of hideous aspect, and filthy in the extreme, came up and fixed an eagle eye upon Johnston's nice clean ruffled shirt, and striking him upon the shoulder, said, in imperative tones: "Swap, swap!" There was nothing to be done but to obey. As he was drawing the shirt over his head, exposing his bare chest to the really wintry air, another Indian came up, a young man of very stout proportions, and of unexpectedly humane spirit. The young Indian, whose name was afterwards found to be Tom Lewis, indicating that he had seen much of the whites, pulled the half-drawn shirt back again, and severely reproached the old Indian for robbing the captive of his shirt in such cold weather.

Soon after this, the kind young man, with an extraordinary look of pity and compassion, threw his own blanket over the shivering shoulders of Johnston. This act greatly cheered the poor prisoner, for it proved that, even among the savages, there were those who had sympathies of kindness and generosity, to which one might appeal not in vain.

The two white men who had decoyed the boat ashore, now took seats by the side of the captives and began to make excuses for their infamous conduct. They said that the Indians had compelled them, by threats of instant death, to do as they had done. But these cheap words could by no means atone for so atrocious a crime. They had both been captured by the Indians from Kentucky. The name of one was Thomas, of the other, Divine. While they were talking, a negro, who was also a captive, came forward. He said that Thomas had been very averse to having any share in the treachery, but that Divine, having had a promise from the Indians that, in case of success, his own liberty should be restored to him, had planned the project, and with great eagerness entered into its execution. In some things the Indians had a high sense of honor; and it was known that they would be faithful

in keeping such a promise. This charge against Divine was afterwards fully substantiated.

As the whole band of Indians and white captives were gathered around the bonfire, the Indians preparing for their carouse with the contents of the whisky keg, six Indian women came up, leading with them two white children, a girl and a boy. They had recently been taken from Kentucky. Skyles' wound was agonizingly painful, and Flinn, who, in his adventurous life, had picked up some little knowledge of surgery, dressed the wound as well as he could. An Indian woman kindly washed the wound, and, catching the bloody water in a tin cup, insisted upon Skyles' drinking it, saying that it would accelerate the cure.

This Indian band, it soon was learned, was composed of detachments from several tribes. There were Shawnees, Wyandots, Delawares, and Cherokees. The booty captured was divided among them by an aged chief, and all seemed satisfied with his decision. Flinn was given to a Shawnee warrior. Skyles to an old, wrinkled, crabbed Indian of the same tribe, who looked like a fiend incarnate. Johnston was particularly fortunate. He was assigned to a young Shawnee chief, who developed very generous and noble traits of character. His countenance was mild, open, and prepossessing. His figure was very fine, his movements graceful, and in native courtliness of bearing he would have graced almost any society. Miss Flemming was surrendered to the Cherokees.

These arrangements were very promptly made. Though the Indians were sure that there could be no foe near them, and therefore they did not deem it necessary to post any sentinels, still, every man placed his gun directly behind him, the breech resting upon the ground and the barrel resting between the forks of a small stake, driven into the ground, so that upon the slightest alarm each man could easily seize his gun.

After the distribution of their captives, Flinn and Johnston with Thomas and Divine, were ordered to prepare oars for the boat they had taken that the Indians might man it with their warriors, and compel the white men to row it to the attack of other boats which might be descending the Ohio. They manifested much sagacity in these preparations, which occupied the remainder of the day.

That night the Indians had a grand carouse. Their camp-fire threw its lurid gleams over the wide expanse of miles of forest and

of river. Their demoniac revelry, blending with the cry of the bear and the howl of the wolf echoed through those vast solitudes, reminding one rather of the maddened yell of fiends in the world of woe, than of the enjoyments of rational men, originally made in God's own image.

The next morning the Indians, as soon as it was light, sent their scouts up the river to watch for descending boats. Those who remained in the encampment painted their faces, dressed their scalp-tufts, and decorated themselves in the highest style of barbaric military art. Each warrior had a pocket mirror which had been obtained by previous traffic with the whites.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon a canoe was seen close to the Kentucky shore, containing six white men. They were ascending the river, laboriously rowing against the current. All the prisoners were immediately ordered upon pain of death to descend to the water's edge, and make every effort to decoy the canoe within reach of the Indian rifles. Divine entered upon the service with alacrity, seeming to enjoy it, and was very ingenious in the stratagems which he employed. He invented a very lamentable and plausible story of their descending the river in a boat, when it struck a snag and sunk, they escaping only with their lives. He said that they had no guns to obtain food, that they had not come across any Indians, and that they were actually starving.

With agony Johnston beheld the canoe put off from the Kentucky shore to cross the river. In vain he endeavored to make signs to them to go back. The Indians concealed themselves among the willows which grew very densely along the river banks. As soon as the humane, unsuspecting men drew within gunshot, the Indians selected their victims, and taking deliberate aim, fired. Some fell into the river, and in thus falling overset the canoe, which floated down the river with the bodies of the dead. When they fired, the canoe was within one hundred feet of the shore. The Indians, eager for scalps, plunged into the water, and seizing the dead bodies, obtained the scalps of all.

While thus employed their scouts announced another and a far more splendid prize in view. Three large, flat-bottomed boats were in sight, heavily laden with horses and dry goods. They were bound for Lexington, Kentucky. It was then nearly twelve o'clock and the little flotilla was about a mile above the point where the Indians stood concealed in the woods. Instantly all

was commotion. A large party of warriors sprang into the boat, and compelled their white prisoners to pull at the oars. The three boats, at a short distance from each other, drifted rapidly down the stream, until they came opposite the point where the savages were concealed beneath the shelter of the willows.

The Indians then forcing the rowers to their utmost efforts, pushed out rapidly in pursuit, and very speedily opened a heavy fire upon their victims. The boats returned the fire, and a warm contest ensued, as the contending parties floated rapidly side by side, down the swift current of the stream. The Indian warriors, though they had but one boat, greatly outnumbered the white men.

The hindermost boat of the three was for a time in great danger. It had but one pair of oars, was heavily laden, and had only three or four men on board. The Indians made for that boat, and swept the deck with an incessant fire from their rifles. The men at the oars in this boat strained every nerve in the endeavor to overtake their companions who were in the advance, while Captain Marshall, who was in command, stood firmly at the steering oar, with a shower of bullets whistling around him.

The Indians, in their eagerness to overtake the whites, left the swift central current, and endeavored to cut across the river, from point to point, hoping by shortening the distance to gain the advantage. They thus lost the force of the current, and found themselves rapidly dropping astern. The practiced rowers in the white man's boat pushed on with renewed zeal, while the second boat waited for them. As soon as they came in contact the crew leaped on board the larger and better manned barge, and they abandoned their own, with its horses, goods, and all its contents to the enemy.

The two crews, thus united, were enabled to shoot ahead with increased rapidity, so that they soon overtook the leading boat, into which they also leaped, surrendering another richly freighted craft to the foe. This boat, in which all were now assembled, was the largest and strongest of all. It had six pair of oars, and being so strongly manned, was soon beyond the reach of the bullets of the savages. Fortunately the Indians, accustomed only to the paddle, did not know how to row. The white men were skilled in the use of the oars. The captive whites, who were forced into the chase, while apparently doing their best, were careful never to



ESCAPE IN THE FLAT BOAT.

pull together, and did everything in their power to favor the escape of their friends. The Indian, also, who endeavored to steer, was not a skilled helmsman.

Though the chase continued for an hour, the Indians then became satisfied that they could not overtake the white men. Abandoning the pursuit, they turned their attention to the two boats which had thus been deserted. They were both drawn to the shore, and to their unbounded delight they discovered that the prize which had fallen into their hands was rich beyond their most sanguine expectations. There were several fine horses on board these capacious barges, and a large supply of sugar, flour, chocolate and other inestimable treasures.

Another keg of whisky was found, which discovery was greeted with more exuberant applause than was any other of the acquisitions. These Indian warriors ever carried their home with them. Wherever they chanced to be was their home. They resolved to regale themselves with another magnificent feast. The sublime and gigantic forest, with no underbrush, carpeted with green sward, and bordered on the south by the wide-flowing river, presented a lawn for such a festival as no park which the hand of opulence had reared could rival. The sun shone in beautifully upon them from the south. The trees and the rising hills beyond sheltered them from the cold March winds. With their hatchets they soon constructed several wigwams, which rose in graceful beauty beneath the canopy of foliage which was even then beginning to clothe the forest. The warriors, in their gay attire of plumes and fringes and gorgeously colored robes, as they flitted about among the trees, added to the enchantment of the scene.

Fire, bright illumination, seems to be ever and inseparably the companion of festivity. As the shades of evening darkened around them, one of the grandest of bonfires which ever graced a savage carousal was built. A large kettle was filled with chocolate and sugar, the Indians seeming to understand perfectly the art of preparing the rich beverage. Somehow they learned that young Johnston understood the art of cookery. He was ordered to make some flour cakes, and bake them in the fire. A deer skin was handed him as a tray on which to knead the flour. As this skin had been used for some time as a saddle, it was not in a condition to add to the appetite of the white lookers on.

Johnston made some dumplings, sweetened them with sugar, and boiled them in the chocolate. The Indians, in devouring such unimagined delicacies, gave utterance to the most unbounded satisfaction. They praised the cook in their most eulogistic strains, and declared that he should ever henceforth serve them in that capacity. As with the white men, the wine comes after the feast, so with these Indian revelers the whisky came, after they had gorged themselves with their unaccustomed food.

The beverage, so precious yet so fatal to them, as to all the rest of mankind, had been carefully guarded. As usual, in preparation for a disgraceful drunken bout, a select band was appointed to keep sober, and to watch over the inebriates when frenzied with the fire-water. With what was intended as true hospitality, their white prisoners were invited to share in their carouse. Johnston and Skyles declined the invitation. But Flinn, a backwoodsman of generous impulses, but of semi-barbarian habits, eagerly joined the revelers. He drank as deeply as any, and soon, in the frenzy of intoxication, forgot all his calamities and lost all self-control.

He fell into a quarrel with a drunken Indian, and, being a man of wonderful muscular strength, gave his antagonist an unmerciful beating. Several of the tribe to which that Indian belonged rushed upon him with fury; but the others interposed, with peals of laughter, saying that Flinn had exhibited genuine pluck, that it was a fair fight, and that he should have fair play.

As Johnston and Skyles had refused to join the revelers, it was feared that they might attempt to escape during the scene of tumult and confusion which would ensue. They were therefore bound. But as there was danger that they might be assailed by some of the Indians, in their drunken fury, and killed, they were removed to a distance and laid down beside some trees.

While in this helpless condition, unable in the slightest degree to defend themselves, they saw with terror a burly savage reeling towards them, with his drawn knife in his hand, and uttering drunken curses. The wretch, when within a few paces of them, stopped, eyed them savagely, and harangued them madly for a minute, in language which they could not understand. Having worked himself up to a state of insane fury, he uttered a hideous yell, and springing upon Skyles, seized him by the hair and endeavored to scalp him. He was so intoxicated that he worked very clumsily, though he cut a severe gash in Skyles' head.

Before he had accomplished his purpose, the guard appointed for the general protection ran up at their utmost speed, and seizing him by the shoulders hurled him to the distance of several yards. The escape of poor, wounded, suffering Skyles was very extraordinary, and it was some time before he could recover from the agitation of the scene.

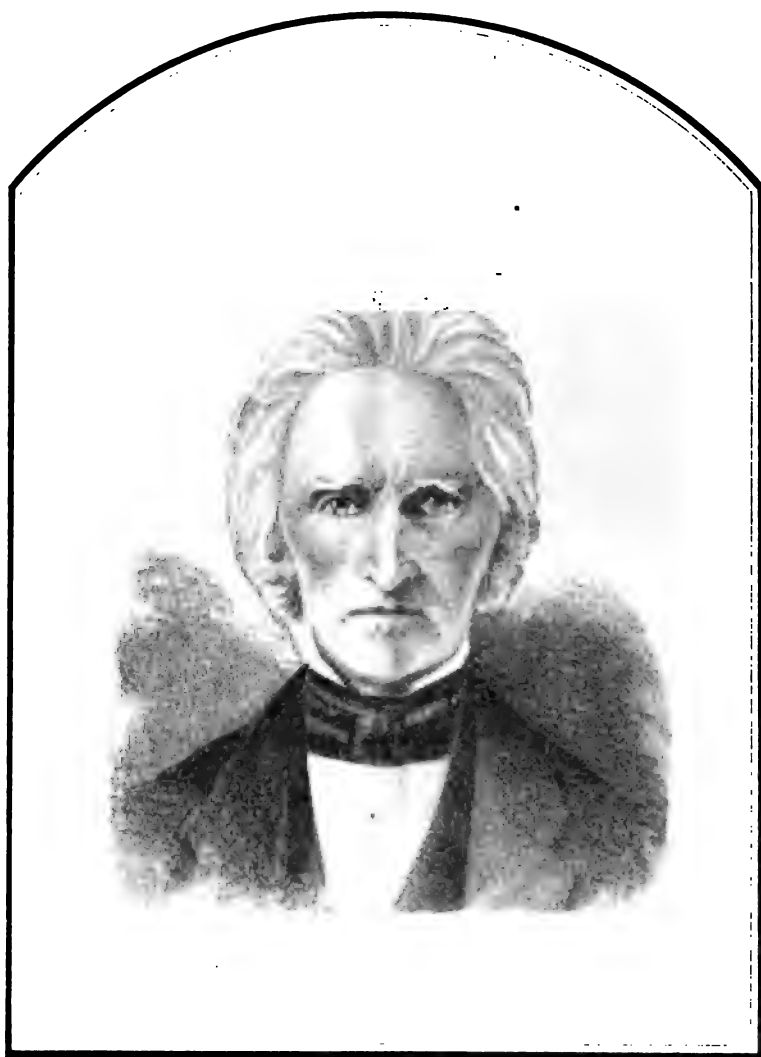
The next morning the Indians separated. The party to which Flinn belonged remained at the river, hoping to intercept more boats. Johnston's party directed their steps in a northerly direction toward their distant homes on the banks of the Maumee. Among the prizes which they found in the boat abandoned by Captain Marshall there was a cow. Johnston was required to lead her by a halter. As she was unaccustomed to this mode of travel, she proved exceedingly refractory. We are told that, "when he took one side of a tree, she regularly chose the other. Whenever he attempted to lead her, she planted her feet firmly before her, and refused to move a step. When he strove to drive her, she ran off into the bushes, dragging him after her, to the no small injury of his person and dress. The Indians were in a roar of laughter throughout the whole day, and appeared highly to enjoy his perplexity."*

After the first day's march, at night they reached a small Indian village, or rather encampment. Here they left the women and children of their party. Also, to the great relief of Johnston, they slaughtered the cow, and had a great feast, fortunately without any whisky to inflame their wild passions.

The kind-hearted Mess-ha-wa, to whom Johnston had been committed, was absent this night. The wary Indians, far more cautious than the white people often were, thinking it possible that they might be pursued, had entrusted a guard of several warriors to Mess-ha-wa, who was to bring up the rear. During his absence, Johnston was entrusted to an Indian of very inhuman character.

After the feast he cruelly bound Johnston that he might not escape during the night. As he drew the cord tightly around the wrist, causing great pain, Johnston ventured to complain. The merciless fellow affected to fall into a great passion. Uttering a revolting oath, which he had learned from the lips of vulgar, swearing white men, he drew the tightly twisted cord with all the

* Western Adventures, by John A. McClung,



ROBERT LUCAS
Governor 1832-36.

strength of his brawny muscles, burying it in the tender flesh of his victim. The anguish was most acute. During the whole night Johnston remained thus fearfully tortured, moaning in almost unendurable pain.

In the morning Mess-ha-wa came. He found his prisoner in a burning fever, with his hands dreadfully swollen. He was very indignant, immediately cut the cords, and assailed, in language of severest rebuke, the wretch who had wantonly inflicted the torture. The march was resumed. Mess-ha-wa watched over his captive with the utmost tenderness. He could not have treated a brother more kindly. On the other hand, the savage fiend to whom Skyles had been entrusted, seemed to delight in making him miserable. Notwithstanding his inflamed wound, he piled upon his back a heavy burden of baggage, and also compelled him to carry his rifle. Thus his wound was kept continually irritated, and prevented from healing. He continually assailed him with curses, often with blows, and nearly starved him.

The Indians were east of the Scioto River. They soon reached the stream, which it was necessary to cross. It could not be forded, as it was swollen by the spring rains. It was but a partial protection, after all, which the kind hearted Mess-ha-wa could afford his captive. It was necessary to build a raft. Johnston was compelled to work like a slave. A large log was to be carried for this purpose several hundred yards. Two Indians took the light end. The heavy butt was given to Johnston alone. With convulsive strength he placed it upon his shoulder. As he tottered along it was crushing him. Sinking beneath the load, he shouted to those at the other end, "take care," and dropped his burden. They did not understand the warning, and were both violently knocked down, and rendered, for a moment, insensible. Then, seizing their tomahawks, they rushed, with curses upon their lips, towards Johnson, and would instantly have killed him had not the others interposed.

These savages had a singular sense of justice. They reviled the two Indians who had placed upon the shoulder of their captive twice as heavy a burden as they could carry themselves. They laughed uproariously at their merited discomfiture, and would not allow them to lay any hand of violence upon the victim of their fury.

They all crossed the river on the raft. The Indians, deeming themselves now entirely secure from pursuit, began to journey much more leisurely. Johnston was quite impatient to reach the villages on the Maumee. He hoped to find there some benevolent trader, French or English, who would ransom him and set him at liberty. Johnston gives the following account of a game of cards which they were accustomed to play with the most intense enjoyment. The game was called *Nosey*.

The Indians took an ordinary pack of cards, such as they obtained from the traders. The pack was equally divided between the two players. The game consisted in each one endeavoring, by some process not explained, to get all the cards into his own possession. The winner had the right to ten fillips at his adversary's nose. This the loser was to meet in perfect gravity. Should the slightest smile curl his lip, he was to receive ten additional fillips, and so on for every smile.

At this game the childish Indians would play all day long. They seemed never to be weary of it. A group of bystanders usually looked on, as much entertained as were the players. Shouts of laughter rose from all lips when the penalty was exacted.

The Indians were very capricious. Sometimes they were good natured, and seemed peculiarly amiable and smiling. Again they would seem sulky, morose, and cruel in the extreme. Upon one occasion, Johnston asked an aged Shawnee chief how far it was to their village. The chief replied with great good nature. Taking a stick, he drew quite accurately upon the sand a diagram of their route. He pointed out the situation of the Ohio River and of the Scioto, of the various Indian villages, and waived his hand for every day which would be necessarily occupied on the journey.

Johnston then inquired how many inhabitants their village contained. The placidity of the chief at once disappeared. He was thrown into a great rage. His eyes flashed fire.

"Once," said he, "we were a great, great nation. We had many warriors. The Long Knives came, and they have killed nearly all of us. There are but few left. But so long as there is a single Shawnee alive, we will fight, fight, fight. When there is no Shawnee then there is no fight."

It so chanced that they passed through a forest which a surveying party had explored. The indications of their encroachments

were evident by ax-marks on a tree. The Indians halted, examined the trees for some moments in silence, and then they unitedly set up a maddened yell. They gave vent to their rage, and added to its intensity by smiting the tree with their hatchets, and by cursing their prisoners with such menacing gestures that they supposed their doom was sealed. It seemed that such anger could never be appeased.

Resuming silently their journey, they had advanced but a little distance when they came to a creek of deep, dark water, which they had to pass on a slippery log. The weather was bitterly cold. A severe frost during the night had glazed with ice the log which had been barked. The Indians passed in safety. Johnston's inexperienced foot slipped, and he was soused over head and ears in the cold flood. The Indians, who had just been apparently almost bursting with rage, raised shouts of good-natured laughter. Their anger was instantly all dispelled.

It was one of their favorite amusements, when good natured, to compel their captives to dance in English fashion, keeping time to their own music. Again, indulging in more savage enjoyment, they would build a large fire and force their captives to leap through the flames with such rapidity as not to be seriously burned.

The slow and painful journey through the wilderness, which we are now describing, occupied several weeks. Thus far Skyles and Johnston had been kept together. They were now separated. One party with Skyles took a westerly course, and directed their steps toward the valley of the Great Miami. The other party turned north, seeking the Sandusky.

A negro slave had escaped from Kentucky, and had taken refuge among the Wyandots. They had received him kindly and adopted him into the tribe. A Wyandot Indian, who had become a very shrewd trader, had taken the negro into his service as an assistant. He found the negro's knowledge and intelligence to be of great value to him. The Indian was in the habit of purchasing, at Detroit, whisky, powder, blankets and other such articles as would be in demand, packing them upon horses and selling them in the Indian villages for furs and hides, often making a thousand per cent. on his sales.

This man, with his negro attendant, casually encountered, in one of the trails of the forest, the party journeying with Johnston towards the Sandusky. The trader produced his rum, and imme-

diately a brisk traffic ensued; the Indians rapidly disposing of the articles which they had obtained from the boats. Johnston saw his admirable boots, for which he had paid eight dollars in Virginia but a few weeks before, exchanged for a pint of rum. Other articles were sold at the same rate.

The Indians, as usual on such occasions, laid in an ample supply of whisky, and made their deliberate preparations for a night's carouse. Johnston, for his own personal safety, and also to prevent his escape, was entrusted to the care of two sober Indians. They bound him securely with a cord, the two ends of which they passed under their own bodies, as they laid themselves down to sleep in the open air, one on each side of their prisoner. He could not move without giving them warning.

In the night it began to rain. The falling flood woke Johnston. The Indians regarded it no more than would a wolf or a buffalo. Johnston, unable to extricate himself, was endeavoring to submit to his lot in patience, when the kind-hearted negro, with benevolence characteristic of his race, came to him and courteously invited him to take shelter beneath his tent, which stood near by.

Johnston was beginning to explain to his friend that he was so fettered that he could not extricate himself without the consent of his guards, when they, roused by the incident, and supposing that an escape was intended, sprang to their feet, grappled their captive with convulsive violence, and simultaneously gave that terrific yell which was called the alarm whoop. The cry seemed to be instantly repeated by every Indian in the encampment. The whole band, nearly all in a frenzy of drunkenness, rushed towards Johnston, and he gave himself up for lost. The poor negro was pallid with terror. The savages, however, proved more considerate than could reasonably have been expected of them. They were doubtless conducting Johnston to their village, in anticipation of a grand revel in burning him at the stake. To kill him in a moment of anger would spoil their sport.

Several of the Indians seized Johnston and dragged him violently a few paces into the woods. They then questioned him with the shrewdness of a cross-examining lawyer respecting his interview with the negro—what the negro said and what he said. He replied by simply and clearly telling the whole truth. They then took the terrified negro aside, and with their gleaming toma-

hawks brandished before his face, assured him that Johnston had confessed all, and that they would scalp him on the spot if he did not tell the whole truth. His story agreed exactly with that which Johnston had told. As it was not possible that he could know what Johnston had said, these logical barbarians inferred that their story must be true, and that no plot for escape had been concerted.

The Indians were completely sobered by the alarm, and as it was raining violently, they allowed Johnston to take shelter in the comfortable wigwam which the negro had reared for himself. Johnston was in the vigor of youth and health, and being much exhausted he soon fell very soundly asleep—sleeping like a *log*, as is often said. But he was soon tormented by a terrible nightmare. He dreamed that he was drowning in the creek into which he had that morning fallen, and that he was suffering all the horrors of strangulation. At length he awoke. He found that a burly Indian had entered the wigwam, seated himself upon his breast as if he had been a *log*, and was quietly smoking his pipe. Johnston threw the Indian off. The savage did not resent it; but taking another seat, with great gravity resumed smoking his pipe.

The next morning the warriors, in continuation of their revel, had a great war dance. They painted themselves hideously, dressed themselves in their most gorgeous military display, and endeavored to fan the flame of their passions into fury, as they recited the wrongs which they had received from the white men. A stake was planted in the ground and painted in alternate stripes of black and red. The dancers circled around it, chanting in angry tones their accusations and denunciations.

"The pale faces," they sang, "have robbed us of our lands; they have slaughtered our warriors; they have burned our villages; they have cut up and trampled down our corn; they have insulted our women; they have frightened the game from our fields; they have driven our wives and children into the forest to starve."

More and more enraged the warriors became, as the song and the dance went on. At length, Chick-a-tom-mo, to whom we have before alluded as the chief of the band who had robbed Johnston of his warm surtout and gaudy vest, maddened with rum and the excitement of the carouse, with eyes flashing fire like those of a maniac, broke from the dancers, and rushing to the spot where

Johnston sat calmly contemplating the scene, struck him a violent blow with his clenched fist. Then, seeing the two white children near him, who were prisoners, he snatched up a tomahawk, and swinging it through the air, plunged like a maddened bull upon them. The little creatures, terrified, fled, uttering piercing screams. The drunken savage soon overtook the girl, and was just about to bury his tomahawk in her brain when Mess-ha-wa, with the fleetness of a deer, overtook him, seized the uplifted arm, and hurled the would-be murderer several paces back. The noble Indian caught the shrieking child in his arms, and then ran to catch and protect the boy. The little fellow, terror-stricken, ran so fast, often doubling in his flight, that it was some time before he could be caught. Mess-ha-wa took them both in his arms, and spoke to them so kindly as to soothe their fears, and though he addressed them only in the Indian language, they instinctively understood his meaning, and clung to him for protection.

Chick-a-tom-mo, probably conscious how greatly he was in the wrong, sullenly retired, without any attempt to resent the violent interference of Mess-ha-wa.

The rum was not yet all gone, and the revelry was to continue until the last drop had disappeared. The Indians never thought of laying up any for future use. While the disgusting drunken bout continued, a Mingo chief, who was out on a hunting excursion, joined the party. Nothing loth, he accepted the cordial invitation to join in the drinking. Drunkenness sometimes creates rage, sometimes maudlin good nature. The Mingo chief took advantage of a moment when all seemed to him to be in a particularly loving mood, to ask as a special favor that they would give their captive, Johnston, to him.

He had lately killed a Wyandot warrior; his widow was inconsolable; she had no one to bring game to her lodge; she insisted that the Mingo chief should either provide her with another husband, or, in accordance with an ancient custom, should lay down his own life. He said that the squaw was old, toothless, bent with rheumatism, and a terrible scold. He was too poor to hire any one to marry her; he could not think of marrying her himself. He urged, therefore, that they should give him their captive, who being young and handsome, would be gladly accepted by the squaw.

The Mingo chief knew the fate of burning at the stake, for which Johnston was reserved. He supposed that Johnston might be aware of it. He therefore thought that he would gladly avail himself of the opportunity of saving his life by marrying into the tribe.

The intoxicated Indians, in their excessive good nature, agreed to this. Johnston, who had many fears respecting his approaching fate, made no objection to the arrangement. He thought the plan greatly increased his chances of final escape. All the Indians gathered around him with congratulations, shaking him heartily by the hand, and assuring him that a fine Wyandot squaw was waiting to throw herself into his arms.

Within an hour the Indians went on their way, leaving Johnston with his new master. The Mingo chief, whose route led along the same trail, conscious of the capricious character of his countrymen, was anxious to put as much distance as he could between himself and the former owners of the prisoner, tarried at the encampment until nearly evening. He then shouldered his wallet, and, accompanied by Johnston, followed slowly on.

As soon as the Shawanese became sober, they regretted their liberality, and began to reproach one another for the senseless transaction. They halted, waiting for the Mingo chief to overtake them. By noon the next day he made his appearance. Clamorously, they demanded the return of their prisoner. He demurred. A scene of violent altercation ensued, accompanied with angry gestures and many oaths—for the Indians had learned of the white men how to swear.

At length Mess-ha-wa silently mounted a horse, and led another by a halter. He then approached the spot where Johnston stood, and ordered him to leap upon the spare horse. The captive, bewildered, not knowing what was best, and having confidence in his friend, immediately obeyed. The whip was applied to both steeds, and with clattering hoofs they rushed along the trail, and soon disappeared in the distance. Thus the affair was settled.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

DOOM OF THE CAPTIVES.

ARRIVAL AT UPPER SANDUSKY—THE FRENCH TRADER—
ATTEMPT AT RANSOM—DESPAIR OF JOHNSTON—BOASTING
OF THE INDIANS—THE INDIANS IN BEGGARY—JOHNSTON
REDEEMED—AWFUL FATE OF FLINN—SKYLES RUNS THE
GAUNTLET—DOOMED TO BE BURNED—THE FLIGHT AND THE
PURSUIT—WILD AND PERILOUS ADVENTURES—WONDERFUL
ESCAPE—PERILS IN DETROIT—SUFFERINGS OF MISS FLEM-
ING—BOUND TO THE STAKE—HER SINGULAR RESCUE BY
KING CRANE—SUBSEQUENT HISTORY—JOHNSTON'S RETURN
TO HIS FRIENDS—FATE OF THE PROMINENT INDIANS.

MESS-HA-WA, with his prisoner companions, rode, with great rapidity, for an hour or two, when they reached an Indian village on the Upper Sandusky. Here they stopped and waited the arrival of Chick-a-tom-mo with his band. He soon appeared, accompanied by his warriors, and followed by the discontented Mingo. The poor chief, feeling that his own life was at stake, gazed upon his lost captive with an expression of the most bitter disappointment and sadness. At length, however, he approached Johnston, shook him kindly by the hand, bade him adieu, and with an exceedingly disconsolate air left the village.

At Sandusky there was a French trader by the name of Duchonquet. He had resided there for several years, on perfectly friendly terms with the Indians, engaged in the fur trade. He was a kind hearted man, became deeply interested in Johnston, who was a frank, ingenuous, fine looking young man, and, as we have said, in all the vigor and promise of but eighteen years of age. Knowing well the character of the Indians, Mr. Duchonquet had many fears that he should not be able to accomplish anything effectual in the prisoner's behalf. He, however, assured Johnston that he would leave no efforts untried to rescue him.

That evening, he sought an interview with the chief, Chick-atom-mo, who seemed to be regarded as a superior chief, to whose authority all the other chiefs were subordinate. M. Duchonquet offered a very large reward for the ransom of the prisoner. The chief replied :

“Your offer is liberal and ample. But no consideration whatever can induce us to surrender our captive until we have exhibited him in all our principal villages.”

When this answer was reported to Johnston, it filled him with despair. M. Duchonquet shared his emotions, and trembled for the fate of his friend. The Shawanese had still in reserve some of the goods which they had purloined from the boats. With these they purchased another keg of rum, and prepared for another carouse. Johnston entreated M. Duchonquet to try the Indians again, when perhaps their hearts would be mellowed with drink. He complied. But the refusal was still peremptory. Johnston, in a state of great anxiety, wished him to inquire what Shawanese village they intended first to take him to, and what was to be his fate when he arrived there. The chief replied that he was to be taken to all their villages on the Maumee, but declined giving any answer as to the fate which awaited him.

Johnston was now in utter despair. He had often heard that every white prisoner taken to the Maumee villages fell a sacrifice to the vengeance of the savages. He had also heard that the Indians carefully concealed from their prisoners the dreadful doom to which they were destined, lest they should make more desperate efforts to escape, or even commit suicide.

But suddenly affairs took a very strange turn. The Wyandot trader, flushed with his recent success, hastily obtained a fresh supply of rum, and hurriedly entered Sandusky with several horses laden with kegs of that fatal beverage, which had such resistless charms for the Indian. In three days he stripped them of everything—of every skin, fur and article of value which the boats had afforded. They were left destitute, ragged, hungry, and in abject poverty.

They had sent forward glowing accounts of their great achievements, and of the wealth and grandeur with which they were returning to their native villages. The pride of the Indian warriors was humiliated at the thought of presenting themselves, after all their boastings, before their friends in such a beggarly

condition. They therefore, in deliberate council, decided to return to the banks of the Ohio, hoping to replenish their exhausted stores by the capture of more boats.

Chick-a-tom-mo therefore sought an interview with M. Duchonquet, and very tranquilly told him that, since the scalp of their prisoner could be more easily transported than his person, they had decided to burn him that evening; but that from their love for M. Duchonquet, if he would pay a large ransom for the captive, they would forego their anticipated entertainment, and surrender him.

This was not an empty threat. They undoubtedly intended to execute it. Still the cunning chief probably thought that a very large ransom would be more valuable to them than the pleasure of witnessing his dying agonies and possessing his scalp. Duchonquet eagerly accepted the offer. He counted out six hundred ornamental jewels called brooches, which the Indians valued as a fashionable lady values diamonds, and offered them for the captive. He was immediately surrendered to the French trader. And these strange savages actually took a very affectionate leave of the captive whom they had been so eager to torture and to burn.

Johnston was greatly elated. But the next day his anxieties were renewed. He was in the heart of the Indian country, entirely at the mercy of Indian caprice. There was no power whatever to protect him. The Indian band under Chick-a-tom-mo, which had set out for the Ohio, suddenly reappeared. For some unexplained reason they seem to have abandoned their trip, and for several days they remained loitering around Sandusky. Apprehensive that they might again claim him, he armed himself with a pistol and knife, resolving not to be taken alive. His fears, however, proved groundless. After a few days they again disappeared, and he saw them no more.

The very evening of their departure a Delaware Indian came into the village. He brought the intelligence that Flinn had been burned at the stake in one of the Shawanese towns a few days before. He had assisted in the entertainment of torturing the victim, and seemed to take pleasure in reciting all the cruel details. For some time Flinn had cherished the hope that he might be adopted, and there was ground for the hope, for the tribe was much pleased with his bold, frank, and fearless character. But

some wild chiefs, reported cannibals, came from far back in the interior on a visit to the Shawanese. They were very eager to share in the amusement of torturing and burning a white captain. As a measure of hospitality the Shawanese consented.

The unhappy man was fastened to a stake, and the awful torture commenced amidst the wildest scene of tumult, whoops and yells. Men, women and children all took an excited part. It was with them the grandest of gala days. The chain which bound him to the stake was about a yard in length, allowing him in his agony to move that distance to and fro. He exhibited the most extraordinary fortitude. Not a groan did he allow to escape him. For several hours the awful scene was protracted, the savage tormentors being careful not to touch any vital point. At length a brawny savage with the blow of a tomahawk ended his sufferings.

This report was soon after fully confirmed by a Canadian trader who was present at the time and witnessed the awful spectacle. He made almost frantic endeavors to save the captive. He offered several kegs of rum as a ransom. He offered six hundred silver brooches. All was in vain. As he reported to Flinn his utter failure, the poor man exclaimed: "Then all I have to say is, *may God have mercy on my soul.*"

The Delaware said that the cannibals ate a portion of Flinn's flesh; that he tasted of it and it was sweeter than bear's meat. A few days after this Johnston received tidings from poor Skyles. He was taken to one of the towns on the Maumee near the scene of Flinn's execution. It will be remembered that he was in the hands of a crabbed master who seemed to take pleasure in tormenting him. Skyles was first subjected to the cruel ordeal of running the gauntlet. A stout Indian boy cut a heavy switch from a thorn tree, and trimmed it so as to leave near the end one sharp thorn about an inch and a-half in length. As Skyles rushed along between the hostile lines, the boy struck a blow which drove the thorn up to the head in his naked back. The switch was wrested from the boy's grasp, and carried to the end of the course clinging to the quivering nerves of the sufferer.

After this Skyles was employed as the menial slave of his crabbed master. He carried water and gathered wood for his scolding wife. Gradually he so worked himself into her good graces that she compelled her churlish husband to treat him with less cruelty. One evening the squaw came into the wigwam and confidentially

informed Skyles that his death had been decided upon, and that it was to take place by burning at the stake the next day. He feigned to receive the tidings with indifference, and assumed to fall asleep. The conversation he overheard between the woman and her daughter, a child of fifteen, satisfied him that her report was correct. The squaw said that Skyles was a good man and very useful, and that it was too bad that he should be thus sacrificed. But the girl was merciless. She declared that the white people were all devils, and that every one of them ought to be put to death. And she expressed eagerly the delight she should experience in witnessing Skyles' dying agonies.

At length they ceased talking, and both fell soundly asleep. Skyles cautiously arose, took the old Indian's rifle, powder-horn, shot-bag and corn-pouch, and, stepping out, directed his course, through a solitary way, to the Maumee River. In his excitement, he without delay plunged in and swam to the opposite shore. His powder thus became wet and his rifle consequently useless. He threw them away. The night was dark. He was in a state of extreme agitation. He was flying not merely from death, but from death in its most appalling form. It was far better to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, or to freeze in a wintry storm, or to perish by lingering starvation, than to grapple with the king of terrors at the Indians' burning-stake. He knew that before the dawn more than a hundred fleet-footed warriors would be in pursuit of him, and that, with almost miraculous accuracy they would follow his trail.

On and on he rushed, aiming for the Ohio River, and, supposing he had placed miles between him and his pursuers, when he came again upon the Scioto, not more than a hundred yards from the spot where he had crossed the stream. In his bewilderment, he had been running in a circle, which had occupied him six hours. It was a terrible discovery. As he stood a moment, almost paralyzed with consternation, he heard the tinkling of a horse-bell near by. A horse was grazing in the rich grass of the meadow. He caught the horse, mounted it, and again commenced his flight towards the river, though he was aware that the horse's tracks would prove an unerring guide to his pursuers.

But the forest was very dense; there was much fallen timber; it became often necessary for him to change his course; he had no means of ascertaining the points of the compass. Again he be-



JOSEPH VANCE.
Governor 1836-38.

came bewildered and lost. He also found that he could press through the tangled forest on foot faster than he could on horse-back. He abandoned his horse and again set out on foot. At length the day began to dawn. He was in the midst of a vast wilderness, hungry and exhausted. He had no means of obtaining food, and was entirely unacquainted with those signs by which an experienced woodsman could grope his way through pathless wilds.

Fearful of pursuit, and knowing that he was in the midst of a dense Indian population, who were ever roving the woods in search of game, he deemed it prudent to find some hiding-place, where he could conceal himself until darkness again came. At night he recommenced his journey, though with the utmost caution. He had not gone far before he came upon a solitary Indian wigwam, probably the encampment of some family out upon a hunting expedition. The inmates were all asleep. But the wolfish dogs of the Indians, ever on the alert, caught sound of his footsteps and commenced a furious barking. Scarcely had he escaped from this danger ere he came upon a larger encampment, composing quite a village. The dogs again commenced their furious barking, and he feared that his detection was inevitable.

Thus he wandered in terror and peril for several days. At last he was in a condition of actual starvation. He therefore came to the desperate resolve to enter the first Indian village he approached, and throw himself upon the hospitality of the people. So soon as he struck a trail, he followed it resolutely. About four o'clock in the afternoon he came upon an Indian village. His heart misgave him. He decided to conceal himself until dark. He thought that he might perhaps then find some corn-field or some refuse food by which he could save himself from starvation.

But no food could be found. He came across some embers of a decaying fire, and blacked his face and hands with the charcoal. He then, wrapping his blanket around him, in the usual Indian fashion, and imitating the straggling gait of an Indian hunter, entered the village. It was early in the evening, the lanes of the village were quite deserted, most of the warriors, as he afterwards learned, being absent. He passed one or two squaws, who paid no attention to him. He was literally starving, and food he must have. While slowly trudging through the village, he saw a light

in a distant wigwam, which somewhat resembled a trader's booth. Cautiously approaching, he found, to his great joy, that he was correct in his supposition.

A white man stood behind the counter, selling various articles to a number of squaws who were standing around. Skyles tremblingly entered the shop, and, in bad English, assuming to be an Indian, called for rum. The trader, who instantly detected him to be a white man in disguise, without manifesting any surprise, replied that he had no rum in the wigwam, but that if he would wait a few minutes he would go and get some. The man leaped over the counter and went out. Skyles followed him and recounted his story, casting himself upon his mercy.

The trader was greatly troubled. To betray his guest would be infamous. To assist in concealing an escaping prisoner, would expose him to the same dreadful doom which awaited the captive. And under the circumstances it seemed impossible that Skyles could elude pursuit. The trader informed the starving, trembling prisoner, that a band of Shawanese, that very morning had appeared in the village, in eager search for him; they were still in the neighborhood, having followed his trail; that they had expressed themselves as amused by his zig-zag course, and that they would undoubtedly return the next day. If Skyles should remain in the village his detection would be certain. If he endeavored to escape by again entering the forest, it was hardly possible that he could elude the vigilance of the many bands who were on the chase.

They were both in a state of very great perplexity. The trader, upon reflection, told him that he must immediately leave the village; that eager eyes would soon be fixed upon him. He pointed out a thick hazel grove, where he thought he might perhaps be concealed, in security, for a short time. He promised soon to join him there with some food, and that they would then endeavor to plan some mode of escape.

Skyles, by a circuitous route, repaired to the thicket. The trader soon joined him there with food, and informed him, that he saw but one possible mode of escape. "You can not," said he, "remain here without being caught. And you can not escape your pursuers so as to reach the white settlements through the wood. But this morning, a boat, laden with furs, and commanded by an English captain, left here to paddle down the Maumee to

Lake Erie. You can possibly overtake that boat. The captain will certainly take you on board, and you may escape."

Fortunately the warriors were all absent. Skyles was an experienced boatman. The trader had a light skiff with two oars. Skyles immediately jumped on board, soon reached the current, and rapidly descended the stream. The darkness of night enveloped the scene. There was but little danger of discovery before the day should dawn. Skyles plied his utmost energies, at the oars, during the long hours of the night. More than his life depended upon his speed. The peril of his situation was so dreadful that he was in the greatest agitation. Every rustling of the bushes alarmed him. Every cry of the owl caused him to start.

At length, just as the first dawning of the morning was beginning to appear, he caught sight of the boat, the ark of his salvation, drifting slowly down the stream by the force of the current alone. He was soon within hailing distance and called aloud for the boat to stop. But strangely enough the crew were all soundly asleep, even the helmsman. The barge was flat-bottomed, spacious and capable of bearing a heavy burden. Skyles rowed along-side and leaped on board. The drowsing helmsman rubbed his eyes, and looking around, somewhat bewildered said, "I had almost fallen asleep."

The captain was called. He emerged from a sort of cabin, with a woolen night cap upon his head, and rather nervously inquired who the stranger was, and why he had paid them so early a visit. Skyles was afraid, at first, fully to reveal himself, lest the captain should deem it too hazardous to afford him refuge. The Indians regarded the English as their allies against the Americans. It would be deemed, by them, an unpardonable offense for an Englishman to rescue an American prisoner. Skyles told the captain that he was a land speculator; that he had been surveying lands upon the Auglaise; but alarmed by the increasing animosity of the Indians against the whites he had thought it prudent to leave the country. The captain coolly rejoined, as though it was a matter of very little moment:

'I heard that a white man was burned a few days ago in one of the Maumee villages, and that another had avoided the same fate only by running into the woods. But it is supposed that he cannot escape. He will either perish miserably of starvation in the woods, or be retaken. Numerous parties are after him, and

by his zig-zag course he has proved himself to be a very poor woodman."

After a moment's pause Skyles replied : " Captain, I am that wretched fugitive, and I cast myself upon your mercy for protection."

The English captain was a very singular man, of imperturbable spirit. He manifested not the slightest emotion of sympathy or of alarm, and without any hesitation received the fugitive to the protection of his boat. They descended the Maumee to Lake Erie without any adventure, and reached Detroit in safety.

Here, greatly to his surprise, he discovered, without being discovered himself, Chickatommo, Messhawa, and their accompanying band. These Indians, after having sold Johnston, instead of returning to the Ohio as was their first intention, repaired to Detroit. Skyles very carefully avoided them, and concealed himself in the house of a trader. The next day a party of Shawanese arrived in pursuit of him. They had with their usual sagacity traced him to the river, and down the river to the lake. For several days they paraded the streets, complaining bitterly of the loss of their prisoner. At length, to Skyles' great relief, they departed. He then took passage to Montreal, and after all his perils and sufferings reached his home in safety.

It will be remembered that there was one young lady, Miss Flemming, who was taken captive, and who, in the division, was surrendered to the Cherokees. She was a peculiar girl, who had lived a wild life, and was naturally of very buoyant spirits. She did not at first lay her captivity at all to heart. While her captors lingered on the banks of the Ohio, she tried to ingratiate herself into their favor by fun and frolic.

Soon after Johnston's liberation, while he was still residing with his friend, M. Duchonquet, at Sandusky, the band of Cherokees, with their prisoner, suddenly appeared in the village. All their booty had disappeared. They were ragged and emaciate, and in all respects in a forlorn condition. Poor Miss Flemming was sadly changed. All her lightness of heart had vanished. Her eyes were swollen with weeping; her dress was tattered, and her cheeks pallid and sunken.

Johnston's sympathies were deeply aroused. He addressed her tenderly, and inquired into the treatment she had received, which had caused so great a change. She could make no reply, but

wringing her hands, wept convulsively. She had been assigned to a particular master. He, seeing her tears, brutally ordered her to leave the village, and accompany him to Lower Sandusky.

Her master carried his victim off with him, and all knew that her ultimate fate was to furnish the Cherokees with a gala day, by being tortured and burned at the stake. Johnston and Duchonquet followed, hoping in some way to effect her liberation. There were a few French and English traders at the trading post, and Lower Sandusky was thronged with Indians from the various tribes. Here Johnston first heard the glad tidings of the escape of Skyles.

The traders all took a great interest in the fate of Miss Flemming, and united their energies to do everything in their power for her liberation. The Cherokees had pitched their camp a little outside of the village. There was at that place a white man named Whittaker, who had been adopted by the Indians. He had been taken captive years before, when a child, in Virginia. All his friends were killed. He had lost all recollection of his parentage, and had become so thoroughly naturalized among the Indians that he had no desire to leave them.

The tradesmen secured his interest in behalf of Miss Flemming, and taking him with them, went in a body to the Cherokee camp. Miss Flemming's father had formerly kept a sort of tavern and trading-house near Pittsburgh, which was much frequented by Indian hunters. Whittaker, accompanying his Indian friends, had often visited the tavern. Thus he had seen Miss Flemming in her own home. This naturally increased his desire to befriend her.

As soon as Miss Flemming saw Whittaker she recognized him, and rushing forward, seized his hand, and bursting into tears implored him to save her from the dreadful fate of death by torture which she knew was impending. With his whole heart he engaged in her service; but the Cherokees were inflexible; they would listen to none of his appeals.

He then took a boat and went to Detroit to seek the intervention of an influential and powerful Indian chief who went by the name of King Crane, and who was his personal friend. To interest the king more deeply in his behalf, he assured him that Miss Flemming was his sister. With characteristic Indian gravity, the king listened to his story, and acknowledged the reasonableness of his interfering to rescue so near a relative from the stake. He

at once repaired to Sandusky, and walked out to the Cherokee camp to plead for the captive.

The pride of the Indians was now aroused, and they declared that nothing whatever should induce them to give her up. Very bitter altercations, with many angry threats, ensued. One of the Cherokee chiefs in his rage said to King Crane:

"It is disgraceful for a chief like you to place yourself on a level with the white people, and plead for them, when you know they regard you as no better than dirt."

This insult exasperated the king. Hurling back volleys of vituperation he drew off to concert with his followers measures of redress. Whittaker successfully added fuel to his towering passion, and encouraged the king in his resolve to rescue the white girl.

The Cherokees heard these threats, and in their alarm resolved immediately to put their victim to death. As soon as night came they stripped her of her clothing, painted her body black, bound her firmly to the stake, and gathered the faggots around her, and left her to the misery of the night, intending with the early dawn to enjoy their cruel revel.

The sagacious King Crane anticipated this movement. He armed a band of his most determined young men, and at midnight commenced a silent march upon the Cherokee encampment. The Cherokees were asleep. The poor captive was found in her condition of unutterable woe. She was moaning in a state of almost utter insensibility. Speedily they clothed her, and surrounded her with their protecting arms.

Then the king, with a whoop, summoned the Cherokee chiefs before him, he informed them that he had rescued the white girl; that she was now his by the right of conquest; that if they disputed it, and wished to fight, his young men were ready for them.

The Cherokees were outnumbered, and dared not provoke a conflict. They saw that remonstrances would be of no avail. They, however, urged that he had the day before offered to pay a large ransom for her; and they hoped that he would now fulfil that offer. He had made the proposal, acting in coöperation with the traders, who had offered to pay six hundred silver brooches for her release. The king replied, with much dignity:

"The white girl is now in my possession. I should serve you right if I should refuse you a single brooch. But I disdain to

receive anything at your hands without paying an ample equivalent. I will therefore give you the six hundred brooches."

This arrangement was eminently wise. The savage nature of the Cherokees was so aroused by their humiliation and their loss, that there was great danger that some lurking Indian would take revenge by piercing her bosom with a bullet before she could be removed. Having accepted the ransom, Indian honor was pledged to respect the arrangement. Still, among the Indians as among white men, there were vagabond individuals who had no sense of honor whatever. Miss Flemming was therefore disguised as an Indian squaw, and was placed under the care of two trusty Indians to be conveyed to Pittsburgh, where she arrived in safety.

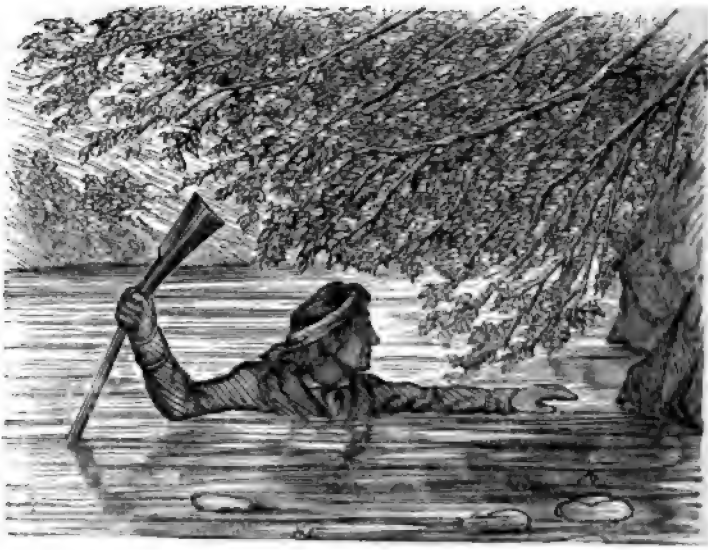
Still the Cherokees were in a very discontented state. They had been robbed of one of their greatest entertainments. They knew that they had been *compelled* to accept a ransom. They declared that they would not leave Sandusky until they had killed some white man in revenge for the loss of their prisoner. Every white man there was now in equal peril. Johnston and Duchonquet in particular found it necessary to keep themselves carefully concealed for several days. After a short time the Cherokees retired, vowing vengeance upon the white men wherever they should meet one. They were seen no more.

Johnston soon left Lower Sandusky, and embarked in a boat laden with furs for Detroit. Here he remained a few days, and then took passage for Montreal. Thence by the way of Fort Stanwix he reached New York. There he had an interview with President Washington, who in some way had heard of his perils, his adventures, and his wonderful escape. Washington sent for him and made minute inquiries respecting the strength of the Indian tribes, the number and position of the British garrisons, and the character of the alliance which existed between them and the savages. In a week from this time Johnston was again restored to the bosom of his family. He appeared among them as one risen from the dead.

Subsequently the fate of the prominent Indians to whom we have alluded became known. Chickatommo was killed at the renowned battle of the Thames, where General Wayne gained so decisive a victory over the combined Indian hosts. Messhawa was in the same battle, but escaped unharmed. He fought bravely at Tippecanoe and at the River Raisin, and finally disappeared

at the battle of the Thames, where it is supposed that he was killed. King Crane lived to a good old age, much respected for his just and manly character. He was an active warrior in the great victory which the Indians obtained over the whites at the defeat of St. Clair, and shared in the rout which General Wayne subsequently inflicted upon the Indian warriors. After this he became reconciled to the Americans, and fought under the banners of General Harrison at the battle of the Thames.

Whittaker remained devoted to the Indians by whom he had been adopted. Received among them almost in infancy, he was in character, manners, and almost in aspect, thoroughly an Indian. He fought ever on their side. Escaping all the perils of battle, he died, it is not known when or where. Tom Lewis, a full-blooded Indian with an English name, who, it will be remembered, had humanely interposed to save Johnston from being robbed of his shirt in the cold and freezing wind, fought against the Americans in all the battles of the Northwestern Territory until the final peace in the year 1796. He then was sent as one of the Indian deputation to Washington. There he met his former captive Johnston again, in the year 1797. He rose to high rank among his tribe, and finally perished, as many eminent Americans have done, of intemperance, that bane alike of the white man and the red man.



ESCAPE OF JOHNSTON.



WILSON SHANNON
Governor 1833-40-42-44.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

ORGANIZATION OF THE STATE.

POPULATION OF THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY IN 1796—SETTLEMENT AT CHILlicothe—FORMING OF WAYNE COUNTY—ORGANIZATION OF ROSS COUNTY, AND OF ADAMS—JOHN BRICKELL—FIRST ELECTION FOR THE TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE—THE RATTLESNAKE FIGHT—DIVISION OF THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY—OHIO A STATE—NEW COUNTIES—FRONTIER DEMOCRACY—McMAHON'S EXPEDITION—EMBASSY OF COLONEL HILLMAN—ONONDAGA—CAPTAIN PETERS—COUNCIL AT WARREN.

THE EMIGRANTS to Southern Ohio, from the New England and Middle States, usually traveled in their wagons, until they struck the Ohio at Wheeling. They then took boats, and floated down the river, several hundred miles, to Maysville, Kentucky, or to other points near, where they made preparations to cross the river, and to proceed to their final places of residence. In the year 1796, the whole white population of the Northwestern Territory, was estimated at five thousand souls. These were generally scattered along the banks of the Muskingum, the Scioto and the Miami, and their tributaries, within fifty miles of the Ohio River.

Cincinnati contained then one hundred log cabins, about a dozen frame houses, and six hundred inhabitants. Brick had not yet been introduced. The chimneys were built of stone taken from the hills in the rear of the town. As stone was more easily obtained than lumber, it soon became quite commonly used in building.

Colonel Nathaniel Massie, an enterprising man from Virginia, had been very efficient in colonizing the military district of that State. During the year 1795, he had secured large bodies of excellent lands, west of the Scioto, upon the branches of Paint Creek, and soon erected a station at the mouth of the creek. A

vigorous colony commenced operations there. The settlement was called "Station Prairie," and was about three miles below the present City of Chillicothe. The colony was well provided with horses, stock, poultry and all needed farming utensils. Stable cabins were erected, and during the first season thirty plows were employed in turning up three hundred acres of fertile prairie land.

Three miles above these rich farming fields there was an elevated, alluvial plain, which presented peculiar attractions for a large town. This was carefully surveyed and laid off into two hundred and eighty-seven town lots, with one hundred and sixty-nine out lots. The wide streets, alternating with lanes, intersected each other at right angles. As an attraction to emigrants, a town lot and a house lot were given to each of the first one hundred settlers. Those who came afterwards were to purchase their lands, but at a very low rate. For a choice town lot ten dollars were to be paid.

"The town sprung up," writes John W. Monette, "as it were, by magic. Before the close of the year it contained, besides private residences, several stores, taverns and mechanical shops. The arts of pioneer life began to multiply, and to give competence in the midst of the wilderness. Emigrants constantly arrived. The population, trade and enterprise of the place continued to increase under the liberal policy of its enterprising founder. The town was called Chillicothe, a term which in the Indian dialect signifies *town*. It was the first town west of the mountains which was built in peace and quietude, and not requiring the protection of stockades and forts against Indian hostility."

Emigrants rapidly advanced throughout the whole Valley of the Scioto, and also ascended the Muskingum to Zanesville.

We have already alluded to the settlement of Cleveland, on the lands of the Connecticut Reserve. Though the town was situated on a beautiful, alluvial, well-wooded plain, about eighty feet above the waters of the lake, and was well adapted for commercial purposes, yet the place attained no importance until the year 1806. It then became the county seat of Cuyahoga County. In the original survey the town was divided into two hundred and twenty lots, intersected by seven streets and four lanes.

The northwestern military posts which had been evacuated by the British were held by United States troops. The settlements

on the Detroit River and the Maumee were annexed to the jurisdiction of the Northwestern Territory, and were incorporated in a county called Wayne. Detroit was the seat of justice. Two full regiments garrisoned these forts until the year 1798. Five counties comprised the whole territory not actually in possession of the Indians.

In the year 1790 there were more than fifty log cabins at Chillicothe, and several small settlements were scattered along the river for twenty miles below. Forty miles above, there were three or four log cabins at Franklin, opposite the present City of Columbus. The whole surrounding region presented a gloomy wilderness of dense forests and marshy prairies. There were a few hunters to be found here, and a few vagabond whites living with the Indians, having renounced civilization and adopted barbarism. But the flood of emigration was such, that in two years after this time the cabin of a settler could be found every ten or twelve miles along all the principal routes and Indian trails.

New counties began to be organized, and hundreds of small settlements were springing up in all directions. The pomp and pageantry of cruel war had abandoned Cincinnati. For eight years it had been the center of all military parades. The thrilling music of the drum and fife was continually heard in the streets. The sonorous peals of the bugle, blending with the roar of the morning and evening gun, reverberated along the hills which fringed the magnificent stream.

But now the deserted fort was crumbling to decay. It was no longer the rendezvous of troops destined to hostile campaigns and to the frontier posts. Cincinnati began to assume the appearance of a peaceful, thrifty and happy agricultural and commercial town.

The strongest tide of emigration flowed into the Scioto country. This valley was far-famed for its fertility, its salubrity, its splendidly wooded bottoms, and its level plains, inviting the plow. The governor organized a new county, called Ross, of which Chillicothe was the seat of justice. This county contained large regions of wilderness which had then never been even explored. There were then but three cabins between Chillicothe and Lancaster, on the Hockhocking River.

The region of Lancaster had belonged to the Wyandots. They had, in addition to other towns, a pleasant little village here of a

hundred bark wigwams, containing a population of about five hundred. The whole tribe could bring five hundred warriors into the field. By the treaty of Greenville the Wyandots surrendered their whole territory to the United States. Most of the tribe, under their chief, moved to the Upper Sandusky. A few remained behind for four or five years, expressing a great unwillingness to tear themselves away from the graves of their fathers and from their ancient hunting grounds. They were very peaceable and friendly, so that no one desired their removal. Still they were never willing to engage vigorously in agricultural work; and as the game disappeared, they gradually rejoined their friends in the wilds of the Upper Sandusky.

The enterprising Ebenezer Zane had a road cut, for a distance of about two hundred miles, from the Ohio River, opposite Wheeling, to a point on the river opposite Maysville, which, as we have mentioned, was then called Limestone. This road, called Zane's Truce, rough as it was, became a celebrated route for the wagons of the emigrants. They forded the Hocking River near the present site of Lancaster.

The first settler, in this upper Hocking Valley was Captain Joseph Hunter. It is difficult to conceive what motive could induce a man to separate himself from all the advantages of neighborhood, and to bury his family in such awful solitudes. When Captain Hunter felled the trees, and cleared away the underbrush, and built his log hut, on the banks of this lonely stream, there was not a cabin on the east of him nearer than the Muskingum River, or on the west nearer than the Scioto. He is regarded as the father of the now populous County of Fairfield. He lived to see the country around him quite densely settled.

Lancaster was laid out by Mr. Zane, in the year 1790. It was named from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, as many of the emigrants came from that place. The town lots were sold from five to fifty dollars each. Most of the first settlers were mechanics. Their intelligence and energy wrought wonders. The town soon assumed a very thriving appearance. They sustained the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which lies at the foundation of all real prosperity.

It is said that shortly after the settlement of the place, several emigrants came and made purchases there, who were of different character from the first proprietors. They had occasionally their

drinking frolics, which would often terminate in disgraceful brawls. There were then no established tribunals of law and justice. The better disposed of the settlers determined to put a stop to such riotous proceedings. They met in a general gathering, and passed a resolution that any person of the town found intoxicated should for every such offense dig a stump out of the streets, or suffer personal chastisement at the whipping-post. It was no easy task to uproot one of these gigantic stumps, firmly imbedded in the soil. But it was better to perform that labor than to endure the keen pain of the lash upon the bare back. The law proved a very effective preventive of intemperance. A few stumps were cleared away, when dram drinking ceased, and the inhabitants of Lancaster became a peculiarly sober and happy people.

The majority of the emigrants into the Valley of the Scioto were from Virginia. Their settlements rapidly extended upon all the fine lands within twenty miles of Chillicothe. Adams County was organized from the eastern portion of Hamilton. Manchester became its seat of justice.

In the Autumn of 1798, four surveyors set out to explore the wilderness far up the Scioto River. Lord Dunmore, with his army, had penetrated this region more than twenty years before, and had brought back the report that lands of very rare excellence were to be found there. Each surveyor had a rifle, a good horse, which he rode, and a pack-horse, which he led, laden with supplies and ammunition. They advanced through Zane's Truce, traversing league after league of the sublime forest without encountering any sign of inhabitants. At Zanesville they found two or three shanties, where several white hunters were encamped, men almost as rude and uncouth as the Indians. Near by there were several wigwams of the savages, who were also employed in hunting, fishing, and especially in drinking the whisky which they obtained from itinerant traders. Where Columbus, the capital of the state, now stands, they found but a dense, silent forest. About a mile above, upon the river bank, there was a collection of three or four log cabins, without chinking or daubing, and having a blanket in the doorway instead of a wooden door. They found here the wigwam of a white man by the name of John Brickell. When a child he had been taken captive by the Indians. At the treaty of Greenville he was nominally surrendered, but he had become so much attached to his Indian friends that he refused to leave them.

of speculators, who would check emigration by greatly advancing the price, Congress devised a mode of survey and sale by which the public lands should be laid off in small tracts, and be held open for sale to any individual.

In the year 1800 Trumbull County was organized from lands belonging to the Western Reserve, and an immense population flowed into it from Pennsylvania. At the commencement of this year there were but sixteen settlers in that region, but the number very rapidly increased. The following story is told respecting one of the adventures of these pioneers:

"A Mr. Oviatt was informed that a considerable number of huge rattlesnakes were scattered over a certain tract of wilderness. The old man asked whether there were a ledge of rocks in the vicinity, and if any springs issued from the ledge. Being answered in the affirmative, he rejoined, 'We will go about the last of May and have some sport.' Accordingly they proceeded through the woods, well armed with cudgels. Arriving at the battle ground, they cautiously ascended the hill step by step in a solid column. Suddenly the enemy gave the alarm, and the men found themselves completely surrounded by hosts of rattlesnakes of enormous size, and a huge squadron of black snakes. No time was lost. At the signal of the rattling of the snakes the action commenced, and hot and furious was the fight. In short, the snakes beat a retreat up the hill, our men cudgeling with all their might. When they arrived at the top of the ledge they found the ground and rocks in places almost covered with snakes retreating into their dens. Afterwards the slain were collected into heaps, and found to amount to four hundred and eighty-six, a good portion of which were larger than a man's leg below the calf, and over five feet in length."

Cornelius Feather, who gives the above narrative, adds: "One circumstance I should relate, with regard to snake hunting. Having procured an instrument like a very long chisel, with a handle eight or nine feet long, I proceeded to the ledge alone, placed myself on the body of a butternut tree, lying slanting over a broad crevice in the rocks, seven or eight feet deep, the bottom of which was literally covered with the yellow and black serpents. I held my weapon poised in my right hand ready to give the deadly blow; my left hand held a small branch to keep my balance, when both my feet slipped, and I came within a hair's

breadth of plunging headlong into the den. Nothing but the small limb saved me from a most terrible death, as I could not have gotten out had there been no snakes, the rocks on all sides being nearly perpendicular."

In the session of Congress of 1800 the Northwestern Territory was divided into two parts. The eastern portion, which still retained the name of the Northwestern Territory, embraced the region now included in the States of Ohio and Michigan, containing eighty thousand square miles. The western, which was called the Indiana Territory, comprised all the country from the great Miami westward to the Mississippi, and from the Ohio River on the south to Lake Superior, and the sources of the Mississippi on the north. It spread over the vast area of one hundred and eighty thousand square miles, embracing the present States of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin.

Governor St. Clair was very unpopular. His awful defeat by the Indians was never forgotten or forgiven. By the census of 1800, the territory over which he presided contained a population of forty-two thousand, a number nearly sufficient to entitle it to admission into the Union as a state. Earnest petitions were sent to Congress to that effect. On the thirtieth of April, 1802, an act of Congress was passed authorizing the call of a convention to form a state constitution for a state to be called Ohio.

The convention assembled at Chillicothe on the first of November, and on the 20th of the same month a constitution was ratified, and signed by the members of the convention. It became the fundamental law of the state, by the act of the convention alone, not being referred to the votes of the people.

This constitution was remarkably democratic. The right of suffrage was conferred on all the male white inhabitants of the state above twenty-one years of age. The members of the House of Representatives were to number not less than seventy-two nor more than seventy-six, and were to be elected annually, apportioned among the counties according to their number of votes.

The Senate was to consist in number of not less than one-third, nor more than one-half, of the members in the lower house, and were to be elected for two years. The governor chosen by the people for two years, was not to hold office more than six years out of eight. He was intrusted with but very little power. He could grant reprieves and pardons, could convene the Legislature, and

could fill vacancies in state offices when the houses were not in session.

The judicial power was vested in the Supreme Court, Courts of Common Pleas and in Justices of the Peace. The judges were elected by joint ballot of both houses, for the period of seven years. The justices of the peace were elected by the townships for three years. Though St. Clair was a candidate for governor, he received but few votes. The almost unanimous choice fell on Edward Tiffin. The boundaries of the state were laid down as now recognized.

By act of Congress, the sixteenth section in each township was set apart for the use of schools. Where that section had been disposed of, other and equivalent lands were granted. Thirty-eight sections of land, where salt springs had been found, were always to belong to the state, never to be sold. One-twentieth of the proceeds of public lands sold within the state were to be appropriated to the construction of roads.

One of the first acts of the State Legislature was to organize seven new counties. There were now fifteen counties in the state. Many of them were large and very sparsely settled. At this time nearly all the northwestern part, including nearly one-half of the state, was in the possession of the Indians. In some of the new counties many rude and very savage people were gathered.

Green County embraced a good farming region on the Little Miami River. We have fortunately a perfectly correct picture of the first court-house erected in that county. Then it was almost an entire wilderness, the primeval forest waving gloomily, yet, sublimely, all around. A few log cabins were scattered about, miles apart, amidst the giant trees of the forest. Each cabin had its little patch of corn, thickly dotted over with girdled trees, whose leafless and dead branches presented a very cheerless view. Many of the cabins were the abodes of contentment; and the most warm-hearted hospitality was ever to be met at their firesides. The path through which the traveler passed from one of these cabins to the other was designated simply by *blazed* trees; that is, trees from which the bark on one side had been hewn off.

Strange scenes were sometimes witnessed in these courts. The first court in Green County was held in the log cabin which was also occupied as a residence by Peter Bordus. General Benjamin Whitman was the presiding judge. He had a sturdy neighbor,

Owen Davis, not far off, whose cabin and mill combined, were on Beaver Creek. These were the days of pure democracy, and there was truly no respect of person. While the court was in session, Davis charged another man, out of doors, with stealing his swine. A hard fight ensued. Davis severely whipped his opponent. But Davis was a lover of justice, and meant to be a firm supporter of the laws.



FIRST COURT HOUSE IN GREEN COUNTY.

Bearing many marks, in dishevelled dress and hair, and bruises of the fight, he went into the court room, that is, the cabin, and approaching the table where the judges sat, addressed his neighbor, Judge Benjamin Whitman, saying :

“Ben, I have whipped that accursed hog thief. What’s the damage? What’s to pay? There’s my purse. Take what’s right.”

Suited the action to the word, he threw his purse upon the table, containing eight or ten dollars. At the same time, shaking his clenched fist in the judge’s face, he added: “Ben, if you’d steal a hog, I’ll be hanged if I wouldn’t whip you too.”

ment, there to decide what measures of revenge should be adopted. There was at Warren an excellent man, mild and judicious, by the name of Captain Ephraim Quimby. He was familiarly acquainted with the Indians, for they had often stopped at his house, which was a sort of tavern. His honorable treatment of them had won their confidence and affection. He resolved to accompany the party, hoping, by measures of conciliation, to avert hostilities.

When the party had arrived within half a mile of the Indian camp, Mr. Quimby proposed a halt, stating that he would proceed alone to the encampment, ask for an explanation of their conduct, and ascertain whether they were for peace or war. He knew that it was a very hazardous enterprise, as these children of the forest had their whisky bottles with them, and they often acted from momentary impulse. He therefore informed them that if he did not return in half an hour, they might infer that he was killed, and that they must then prepare for war.

The half hour passed and he did not return. The impatient McMahon put his little band in rapid motion. As they emerged from the woods, in view of the encampment, they saw the Indian chief and Captain Quimby talking very earnestly together. Several other Indians were standing peaceably around. Among the rest was Spotted John, with his wife and daughter, a child about thirteen years of age.

The whites marched directly up to where the Indians were grouped. The chief, Captain George, was chivalrously proposing that the difficulty should be settled by a sort of duel between him and Mr. Quimby. In his own language, which Captain Quimby understood, he said, as he held his tomahawk in his hand :

"We fight. If you kill me, the Indians shall not revenge. If I kill, your people shall not revenge."

Mr. McMahon was at the head of his band, within a few feet of the chief. Next to him stood Story. McMahon instantly raised his gun, which was already cocked, and shot the chief dead. At the same moment Story discharged his rifle and shot Spotted John dead, the same bullet passing through his wife's neck and the shoulders of his daughter.

The Indians, thus taken by surprise, fled with loud outcries. The whites pursued, firing upon them as rapidly as possible. The women and children, panic-stricken, screamed piteously as they

The judge decided that the damage was about eight dollars, which he took from the purse.

The whole taxable property at this time in the county returned by the assessors was three hundred ninety-three dollars and four cents. The general aspect of the people was quite uncouth. Many wore moccasins instead of shoes. Coats, hunting-shirts and pantaloons were made of deer skins. Almost every man appeared armed with a good rifle and a formidable looking knife. There was not, it is said, at that time a single pleasure carriage or a bridge in the state. In traversing the woods, it was more safe to follow the pocket compass or the sun than to endeavor to search out the narrow bridle-paths marked by blazed trees.

Almost every farmer kept a large number of dogs to protect his swine, sheep and poultry from wild beasts. The swine multiplied so rapidly that thousands of them ran wild in the woods.

An untoward event occurred in Trumbull County, which, for a time, threatened to bring on a general Indian war. A Mr. Joseph McMahon was absent from his cabin, near Warren, when a small band of Indians came along, bound on a drunken spree. A chief of some note, called Captain George, was with them. They entered the cabin boisterously, and treated the family with rudeness. Mrs. McMahon was greatly terrified. The Indians threatened to kill all the family—at least Mrs. McMahon so understood their gestures.

As soon as the savages had left, she either carried or sent word to her husband of the outrage. He however did not get the news until noon of the next day. McMahon was a fearless, impetuous man, and he resolved to inflict severe chastisement upon the Indians for the outrage.

He had a neighbor, one Richard Story, who had severely beaten an Indian for stealing some whisky. The proud Indians could never forget blows received from a white man. The Indian who had been thus beaten was a malignant, ill-favored fellow, called Spotted John. He was so named from having his face all spotted over with hair moles. It was said that he had threatened to kill Story for the blows which he had received from him.

McMahon and Story repaired to Warren to beat up recruits to go with them, and in vengeance to put to death the whole band. It was Sunday morning. They soon raised a strongly armed party of sixteen to go with them to the Indian encamp-

ment, there to decide what measures of revenge should be adopted. There was at Warren an excellent man, mild and judicious, by the name of Captain Ephraim Quimby. He was familiarly acquainted with the Indians, for they had often stopped at his house, which was a sort of tavern. His honorable treatment of them had won their confidence and affection. He resolved to accompany the party, hoping, by measures of conciliation, to avert hostilities.

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dispersed in all directions. Several of the Indians were killed before the pursuit was relinquished. The party who had committed this foul murder then returned to Warren. The little community of white settlers was thrown into a state of consternation. They knew full well that the Indians would not allow such an outrage to pass unavenged.

Those of the Indians who escaped, stopping first to bury their dead, fled as rapidly as possible to Sandusky to rouse the powerful tribes residing there. It so happened that Colonel James Hillman, of Youngstown, the next morning, Monday, came to Warren. He was one of the most enterprising and estimable of the pioneers of the West. He was very extensively acquainted with the Indians, and enjoyed their full confidence.

For several years he had been employed in forwarding goods and supplies, on pack-horses, across the whole breadth of Ohio, from Pittsburgh to the mouth of the Cuyahoga, where Cleveland now stands. There they were shipped to Detroit, by a small schooner called the *Monongahela*. The caravan with which, in single file, he traversed the broad wilderness, consisted of ten men and ninety horses.

Starting from Pittsburgh, they forded the Beaver River about four miles below the mouth of the Shenango. Thence they followed up the left bank of the Mahoning, crossing it three miles above the present village of Youngstown. The trail then led directly west, through uninhabited wilds, where Milton and Ravenna have since sprung up. There was not even a solitary log cabin along this route at that time. They crossed the winding Cuyahoga River near the mouth of Breakneck Creek, and again crossed it at the mouth of Tinker's Creek. They followed down the left bank of the river to its mouth, where they had constructed a log store-house to receive their goods while awaiting shipment.

By such journeyings for eight years, Colonel Hillman had become intimately acquainted with many of the Indians. He spoke their language quite fluently. Warren, in Trumbull County, was situated on the Mahoning River. Not far from there there were some salt springs, where a large party of Indians had been encamped for some time making salt. Colonel Hillman, with Mr. Young and Judge Pease, of Warren, immediately set out for the salt springs, hoping to appease the Indians. They knew that they were justly

exasperated, and to satisfy them that the whites did not justify the murders, both of the criminals, McMahon and Story, were arrested and held for trial.

Upon reaching the springs, not an Indian was to be found. It was not doubted that they had all fled to gather strength for signal vengeance. Great was the panic in the cabins of the whites through all that region. Many packed up their goods preparing to seek refuge in the larger settlements. The little hamlet of Youngstown was but ten or twelve miles east of Warren. Both settlements were about to be abandoned. The leading inhabitants met for consultation, not a little indignant with the culprits who had thus suddenly plunged them into these dreadful perils.

During the night Story had escaped from his keeper, John Lane. It was decided that McMahon should be sent to Pittsburgh, to be kept in close imprisonment until he could be tried. Colonel Hillman then advised that a deputation should be sent to a large Indian village, on the waters of the upper Mahoning, with endeavors to avert the threatening danger by making some suitable atonement.

It was a very hazardous undertaking. It was a part of the Indian religion that the death of one of their brethren must be avenged by the death of a white man, and that in the spirit land he would be made glad in witnessing those tortures which were avenging his death. Any one who should go on this mission would not only be exposed to the peril of being immediately tomahawked, but to the awful doom of being put to death by lingering torments. Heroically, Colonel Hillman volunteered his services. We can hardly conceive of an act of greater heroism. Another man, Mr. Randall, volunteered to accompany him. Though urged to go strongly armed, Colonel Hillman declined taking any weapon of defense whatever. The exigencies of the case were such that not a moment was to be lost. Both of the men mounted their horses, and pressing as rapidly as possible through the paths of the forest, came upon an encampment of Indian warriors just before sunrise. They were seventeen in number and were asleep, each with his gun and powder horn resting upon a forked stick at his head, ready to be grasped at any moment.

Hillman was in the advance. As he approached, the tramp of his horse awoke the savages, and instantly every one sprang to his

feet, with gun in hand. Seeing the colonel and his companion riding quietly into their encampment, totally unarmed, they gathered around them. A chief by the name of Onondaga, who knew Colonel Hillman, happened to be among the warriors. Hillman told him frankly the object of his visit. He condemned McMahon entirely, and assured the chief that the culprit was then on his way to Pittsburgh, to be tried for the murders he had committed. He said also that though Story had escaped, every effort would be made to re-arrest him, and bring him to punishment.

The chief, Onandaga, seemed greatly agitated, and manifested very deep feeling in view of the murders. He said, however, that nothing could be done until another chief should arrive, who had gone to a distance to summon the braves of the tribe, to confer and decide upon the question; and that he expected their arrival that afternoon.

In the course of the day they came, while in the meantime Colonel Hillman and his companion were treated with cold courtesy.

The chief who came with the band of warriors was called Captain Peters. He did not know Colonel Hillman; but the moment his eye rested upon two white men in the encampment, his features expressed the most implacable hatred. The colonel immediately sought an interview with the two chiefs, and endeavored by every means in his power to induce them to listen to terms of pacification. But it was evident that his words produced but little effect. He said to them:

"We condemn the conduct of these wicked men. We will, if possible, bring them to punishment; and we will, as an atonement for the crime, pay you five hundred dollars if you will bury the hatchet and return to friendly relations with us."

"No, no!" was their persistent reply. "We must go to the Sandusky, and hold a council with the chiefs there before we can decide what shall be done."

Hillman replied: "Will you hold a council there, light the war-torch, rally all the warriors throughout the forest, and with savage barbarity come and attempt to massacre all your best friends among the whites, in consequence of the crimes of two men, whose crimes they denounce, and whom they will severely punish, and for whose conduct they are anxious to make all the restitution in their power?"

The chiefs evidently felt the force of this reasoning. They were embarrassed, but shaking their heads, they said:

"We can do nothing; we must lay the affair before the council of the chiefs. Within fourteen days some of our number will return and inform you on what terms peace can be restored."

With this answer, Colonel Hillman and Mr. Randall returned to Warren. Not knowing what the result might be, in both of the Villages of Warren and Youngstown they made vigorous preparations for defense, in case they should again encounter the doom of another Indian war.

On the day appointed, four or five Indian chiefs, with a suitable retinue, came to Warren. The occasion was one of so much importance that three hundred white people had assembled in the little hamlet, anxious to learn the result. A resident of the county writes:

"The chiefs were conducted by Mr. Hillman to the place prepared to hold their council. After the ceremony of smoking, the speeches were commenced. It was generally conceded that the Indian chief, Captain Peters, had the best of the argument. Throughout the whole of the consultation he showed a decided superiority over the whites opposed to him, in adroitness and force of reasoning, although our people had appointed three of their best men for that purpose, all of whom had prepared themselves for this encounter with Indian shrewdness."

The Indian chiefs demanded that McMahon and Story should be surrendered to them in Sandusky; that they should be tried by the Indian laws, and if found guilty should be punished by them. They were told that this was impossible, since Story had fled from the country, and McMahon was already a prisoner in the jail at Pittsburgh, beyond their jurisdiction, to be tried by the laws of the whites. At length, after long discussion, they came to a result which was accepted by both parties. It was agreed, simply, that McMahon should be brought under a strong guard to Youngstown, there to be tried by the white men in accordance with their laws. And that the Indian chiefs should be permitted to be present, to see that the trial was fairly conducted. The Governor of Ohio ordered a special court for that purpose. Return J. Meigs and Benjamin Ives were the judges.

Persons from a great distance attended the court. It was believed that many unprincipled adventurers had come, resolved to

rescue McMahan, should he be found guilty. Many of these men deemed it no greater sin to shoot an Indian than to shoot a wolf. The Indian chief, Captain Peters, sat by the side of the judges.

One man testified falsely, as even a majority of the whites believed, that McMahan fired in self-defense; that he was retreating and trying to escape, when he saw that he must either kill or be killed. The jury, probably somewhat over-awed by the menaces of the white men crowding around, accepted this testimony. When the Indian chief heard it he whispered to Judge Meigs that the jury would acquit the prisoner. Under the circumstances, it is very much to the credit of the Indians that they accepted the result, with the admission that the prisoner had been fairly tried by the laws of the white men. Thus was tranquility restored and a horrible warfare averted, which certainly would have resulted in the loss of thousands of dollars and of hundreds of lives, creating and entailing unimaginable misery. And these great results were mainly accomplished through the sagacity and Christian spirit of a single man, Colonel James Hillman.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CHARACTER OF THE SAVAGES.

MR. GOODYEAR'S NARRATIVE—VARIETIES OF CHARACTER—
ANECDOTE OF THE INDIANS AND THE IRISHMAN—THE INDIANS
JOE AND JACK—BILL BURNS, THE DESPERADO—THE INTER-
VIEW IN THE HOTEL—FIDELITY OF JACK—EFFECTS OF FIRE
WATER—LABORS OF THE WOMEN—THE MEDICINE MAN—
CAUTION OF THE INDIANS—TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH THE WYAN-
DOTS—THE SURRENDER OF CAPTIVES—AFFECTING ANEC-
DOTE—GENEROSITY OF THE WYANDOT INDIAN.

IN THIS history I have had constant occasion to refer to the Indians, in their primeval home in the wilderness, to their character, their customs, the wrongs inflicted upon them, and the terrible wars into which they were thus provoked. The Indians are fast passing away, and all the memorials of their transitory life upon this continent will soon disappear. Their memory is fast sinking into oblivion. A friend of mine, William E. Goodyear, Esq., of Fair Haven, Conn., passed eight or ten years of his early manhood in the midst of the tribes occupying the heart of our continent. In kind response to my earnest request he has furnished me with a few pages, describing the scenes he has witnessed in the great Wilderness of the West and of the character and customs of the Indians, whose lodges he has so often visited, and of whose hospitality he has often partaken. Mr. Goodyear writes:

“Agreeably to my promise I will give you my ideas of the Indians of twenty years ago, or more, while I was among them, and with whom I spent nearly ten years of my young manhood. The greater part of that time, as I now look upon it, is a source of sadness to me. Many events occurred which I could wish had never transpired; and yet, upon the whole, I cannot but think that I have learned a lesson which but few persons ever have a chance to learn. As I look back upon my many hair-breadth

escapes, and the many sufferings I have endured, I hardly think that any one would be willing to pass through the same experiences for all the knowledge he would thus obtain.

The Indians generally consist of as many different kinds of people as are to be found among the whites. They vary in character like all other races of men. Some persons, I have been led to think, consider it impossible for an Indian to laugh, to make fun, and to have a jolly time, as white people do. This is not true. When in their villages they have sports and frolics like other people.

I recall an instance which occurred in 1852. A party of Indians caught a white man from an emigrant train. It was called the wheelbarrow train, as they were all men, and each man had a barrow, or a small hand-cart, in which was his entire stock in trade. They were all bound to the new Eldorado. Most of them were Irishmen. As I have said, one of them got separated from the rest, and was captured by a small band of very good-natured Indians. They wanted to have some fun.

I chanced to be with those Indians, and was painted and dressed like them. They took the man, barrow and all, and brought him into camp. A very solemn mock council was held. The doom was announced by signs to Pat of death by burning. He was tied to a tree. The dry sticks were piled up around him. The Indians then all collected in a circle around. Not the movement of a muscle of their countenances was perceptible. At the same time we were all nearly dying with internal laughter as we listened to Pat's moans and cries. They were something as follows:

"O, holy St. Patrick, O Mother of Moses, let me out of this."

"By the Blessed Virgin, Mr. Injine, if you let me out of this, be jabbers you will not catch me again. O, is it yourself, Pat, that has come across the mountains, among the bloody hathen, to be murdered, to be burned to death, to be scalped. O, plase, Mr. Injine, let me out."

At a nod from one of the Indians, I approached him and said to him in English, "You have been caught on our hunting-grounds, but if you will promise that you will clear out immediately, I will cut your thongs and let you go."

Never before did I see such an expression as came upon the countenance of poor Pat. "Come to my arms," he cried out,



THOMAS CORWIN
Governor 1840-42.

"By the pipers that played before Moses you are a jintleman. May the blessing of St. Patrick rest upon you. And its myself that can go now. May the Holy Mother bless you. Hold your ear here a bit. Are you an Injine?"

I nodded my head with a whoop, hurrah, and away he went as if all the fiends were after him. All the Indians broke out into a laugh, and it seemed as though some of them would go into convulsions as they rolled upon the ground in uncontrolled merriment. Thus you see that Indians can enjoy fun and frolic as well as white men.

It is also said by some writers that the Indian is treacherous to every one; that he never forms a friendship for the whites; that he is ever liable, at any moment, to prove false. This is not so.

My uncle, who resides in California, had two Indians, Joe, a Piute, and Jack, a Ute. Either of these boys would at any time have died for him. After a while they became attached to me. I recollect that, in the Summer of 1853, I was surveying in what is called the Montezuma Hills, some seventy-five miles in a northerly direction from Benicia. Previous to my leaving on my survey, I had heard that a white man, with whom I had previously exchanged a few words of not a very friendly nature, had expressed himself as determined to take revenge for some wrong which he unjustly thought that I had done him.

Jack, the Ute Indian, heard him say that he would shoot me at sight, at the same time expressing his determination to go out to the place where I was surveying to hunt me up. Jack said nothing, but immediately mounting his horse, rode out to find me and warn me of my danger. He at once began to tell me what the man, whose name was Bill Burns, had said.

This man was a thorough desperado, and the very worst man I ever knew. The only redeeming traits in his character were reckless courage and a certain kind of veracity, which made you sure that if he threatened to shoot a man he would certainly do it. I must either flee from the country or watch my opportunity and shoot him first, or be shot the moment he caught sight of me, or contrive, in some way, to get access to him so as to explain to him his error.

I made up my mind to try to hunt up Burns and, if possible, to undeceive him in regard to what he had heard. It was necessary for me to go prepared instantly to shoot him down if I saw that

he was drawing his pistol upon me. I started at once for Benicia by a roundabout way. I did not wish to meet him on the road. When I arrived at Benicia he had gone to San Francisco. I immediately followed, having for my companion State Senator Wambeau.

Upon arriving we both went to the hotel in front of the plaza. My friend went in and found Burns asleep on a sofa between the bar and the billiard-room. I at once entered, stepped up to his side and awoke him. As he awoke he looked towards me, and saw me bending over him with my bowie-knife in my hand. He was entirely at my mercy. "Don't kill me," he cried out. I then said, "Burns, if you stir or move a step till I get through, I will kill you like a dog." I was about to explain to him, when he said, "I know all about it. You are not to blame. I should have shot you, however, if I had met you, for had I not done so you would have killed me."

I added, "You are satisfied then?" "Perfectly," he replied. "Well, then," I rejoined, "good-bye at once and forever. Never speak to me or recognize me. From this time we are strangers. I never harmed you, neither do I wish to."

I immediately turned to leave him, and behold my Indian boy Jack stood directly behind me, pistol in hand. He had followed me, coming down in the boat without my knowing it.

"What would you have done," said I to Jack, "if Burns had got a shot at me."

"I kill him quick," said he.

If the Indians were not capable of the strongest attachment, Jack would not have done as he did.

At another time I had some trouble with an official of the state, in which I got cut up a little. On Jack's finding it out, in order to prevent him from killing the man, we had to tie his arms and legs with our lariats until the man was beyond his reach.

No attachment can be stronger; no truer friend can be found than an Indian whom you have always treated well. But some one may say that this Indian was to a great extent civilized; he had been among the whites so long that he had learned their ways. But can any man who has the slightest acquaintance with the past history of the Indian believe that he has learned anything good from the white man? No! a thousand times no. The Indian has been cheated, victimized, robbed in every con-

ceivable way. The fire-water of the whites has carried desolation all through their vast regions. It has been the cause of more murders, more bloodshed, more poverty among the Indians, than all other influences. It has created that disease of the internal organs which is more dreadful than small-pox or cholera.

Forty years ago a white man who traded fairly, who always told the truth to the poor Indian, and who did as he agreed to, was safe, comparatively speaking, in any of their lodges. He could go defenseless wherever he would, without fear of harm. If a white man chanced to be lost, and came upon a tribe suddenly, even if the tribe had been provoked to hostilities, the Indians would scorn to take advantage of his misfortune; they would feed him. Then, showing him the way of escape, they would chivalrously point to the sun and give him the start of several hours before they would undertake to pursue him as an enemy. Then, should they overtake him, he would be deemed a lawful captive.

But look at the Indians now, after years of acquaintance with the white man, and see how changed; but few are left. They have nearly all fallen beneath the white man's treachery. Whisky and diseases, introduced by the whites, have depopulated their hunting-grounds as never could have been done by force of arms. The diminished and broken tribes, driven from the graves of their fathers, disheartened by their calamities, are slowly becoming exterminated.

Still there will be, probably, for a century to come, fragments of these tribes lingering amidst the vast ravines of the Rocky Mountains. The question of their civilization presents a very difficult problem. Scarcely any consideration can induce the male Indian to engage in any of the employments of useful industry. The women do all the work. If a camp is to be moved, Mr. Indian takes his rifle or his bows and arrows, and starts off ahead. The squaw takes down the lodge, packs up all the movables, takes the heavy load upon her shoulders, and trudges along in the footsteps of her husband, who would scorn to relieve her of her burden in the slightest degree.

If the Indian goes a hunting, his squaw follows after him to skin the game and to bring into the camp upon her bending back, perhaps, the heavy four quarters of a deer. If the tribe chance to have horses, Mr. Indian mounts instead of going afoot. His squaw, however, saddles and bridles the horse, and brings him

to the door of the lodge. When the Indian returns from any horseback excursion at the close of the day, he jumps from his horse before the lodge, and his wife takes off his soiled moccasins and puts upon his feet a fresh pair. He then enters the lodge, throws himself down upon his soft couch of fur robes, while his wife takes care of the horse and serves to him his supper.

Such is life among the Indians. As a general thing the Indians have great regard for their chiefs, who rule them with an iron hand. I was acquainted with an old chief at Los Angeles, who was almost fiend-like in his tyranny and cruelty. He was almost a giant in stature, being nearly seven feet high, and possessed of herculean strength. He was perfectly fearless, and all the Indians stood in awe of him. A conspiracy was formed for his deposition. They had a great carousal, and got him helplessly drunk. Then they seized and bound him hand and foot, so that he could scarcely move a muscle. Then they heated some needles red hot and pricked both his eyes until vision was entirely extinguished. They then released him, as utterly helpless and powerless as a new born babe.

He wandered to Los Angeles, where he got a living by begging. Here I often saw him. He got so that he knew my voice, and seemed to love to have me talk to him. I have not the least doubt that, could he have caught in his powerful grasp any one of his tribe, he would instantly have strangled him.

But, as I have said, the Indians are generally very loyal to their chiefs. They also regard with profound reverence their medicine men. It is believed that they hold immediate converse with the Great Spirit, and that they have the power of prophecy and of working miracles. They can, the Indian thinks, by a wish destroy their enemies and bring prosperity to their friends.

The medicine men spend their time in collecting roots, stones, bones and other things to use in case of sickness, or to make into charms to be worn by the braves. These charms, it is supposed, will save them from the arrows or bullets of their enemies. They are always dressed in the most fantastic garb. Their faces are literally covered with streaks of paint. They howl and twist themselves into the most hideous contortions.

But the untutored Indians regard every thing that is strange or wonderful, or that they have never seen before, as "Big Medicine." I have often been asked if I have not seen Indians, in my

many hostile encounters with them, who would rush upon their foes, headlong as it were, without paying any regard to numbers or position. In other words, are there not Indians so brave and impetuous that they apparently think nothing of their own lives, but rush recklessly into the battle.

I answer no! I never saw an Indian yet who did not practice the utmost caution before he would expose any part of his person to be struck by a bullet. I have seen them dodge from tree to tree, eagerly seeking covert behind logs and stones and sand-hills, when in large and overpowering numbers they were endeavoring to surround a small party. But I never have seen a party of Indians make an open charge upon a band of white men who had rifles and ammunition. We were not accustomed to fear any number of them in open battle. It was only necessary to guard against ambush and midnight surprises. I have often been without water and without food. But I never allowed myself to be without ammunition.

If the Indians would rush into danger, as the white man will, since they often vastly outnumbered us, we might easily have been overwhelmed, with comparatively small loss to themselves. But in such a charge it was *certain* that some of them would fall before our unerring rifles. Each warrior thought that he might be of that number. And no one was willing to purchase victory at that price. But when they fought from behind trees and rocks, there was a good chance that none of them might be hit. Thus they might gain the victory without any loss.

Inured to every hardship, as the Indians had been from childhood, every muscle being tough as iron, accustomed to the use of the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, dodging almost as swift as the lightning's flash from covert to covert, unencumbered with clothing, and their skin, as a general thing, oiled to prevent any one from retaining a hold upon them, many of them superior to the whites in physical strength; when we consider these things it must be admitted that the Indians were formidable foes to encounter

For my own part I should not wish again to take the chances which I have often taken, when our party consisted of but sixty-five men, while the Indians numbered fifteen hundred. On one such occasion we were two hundred miles from Fort Tejon, the nearest place to which we could look for any succor. As I now reflect

upon those days, and think of my old friends, Kit Carson, Joe Walker, Aleck Cody, Peg Leg Smith, and hosts of others, around whose camp-fires I have had the pleasure of sitting, and who have often been with me around my own camp-fires, and with some of whom I have month after month penetrated these wilds, all of whom are now dead, excepting perhaps Aleck Cody, I cannot but wish that I could again visit those places, even if there were a few Indians around hunting for one's scalp.

Such was the experience of Mr. Goodyear among these natives of the forest and the prairie. The warfare with the savages was very different from the warfare of the present day. There were often the most desperate hand-to-hand fights, the combatants grappling with frenzied energies in the death struggle, where the victory was entirely dependent upon superior agility and strength of muscle. We are indebted, in the main, to that very valuable work, *Doddridge's Notes*, for the following narrative of one of these most terrible encounters:

In the Summer of 1782 seven Wyandot Indians entered the cabin of an aged man residing alone a short distance from Fort Pitt, and some distance back from the Ohio River. They tomahawked the old settler, and, plundering the cabin of everything they wished, took their departure. The circumstance soon became known, and a small party was organized to go in pursuit of the savages. Among the men were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe, who were both famed for their size and courage.

The party determined, if possible, to capture or destroy these Indians. They traveled all night, and in the morning came upon the trail. This led down to the Ohio River. Andrew Poe, fearing an ambuscade, crept cautiously along the bank, hiding among the reeds and bushes, intending to fall upon the rear of the Indians. Soon he discovered some rafts near the shore. With his gun cocked he stole along the edge of the bank, and espied two Indians of the Wyandot tribe; one a man of herculean frame, a chief, the other rather diminutive in size. They were but a few feet from him, but were earnestly looking in the opposite direction, their attention being arrested by the discovery of some white men farther along on the bank.

Adam Poe aimed at the giant and fired, but his gun flashed in the pan. The click of the gun-lock caught the ear of the savage and he instantly turned. Poe, being unarmed and too near to

retreat, sprang down the bank and clutched the chief with one hand, holding him by a cloth fastened around his breast. The smaller one he seized around the neck, and then threw them both on the ground, being himself uppermost. The smaller one escaped from his grasp, and seizing a tomahawk aimed a blow at the head of his assailant. The chief, unable to rise, held Poe fast. But his feet, which were at liberty, he used vigorously, knocking the tomahawk from the hand of the savage, and, for the moment, disabling him.

But, recovering himself, the Indian caught up his weapon and approached Poe very cautiously, aiming again at his head. He, however, averted the blow, taking it upon his wrist. The blow was severe, but he did not by it lose the use of his hand. By a violent effort he freed himself from the grasp of the Indian. Seizing a gun he shot the smaller Indian through the breast. Instantly he was again in the brawny arms of the chief, and was thrown upon the ground. Rising to his feet he was again grappled, and the shore being slippery, both fell into the water. Each endeavored to drown the other. Poe, seizing the scalp-lock of the savage, held him under water until he presumed him to be dead. But to his consternation, on releasing his hold, Poe found his antagonist ready for another fight.

In the deadly struggle which ensued they were both swept by the current into water beyond their depth. This compelled them to lose their hold of each other. The contest then was to see who could first gain the shore by swimming, and then seize a gun and shoot his antagonist. The Indian proved the best swimmer and grasped a rifle. Fortunately it was one which had just been discharged. Poe immediately turned back, swimming out into the stream, hoping to dodge the bullet by diving. Just then Andrew Poe came up. His gun had also just been discharged. The burly savage and the white man faced each other at the distance of but a few yards. The question of life or death depended upon who could most quickly load his gun.

The Indian, in his eagerness, drew the ramrod from its thimbles with such violence that it slipped from his fingers and fell to the ground. This gave Adam Poe the advantage of two or three seconds. He shot the Indian through the heart, and the savage rolled down the steep and slippery bank into the river, to be swept by the current to some unknown grave. As Andrew Poe

was struggling towards the shore, one of his own party caught sight of him, and mistaking him for an Indian, shot at him, inflicting a serious but not fatal wound in the shoulder.

While these bloody scenes were transpiring, their comrades attacked the remaining six Indians and killed five of them. Thus ended this desperate conflict. All of the Indian party but one were slain. The white men lost three killed and one severely wounded. The gigantic Indian, of whom we have spoken, was one of the most renowned chiefs of the Wyandot nation. He was one of the bravest and most magnanimous of Indian warriors. He appears to have been a man of high moral principle, was noted for his kindness to all the captives taken by his tribe. He would never allow a prisoner to be ill-treated or killed.

Mr. Hutchins has given a very graphic account of the surrender of the Indians upon the banks of the Muskingum, of two hundred and six prisoners, men, women and children, early in the period of the Indian wars :

“ Language indeed can but weakly describe the scene, one to which the poet or painter might have repaired, to enrich the highest colorings of the variety of the human passions; the philosopher, to find ample subject for the most serious reflection; and the man to exercise all the tender and sympathetic feelings of the soul. There were to be seen fathers and mothers recognizing and clasping their once lost babes; husbands hanging round the necks of their newly recovered wives; sisters and brothers unexpectedly meeting together after a long separation, scarcely able to speak the same language, or for some time to be sure they were the children of the same parents. In all these interviews joy and rapture inexpressible were seen, while feelings of a very different nature were painted in the looks of others, flying from place to place, in eager inquiries after relatives not found, trembling to receive an answer to questions, distracted with doubts, hopes and fears on obtaining no account of those they sought for, or stiffened into living monuments of woe and horror on learning their unhappy fate.

“ The Indians, too, as if wholly forgetting their usual savageness, bore a capital part in heightening this most affecting scene. They delivered up their beloved captives with the utmost reluctance—shed tears over them—recommending them to the care and protection of the commanding officer. Their regard for them

continued all the while they remained in the camp. They visited them from day to day, brought them what corn, skins, horses, and other matters had been bestowed upon them while in their families, accompanied with other presents, and all the marks of the most sincere and tender affection. Nay, they didn't stop here, but when the army marched, some of the Indians solicited and obtained permission to accompany their former captives to Fort Pitt, and employed themselves in hunting and bringing provisions for them on the way. A young Mingo carried this still further, and gave an instance of love which would make a figure even in romance. A young woman of Virginia was among the captives, to whom he had formed so strong an attachment as to call her his wife. Against all the remonstrances of the imminent danger to which he exposed himself by approaching the frontier, he persisted in following her at the risk of being killed by the surviving relatives of many unfortunate persons who had been taken captive, or scalped by those of his nation.

"Among the captives a woman was brought into camp at Muskingum, with a babe about three months old. One of the Virginia volunteers soon knew her to be his wife. She had been taken by the Indians about six months before. He flew with her to his tent, and clothed her and his child with proper apparel. But their joy, after the first transports, was dampened by the reflection that another dear child about two years old, taken with the mother, had been separated from her and was still missing, although many children had been brought in.

"A few days afterwards a number of other persons were brought in, among whom were several children. The woman was sent for and one supposed to be her's was produced. At first sight she was not certain, but viewing the child with great earnestness, she soon recollected its features, and was so overcome with joy that, forgetting her nursing babe, she dropped it from her arms, and catching up the new-found child, in ecstasy pressed it to her breast and, bursting into tears, carried it off, unable to speak for joy. The father, rising up with the babe which she had let fall, followed her in no less transport and affection.

"But it must not be denied that there were some, even grown persons, who showed an unwillingness to return. The Shawanese were obliged to bind some of their prisoners and force them along to the camp; and some women who had been deliv-

ered up, afterwards found means to escape, clung to their savage acquaintances at parting, and continued many days in bitter lamentations, even refusing sustenance."

J. W. Van Cleve, of Dayton, says that he was with a surveying party above the site of Columbus, in the year 1797. The party were nearly starved, having been reduced to three scanty meals in four days. In this condition they chanced to come upon the camp of a single Wyandot Indian with his family. The hospitable savage immediately gave them all the provisions he had, which consisted only of two rabbits and a small piece of venison; and still the father of this Wyandot had been murdered by vagabond white men in time of peace.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BLENNERHASSETT.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF HARMON BLENNERHASSETT—HIS EMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES—HIS HOME ON BLENNERHASSETT'S ISLAND—ITS BUILDINGS, FURNITURE AND APPOINTMENTS—MR. BLENNERHASSETT'S TRUE GENEROSITY—APPEARANCE AND CHARACTER OF MRS. BLENNERHASSETT—HER DRESS, MANNERS, ACCOMPLISHMENTS, AND HABITS—MIRTHFUL SCENES ON THE OHIO—DIFFICULTY OF TRAVEL IN OHIO, IN 1796—PROGRESS AT BELPRE—AARON BURR AND HIS TREASONABLE SCHEMES—HE VISITS BLENNERHASSETT'S ISLAND—HE UNFOLDS PART OF HIS PLANS AND ENGAGES WITH MR. BLENNERHASSETT IN A LAND SPECULATION—HIS ENERGY AT MARIETTA.

HARMON BLENNERHASSETT was born of a noble family, in Hampshire, England, in the year 1767. The residence of the wealthy family was at Castle Conway, in the County of Kerry, Ireland. His parents were on a visit to England when this son was born. Harmon received a very thorough academic education at the Westminster School in England, where he manifested unusual taste for all classical studies. On leaving school he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where in due time he graduated with distinguished honors. A brilliant career seemed then opening before him. He was in the enjoyment of rank, wealth, and intellectual powers of a high order, richly cultivated. His personal appearance was unusually attractive and his manners prepossessing and winning. Young Blennerhassett read law at the King's Inn Courts, in Dublin, and was admitted to the bar in 1790. He, then, with a well filled purse, and in all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, undertook the tour of Europe. Upon his return, he nominally assumed practice at the bar in Ireland. But being heir to a large fortune, he was by no means solicitous of engaging

in the drudgery of his profession. He devoted his time to the cultivation of his taste for the sciences, music, and general literature.

In 1796 his father died. Harmon Blennerhassett, then twenty-nine years of age, came into full possession of his fortune. Becoming involved in some political difficulties in Ireland, he sold his estate there and removed to England. All his associations were with the highest of the nobility. He soon married Miss Margaret Agnew, daughter of the Lieutenant Governor of the Isle-of-Man. Lord Kingsale and Admiral de Courcey both married sisters of Mr. Blennerhassett. His relatives and family connections were all staunch royalists, looking down upon the demands for popular rights with aristocratic contempt. Mr. Blennerhassett, unfortunately for his worldly peace and prosperity, had imbibed republican principles. This rendered his situation in England, in the high circles in which only he moved, very uncomfortable. He finally concluded to remove to the United States, where he could give utterance to his sentiments, undisturbed by the disdain and reproaches of his friends.

Before leaving London he purchased a large library of classical and scientific books, and also an extensive chemical and philosophical apparatus. He also provided himself abundantly with everything which could contribute to the luxurious enjoyment of a home in the new world. Taking ship, he landed with his wife and some attendants in New York in the year 1797. He brought letters which immediately introduced him to the first families in the city. His wealth, rank and culture immediately gave him name and fame, and his society was much courted.

He spent several months in New York making inquiries respecting the most attractive portions of the country in which to establish himself. He heard much of the Beautiful River, its forests, its prairies, its rich soil, mild climate and salubrious breezes. And particularly he heard of the luxuriant Eden-like islands which adorned the majestic stream.

In the rich autumnal weather of 1797 he crossed the mountains to Pittsburgh. After spending a few weeks there, he took a large, flat-bottomed boat, richly furnished, and floated down the Ohio to Marietta. Here he passed the Winter, making various explorations in search of the most beautiful spot he could find for a permanent residence.

Fourteen miles below the mouth of the Muskingum there was a



MORDECAI BARTLEY
Governor 1844-46.

very beautiful island, nearly opposite the settlement of Belprè. This island, which was singularly wild, lovely and romantic in its character, was within the jurisdiction of the State of Virginia. There he could hold slaves, as he could not do in any portion of the Northwestern Territory. It is a little remarkable, that this man who from love of republican principles had encountered great loss, and had become an exile from his native land, should still wish to have the men who worked for him, his property, rather than his hired laborers.

This island, as a residence, presented many great attractions. A few acres were free from trees, presenting a natural lawn. He could have flocks and herds without any danger of their straying into the wilderness. The settlement at Belprè was composed chiefly of very intelligent and well educated men. Their society would be instructive and attractive. The drooping branches of the willow laved the waters which flowed gently by the island, and the gigantic elms and sycamores gave grandeur to the scenery, and sheltered it from the ravages of storms.

The island, which contained two hundred and ninety-seven acres, was of a peculiar form, from being narrow in the middle and broad at both extremities. Mr. Elijah Backus, of Norwich, Connecticut, purchased both of the islands in the year 1792 for about nine hundred dollars, Virginia currency. In the year 1798 Mr. Blennerhassett purchased the upper half of the upper island for four thousand five hundred dollars. As there were one hundred and seventy acres in his purchase, this would amount to about twenty-six dollars an acre.

About half a mile below the upper end of the island there was a large block-house standing, which had been erected as a place of refuge during the Indian wars. With his wife and one child Mr. Blennerhassett took possession of this house, while he commenced, with a large number of workmen, erecting an elegant mansion, and ornamenting the grounds with the taste he had acquired in familiarity with the splendid estates of England.

Very great labor was expended in removing trees and stumps, in smoothing the lawn, and in preparing the grounds for the spacious buildings, and in constructing landings on both sides of the island, for communication with the Virginia and the Ohio shores. Beautiful boats of various sizes were procured, boat houses erected, and ten black servants were purchased, who were trained to skill

in the various employments of watermen, waiters, grooms and gardeners. The outlays upon his buildings and grounds amounted to more than forty thousand dollars in gold, an immense sum in those days. This large amount of money expended among the laborers and farmers of that region, was of immense benefit to them, and gave the most salutary impulse to improvements in roads, buildings and agriculture. Mr. Blennerhassett was mild and gentlemanly in all his intercourse with others, and was considered one of the greatest public benefactors who had ever settled west of the Alleghanies.

"The island mansion," writes Dr. S. P. Hildreth, "was built with great taste and beauty. No expense was spared in its construction that could add to its usefulness or splendor. It consisted of a main building, fifty-two feet in length, thirty in width, and two stories high. Porticos, forty feet in length, in the form of wings, projected in front, connected with offices, presenting each a face of twenty-six feet, and twenty feet in depth, uniting them with the main building, forming the half of an ellipsis, and making in the whole a front of one hundred and four feet. The left-hand office was occupied for the servant's hall, and the right for the library, philosophical apparatus and study. A handsome lawn of several acres occupied the front ground, while an extended opening was made through the forest trees on the head of the island, affording a view of the river for several miles above, and bringing the mansion into the notice of descending boats. Nicely graveled walks, with a carriage-way, led from the house to the river, passing through an ornamental gateway with large stone pillars. A fine hedge of native hawthorn bordered the right side of the avenue to the house, while back of it lay the flower-garden, of about two acres, enclosed with neat palings, to which were trained gooseberry bushes, peaches and other varieties of fruit-bearing trees, in the manner of wall fruits.

"The garden was planted with flowering shrubs, both exotic and native, but especially abounding in the latter, which the good taste of the occupants had selected from the adjacent forests and planted in thick masses, through which wandered serpentine walks, bordered with flowers, imitating labyrinths. Arbors and grottoes, covered with honey-suckles and eglantines, were placed at convenient intervals, giving the whole a very romantic and beautiful appearance. On the opposite side of the house was a

large kitchen garden, and back of this orchards of peach and apple trees of the choicest varieties, procured from abroad, as well as from the Belprè nurseries.

"Lower down on the island was the farm, with about one hundred acres under the nicest cultivation; the luxuriant soil producing the finest crops of grain and grass. For the last three or four years of his residence, a large dairy was added to his other agricultural pursuits, under the management of Thomas Neal, who also superintended the labors of the farm. The garden was conducted by Peter Taylor, a native of Lancashire, England, who was bred to the pursuit, but under the direction of Mr. Blennerhassett, whose fine taste in all that was beautiful, ordered the arranging and laying out the grounds.

"The mansion and offices were frame buildings, painted with the purest white, contrasting tastefully with the green foliage of the ornamental shade trees, which surrounded it. An abundance of fine stone for building could have been quarried from the adjacent Virginia shore; but he preferred a structure of wood, as less liable to be damaged by earthquakes. The finishing and furniture of the apartments were adapted to the use for which they were intended. The hall was a spacious room, its walls painted a somber color, with a beautiful cornice of plaster, bordered with a gilded moulding, running around the lofty ceiling, while its furniture was rich, heavy and grand. The furniture of the drawing-room was in strong contrast with that of the hall—light, airy and elegant, with splended mirrors, gay colored carpets, rich curtains with ornaments to correspond, arranged by his lady with the nicest taste and harmonious effect. A large quantity of massive silver plate ornamented the side-boards, and decorated the tables. The whole establishment was noble, chastened by the pure taste, without that glare of tinsel finery too common among the wealthy."

Thus there arose, as by magic, amidst the wilds of the Ohio, one of the most elegant mansions of modern days. All its internal appliances and external surroundings were of the most luxurious character. Mr. Blennerhassett's library contained a large and choice selection of the most valuable books. With native powers of a high order, trained by an accomplished university education, by foreign travel, and by intercourse with the most cultivated men of his day, he well knew how to use that library for his constant profit and for his unceasing delight.

Skilled also in the sciences, and with a strong taste for chemical studies, and all the correlative branches of natural philosophy, such as astronomy, botany, electricity and galvanism, he had supplied his laboratory extensively with the best apparatus for observation and experimenting which the arts could furnish.

Astronomy was a favorite study with this accomplished man. He had one of the best of telescopes, well mounted, with which he pierced the transparent skies of that region, in search of those wonderful revelations of distant suns and firmaments which this grandest of sciences has made known to man. He had also a solar microscope, of the then greatest magnifying power, with which he was accustomed to explore that infinity of minuteness which is the counterpart of the infinity of grandeur. This man of rare accomplishments seems to have been an almost universal genius. His musical taste was exquisite; he composed many beautiful airs, and played with unusual skill upon several musical instruments, his favorites being the violoncello and the violin. It is said that the spacious hall of his mansion was constructed with special reference to its giving effect to musical sounds. His cultivated guests were charmed with the exquisite tones which there vibrated upon their ears.

The correlative sciences of electricity and galvanism engaged a large share of Mr. Blennerhassett's attention. He was constantly making experiments and eliciting new facts in these wonderful branches of modern science. In addition to these scientific accomplishments, he had made such attainments in the classics, that it was said he could repeat the whole of Homer's *Iliad* in the original Greek. In manners, Mr. Blennerhassett was very courteous, mild and yielding. His virtues were of the amiable character, rather than of the more stubborn. He was easily duped by the intriguing who had sufficient sagacity to discern his weak points. His benevolence was unbounded, and his sympathy with the sick and suffering very intense. Being conscious that in his remote home in the New World he would have little access to skilled medical attendance, he had paid very considerable attention to the study of medicine, and had provided himself with an ample supply of the most approved remedies for all sicknesses. He was ready freely to prescribe for his sick neighbors and to administer to them of his medicines.

It is said that one of his neighbors, to whom Mr. Blennerhassett

had loaned quite a sum of money, had his house and all his furniture consumed by fire. The enterprising, industrious man was thus reduced to absolute poverty, with a heavy debt hanging over him. Soon after, Mr. Blennerhassett invited the unfortunate man and his wife to dine at his table. After dinner he took his guests into his study, and told him that he would either cancel the debt, or he might let it stand, and he would make him a free gift of an order to the same amount on a store in Marietta. The honorable but unfortunate man preferred to commence his new struggle with adversity, free from all hindrances of pecuniary obligation. He therefore gratefully accepted the cancelling of the debt.

Mr. Blennerhassett was very fond of hunting. Quails and other small game abounded on the island. As he was quite near-sighted, his wife frequently accompanied him in these short excursions. Her quick eye would search out the game to which she would direct the attention of her husband. Mr. Blennerhassett was domestic in his tastes, and generally sedentary in his habits. He had no fondness for carousals or any riotous pleasures. But he greatly enjoyed the society of the cultivated guests, who in large numbers were allured to his hospitable mansion. He usually dressed in the old English style. His coat was of blue broadcloth, with gilt buttons. He wore invariably buff-colored or scarlet small clothes and silk stockings. Large silver buckles, highly polished, fastened his shoes.

"In this quiet retreat," writes Mr. Hildreth, "insulated and separated from the noise and tumult of the surrounding world, amidst his books, with the company of his accomplished wife and children, he possessed all that seemed necessary for the happiness of man; and yet he lacked *one thing*, without which no man can be happy—a firm belief in the overruling providence of God. Voltaire and Rousseau, whose works he studied and admired, had poisoned his mind to the simple truths of the Gospel, and the Bible was a book which he seldom or never consulted. At least this was the fact while he lived on the Island, whatever it might have been after misfortune and want had humbled and sorely tried him."

Mrs. Blennerhassett, whose maiden name was Margaret Agnew, was in disposition far more ambitious and aspiring than her husband. It was a great trial to her to have him waste his brilliant powers in obscurity. She had heard him in several of his public

addresses, and often declared that in forensic eloquence he was not surpassed by the ablest orators of the day. Vainly she urged him to enter as an advocate the higher courts of Virginia and Ohio. Mrs. Blennerhassett was in all respects a very accomplished lady. Her figure, tall and commanding, was moulded in the most perfect proportions. Her features, over which was spread a most brilliant complexion, were beautiful. A strong mind, highly cultivated, gave to those features that inimitable grace which intelligence alone can confer. Brown hair, profuse and glossy, dark blue eyes, and manners both winning and graceful, ever attracted attention to her, even in the most brilliant circles. She was very charitable to the sick and the poor in her neighborhood, often carrying to them those little delicacies which could nowhere else be obtained. She had been brought up by two maiden aunts, who had taken great care to instruct her in all the useful arts of housewifery, which education she found to be of inestimable value in her new home.

She invariably dressed like a lady, in the most elegant manner. Her ordinary costume consisted of a turban, folded very full, in the Eastern style. It was of rich silk, sometimes white, which was her favorite color in Summer, but in Winter pink or yellow. A very intelligent lady, who was familiar with society in Washington, and had visited in the courts of Europe, writes :

"I have never beheld any one who was equal to Mrs. Blennerhassett in beauty of person, dignity of manners, elegance of dress, and in short all that is lovely and finished in the female person, as she was when queen of the fairy isle."

"When she rode on horseback," writes Mr. Hildreth, "her dress was of fine scarlet broadcloth, ornamented with gold buttons; a white beaver hat, on which floated the graceful plumes of the ostrich, of the same color. This was sometimes changed for blue or yellow, with feathers to harmonize. She was a perfect equestrienne; always riding a very spirited horse, with rich trappings, who seemed proud of his burden. She accomplished the ride to Marietta, of fourteen miles, in about two hours; dashing through and under the dark foliage of the forest trees, which then covered the greater part of the distance, reminding one of the gay plumage and rapid flight of some tropical bird winging its way through the woods.

"In these journeys she was generally accompanied by Ran-

som, a favorite black servant, who followed on horseback, in a neat showy dress, and had to apply both whip and spur to keep in sight of his mistress. She sometimes came to Marietta by water, in a light canoe, navigated by Moses, another of the colored servants, who was the principal waterman. The shopping visits were made in this way, as she directed the purchase of groceries and clothing for the family use. The roads were not yet open for wheel carriages. She possessed great personal activity, sometimes choosing to walk that distance instead of riding.

"Mrs. Blennerhassett was very domestic in her habits, being not only accomplished in all the arts of housewifery, but being also an excellent seamstress, cutting and making with her own hands much of the clothing of her husband, as well as preparing that of the servants, which was then made by a colored female. At that period, when tailors and mantua-makers were rare in the western wilderness, this was an accomplishment of real value. She being willing to practice these servile acts, when surrounded by all the wealth she could desire, is one of the finest and most remarkable traits in her character, indicating a noble mind, elevated above the influence of that false pride so often seen to attend the high-born and the wealthy.

"She was an early riser; and when not prevented by indisposition, visited the kitchen by early dawn, and often manipulated the pastry and cakes to be served upon the table for the day. When this service was completed she laid aside her working-dress and attired herself in the habiliments of the lady of the mansion. At table she presided with grace and dignity, and by her cheerful conversation and pleasant address set every one at ease about her, however rustic their manners or unaccustomed they might be to genteel society.

"Her mind was as highly cultivated as her person. She was an accomplished Italian and French scholar, and one of the finest readers imaginable. She especially excelled in the plays of Shakspeare, which she rehearsed with all the taste and spirit of a first-rate actor. In history and the English classics she was equally well read, and was often called to decide disputed points in literature under discussion by her husband and some learned guest. Few women ever lived who combined so many accomplishments and personal attractions. They strongly impressed

not only intellectual and cultivated minds who could appreciate her merits, but also the uneducated and the lower classes."

Such was the home and such the surroundings of Herman Blennerhassett for the first eight years, during which he reigned almost supreme in his little island kingdom. During that time two additional children were born, to cheer his home of opulence and taste. Parties of young people were often invited from Belprè and Marietta to enjoy the hospitalities of this western Eden. Sometimes they rode in long and joyous cavalcade through the woods, but more generally they came down the river in light canoes and row-boats, propelled by the lusty arms of the young men. The rich autumnal season of the year, when the brilliant moon illumined the glorious scene, was generally selected for these excursions. Rapidly the little fleet would descend the stream, arriving at the island in the early twilight. A rich entertainment there awaited them.

Then came games, music, songs, and the mazes of the dance. At midnight they would commence their return home, striking the eddies of the majestic stream, now upon the one shore and now upon the other; at one time beneath the shadows of the gigantic forest, and again in the full radiance of that luminary whose rays are so dear to the young and the happy. The shores of the stream, which had so often resounded with the yells of the savage with his war-whoop and his demonical carousings, as he danced around the fires where his captives were put to the torture, now echoed with the merriment which so spontaneously gushes from the hearts of the young and the innocent. It makes even an old man's blood move more swiftly in his veins to contemplate the happiness which those young hearts must have enjoyed in those hours of midnight and moonlight on the *La Belle Riviere*.

Such are the joys of peace. There was then no fear of the bullet or the tomahawk of the lurking savage. What a happy world might this have been if the brotherhood which our Saviour Jesus Christ enjoins had been practiced by its inhabitants! Surely our Heavenly Father, who loves to see his children happy, must have looked down complacently upon these innocent joys, if He could see in the hearts of the favored ones any sincere recognition of His love and His laws. But where now are those youthful sons and daughters, who three-quarters of a century ago made river and forest vocal with their songs? They have all disappeared,

like the mists of the river. What a vapor is life! The only question in relation to them now of importance is, "Did they so live as to secure a welcome to the Paradise of God on high?"

There were frequently parties of the elder and more sedate portion of the community. They were always invited to spend the night, and frequently to remain for two or three days. The wildness of the primeval forest spreading all around, with only here and there a spot indicating that it had been pressed by the foot of man, and the rude log cabins which were then alone to be found, by contrast greatly magnified the elegance and luxury of this truly beautiful mansion with its landscape adornings.

There were then in that region no roads, no steamboats, no ferries, no taverns. Every man rode his own horse, or provided himself with a boat. If a family was descending the river, it was necessary to buy or to build a flat-bottomed barge. This was but little more than a raft with protecting sides, put together with merely strength enough to float during the voyage. When the boat arrived at its destination it was broken up, and the planks or timber of which it was composed were used in constructing the cabin and out-buildings of the emigrant.

The only spot between Blennerhassett's Island and Marietta, which showed any signs of civilization, was Belprè, or Beautiful Prairie. There was here a little settlement which had been commenced in the year 1789. It had been of very slow growth, as the Indian wars for a time almost put a stop to emigration. It had now, however, become quite a thriving and attractive little village, having drawn to its fertile acres a population from the eastern states of unusual intelligence and moral worth.

Here there were now several well-built houses of hewn timber, with well-cultivated farms and blooming orchards. There were several families who, though living in the most simple and frugal style, would have been ornaments to society in any community. A gentleman who had often visited the mansion during his early youth, when his parents resided in Marietta, writes:

"I was but a boy when Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett left the island; but I had been a favorite in the family for years, and had passed many of my happiest days in their society. My intimacy in their household is like an oasis in the desert of life. It is one of those green spots in memory's waste which death alone can obliterate."

But Satan entered this Eden, and the ruin on this island was like that which Eden experienced when Adam and Eve joined in the revolt of lost spirits against their Maker.

Aaron Burr was one of the most fascinating and one of the most totally unprincipled men who ever trod this globe. Graceful in person, remarkably handsome in features, with very high mental endowments, in possession of conversational eloquence rarely if ever equaled,—he renounced entirely the religion of Jesus and devoted himself to his own personal gratification and aggrandizement, entirely reckless of the ruin and the misery which his selfishness might create. History affords no more impressive illustration of an archangel ruined; of a man created with the highest endowments, who consecrated those endowments to the work of a fiend.

Early in the present century Aaron Burr, disappointed in some of his ambitious plans, and having drawn upon himself the execration of his countrymen for imbuing his hands in the blood of Alexander Hamilton, formed the truly grand conception, and apparently the feasible one, of wresting from Spain the majestic empire of Mexico, and of then wresting from the United States the vast and almost unpeopled solitudes of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys. Here he would organize the most magnificent empire, in point of territory, salubrity, fertility and variety of clime which has ever existed on this globe. The Alleghanies would be his eastern boundary. The majestic cliffs of the Rocky Mountains would guard his western frontier. On the north would be the great lakes and the frigid zone; while the Gulf of Mexico and the Carribean Sea would open to his southern ports the commerce of the world. This vast realm, in magnitude almost surpassing the wildest dreams of earthly ambition, would abound in the productions of all the zones. Rivers of hitherto unknown grandeur, flowing from the north to the south, opened the whole of these almost boundless regions to the riches of internal commerce. Of this empire Aaron Burr was to be—*Imperator*.

Such were the dreams of this extraordinary man. Extravagant as they were, and totally as he failed in their accomplishment, that dream has been more than realized in the wondrous republican empire of the United States.

Aaron Burr had heard of Blennerhassett, of his wealth, of his vast influence over the rapidly increasing population of

Ohio, and of the surpassing charms of his wife. Could he enlist them in his enterprise, it would be, indeed, a great acquisition. But it was necessary to proceed with the utmost caution. Mr. Blennerhassett was not a man to be easily drawn into a treasonable conspiracy against a government whose institutions he admired, and under whose protection he had found so free and happy a home.

In the year 1800, Thomas Jefferson was chosen President of the United States, and Aaron Burr, Vice President. This gave him national celebrity. At the next election, in 1804, though Jefferson was continued in office, Burr was superseded.

In the Spring of the year 1805, Burr, disappointed and exasperated, visited the Ohio Valley in prosecution of his grand enterprise. The arch intriguer sought no letters of introduction to Blennerhassett, probably wishing it to appear that it was merely by accident that he called at his mansion. Reaching the river he took a boat, and descending the stream, landed at Blennerhassett Island, as if, a passing traveler, he had been lured merely by curiosity, to stop and admire the beautiful grounds.

Mr. Blennerhassett, sitting in his study, was informed by his servant that there was a very gentlemanly, well-dressed man, who had just landed from his boat, and was viewing the lawn. He directed the servant to go out and in his master's name invite the gentlemen into the house. Burr declined, with some very courteous apology, but sent in his card. Mr. Blennerhassett upon reading the name, and seeing that it was a former Vice President of the United States who was visiting his grounds, immediately stepped out and insisted upon Mr. Burr's partaking of the hospitality of his mansion.

It is said that Satan can apparently transform himself into an angel of light. Burr masked himself in his most resistless fascinations. Both host and hostess were charmed with their guest. His eloquence was extraordinary, his information wonderful, and he manifested all the artlessness and simplicity of a child. Familiar with all the secrets of state, he spoke of the prospects of a war with Spain, and of the ease with which the Mexicans, with a little aid, might throw off the intolerant and tyrannical foreign yoke and establish an independent government like that of the United States. With singular frankness he unfolded to them a very splendid land speculation within the Spanish territory, on

the Red River, in which he was engaged, and showed them how it was certain to bring on the most extraordinary pecuniary results. This was the first step of the arch deceiver. Having taken it, he went on his way.

Mr. Blennerhassett, an unsuspecting man, and one who was easily duped, was greatly excited by these grand schemes and revelations. There was nothing in them to disturb in the slightest degree his patriotic devotion to the United States. The next Winter Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett spent in New York and Philadelphia. It is not improbable that they were lured there by the hope of having further interviews with Aaron Burr. Some correspondence had, in the meantime, passed between them. In interviews during this Winter it is supposed that they entered into a sort of partnership for land speculation.

Blennerhassett agreed, as it afterwards appeared, to co-operate with Burr in the purchase of a very large tract of land within the Spanish Territory, on the Washita River, an important tributary of the Red River. These very rich lands, as they were supposed to be, were situated in the northeast portion of the present State of Louisiana. They could be purchased for a very small sum. Then, by encouraging emigration from Europe, and from the Atlantic States, they could be sold at an enormous profit.

All this was plain. But the secret in Burr's mind, probably not yet divulged to Blennerhassett, was, that he could then provoke revolt from Spain, seize Mexico, annex the region of the United States west of the Alleghanies, and establish a splendid empire. This hidden part of the plan was treason. It was adroitly veiled by the projected land speculation.

Burr's plans were thus far advancing very prosperously. In the Autumn of that year, 1805, he took his accomplished daughter, Mrs. Theodosia Alston, and made a visit of several days at Blennerhassett Island. Of course but little can be known of the conversations which took place during these long hours of private intercourse.

Colonel Burr then returned to Marietta, where he took up his residence, and engaged vigorously in operations for sending a large colony down the Ohio and the Mississippi to his lands on the Washita. He made a contract for building fifteen very large batteaux, in which to transport his settlers and their goods to their remote destination in the Spanish domain. Ten of these flat-



WILLIAM BEBB
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bottomed boats were forty feet long, ten feet wide, and two and a-half feet deep. Five of them were fifty feet long. They were so constructed at each end as to be rowed or pushed either up or down the stream. Mr. Blennerhassett's purse was called into requisition in those expensive movements. The boats were to convey the emigrants, with food and all necessary household and farming utensils, with an ample supply of guns and ammunition. It was manifest that these warlike weapons might be needed to repel hostile savages.

One of these boats was much larger than the rest, and was fitted up with very considerable elegance. It had a capacious cabin, tastefully decorated with a fire-place and glass windows. This was designed for Mr. Blennerhassett and family, who were to accompany the expedition. This fact has generally been relied upon as evidence that Mr. Blennerhassett had no idea of the treasonable designs which Colonel Burr had formed against the United States.

A keel boat was built, sixty feet long, which was loaded with bacon, pork, flour, whisky, and other supplies. Among the provisions were several hundred barrels of kiln-dried corn, ground into flour. Men on long marches were usually supplied with such rations. The Indians had taught us that a soldier might take a sack of this meal upon his back, and that one pint mixed with a little water would afford a day's ration. Much of this corn was raised on the island, and was dried in kilns which Mr. Blennerhassett had constructed for that purpose. The batteaux were calculated to carry five hundred men. Colonel Burr's energy had already engaged nearly that number. The little colony was organized with military precision, for its leader was an accomplished soldier. Each private was to receive the gift of one hundred acres of land. The officers were still more liberally provided for. Each emigrant was required to provide himself only with a good rifle and blanket. The boats were to be ready by the 9th of December, and the expedition was immediately to set out upon its adventurous voyage.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE DEVASTATED ISLAND.

COLONEL BURR'S ADDRESSES—ALARMING RUMORS—EFFORTS OF THE GOVERNMENT—SAD NEWS RECEIVED AT THE ISLAND—CONDUCT OF THE SOLDIERS—MR. BUTNAM'S KINDNESS—FINAL DESTRUCTION OF BUILDINGS ON THE ISLAND—COLONEL PHELPS AND HIS PARTY—EFFECTS OF WHISKY—MRS. BLENNERHASSETT REJOINS HER HUSBAND—COLONEL BURR AND MR. BLENNERHASSETT ARRESTED FOR TREASON—COLONEL BURR ESCAPES—BLENNERHASSETT ACQUITTED, AND AGAIN ARRESTED—MRS. BLENNERHASSETT'S LETTER—ON THE PLANTATION—POEM—CONTINUED DISAPPOINTMENTS—DEATH OF MR. BLENNERHASSETT—MRS. BLENNERHASSETT RETURNS TO THE UNITED STATES, AND PETITIONS CONGRESS—HER POVERTY—HER DEATH.

WHILE THE boats were being built, Colonel Burr visited many of the settlements in those remote regions, to engage enterprising and hardy young men as recruits. There was something peculiarly fascinating to a romantic mind in the expedition. To float down unknown streams, of almost fabulous grandeur, for one or two thousand miles, then to ascend a stream, fringed with almost the luxuriance and bloom of the tropics, and to go in strength which disarmed fear, presented remarkable allurements to sanguine youth. Colonel Burr addressed the young men, not only of Marietta, Belpre, and other points on the same river, but went to Chillicothe, and to Lexington, Kentucky. He told them that President Jefferson, who was exceedingly popular throughout the West, was fully informed of the objects of the expedition, and that they met with his cordial approval. Confidentially, as it were, he informed them, that though the enterprise was entirely a peaceful one, to take possession of the immense grant, which had been purchased of Baron Bastrop, still there was great probability that a war might ere long break out between the United States and

Spain; that the Mexicans were very anxious to throw off the Spanish yoke; that the moment war was declared Congress would send a large army to Mexico, around whose banners the inhabitants would enthusiastically rally. Thus Mexico would be wrested from Spain, almost without a struggle. Then his little band of five hundred sturdy pioneers would have the moulding of a majestic empire, on the foundations of democratic equality, and might enrich themselves almost beyond the dreams of romance.

These were undoubtedly the views which imbued the minds of the emigrants generally, and which duped and bewildered the imagination of Blennerhassett. Still, rumors began to be circulated that the intriguing Aaron Burr was plotting some mischief against the United States. During the months of September and October Colonel Burr had caused to be inserted in the *Marietta Gazette* a series of able articles advocating the secession of the western states from those east of the Alleghanias. These articles appeared over the signature of *Querist*. They were replied to in convincing logic, sternly condemning these views, by a writer over the signature of *Regulus*. The sympathies of the community were manifestly with Regulus. His articles were extensively copied and read. They directed the attention of the whole country to the armed expedition which Colonel Burr was preparing for the invasion of Mexico. President Jefferson became alarmed. He knew Aaron Burr thoroughly, and was well aware of his ambition and his powers of intrigue.

In November he sent out a secret agent, Mr. John Graham, who was connected with one of the offices in Washington, to report respecting the proceedings of Burr at Marietta and at Blennerhassett Island. At the same time he solicited the aid of the Governor of Ohio, to suppress the military expedition, by seizing the boats. There was peace between the United States and Spain, and Jefferson considered the invasion of Mexico with such an armed force as totally unjustifiable. Mr. Graham had several interviews with Mr. Blennerhassett, and was assured by him that since there was no probability of war between Spain and the United States, Mr. Burr had entirely relinquished the plan of invading Mexico, and thought only of the establishment of a peaceful colony on the banks of the Washita.

In the meantime, rumor, with her thousand tongues, was busy inextricably blending truth with falsehood. It was said that

Colonel Burr and his associates were plotting treason on the western waters; that they were organizing an army to capture New Orleans, rob the banks, seize the artillery, and set up a new government west of the Alleghanies. It was known that Colonel Burr hated President Jefferson; that he had done everything in his power to heap abuse upon him, and to thrust him from the presidential chair. The guileless Blennerhassett was considered an accomplice of Burr, and necessarily shared in the detestation which the arch-conspirator had brought against himself. The Ohio Legislature passed an act to suppress all armed expeditions, and to seize all boats and provisions engaged in such unlawful enterprises. The Governor was authorized to call out the militia, to arrest any boats on the Ohio River engaged in Burr's expedition, to confiscate the boats and cargo, and to hold the crew for trial, by imprisonment or under bail of fifty thousand dollars.

The militia were called out; the boats on the Muskingum were seized; a six-pounder was placed on the banks of the river at Marietta, to arrest and examine every boat descending the river. Sentries were placed to watch the stream by day and by night.

On the sixth of December, just before these energetic orders from the governor were issued, a Mr. Tyler, from New York, one of Mr. Burr's agents, landed at Blennerhassett Island with about thirty men, in four boats, which had been fitted out from the settlements above. Mr. Blennerhassett had that day gone to Marietta to superintend the departure of the boats from the Muskingum. He there heard of the act of the Assembly. Much troubled in mind, and with no disposition to enter into a conflict with the constituted authorities, he returned to the island, quite disposed to relinquish the whole enterprise, and patiently to bear his heavy losses. But Mrs. Blennerhassett was a very ambitious woman. She had entered into the grand enterprise with all the enthusiasm of her nature. She was fully aware of the high intellectual endowments of her husband, and her wifely pride was roused to see him occupy posts of influence worthy of his abilities. Mr. Tyler also united with Mrs. Blennerhassett in remonstrances against any abandonment of the undertaking at this late hour. Had Mr. Blennerhassett followed the dictates of his own judgment, he would have been saved from one of the most dreadful tragedies which ever befel a family on earth.

Three days after this he received the alarming intelligence that



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the Wood County Militia would that very night, under its commander, Colonel Phelps, land upon the island, seize the boats, arrest him and all the men there, and probably, in their exasperation, burn his house. Not a moment was to be lost. There was no knowing what outrages these lawless men might inflict upon a family whom they denounced as traitors. It was stated that the men who had volunteered for the attack upon the island were of the lowest and most desperate class in the community. Mr. Blennerhassett and the men, well armed with rifles, immediately embarked on board the boats.

The Ohio, between the island and the Great Kanawha, is very circuitous, making the distance by water double of that by land. Colonel Phelps, upon arriving at the island and finding that the objects of his search had escaped, immediately went with a part of his force on horseback down the river on the Kentucky shore to Point Pleasant, there to arrest the boats when they should reach that spot. In the meantime Mrs. Blennerhassett, with great intrepidity, remained at home with her children. It was hoped that their presence would operate as some restraint upon the brutal soldiery, and might preserve her home and its precious contents from destruction.

But the soldiers, taking advantage of the absence of their commander, behaved like savages. Their order extended only to the arrest of Mr. Blennerhassett and the armed men they might find with the boats. But they immediately took possession of the house, rioted through all its elegant apartments, seized upon all the family stores, became drunk with the wine and whisky they found in the cellar, compelled the negroes to cook for them, burned the fences for bon-fires, and committed outrages which would have disgraced any band of savages. One of the drunken wretches fired a rifle bullet through the ceiling of the large hall, the ball passing through the chamber near where Mrs. Blennerhassett was sitting with her children. Thus passed seven days of horror.

At length, on the 17th, a gentleman from Belprè, Mr. A. W. Putnam, a warm friend of the family, ventured upon the island to render such assistance as might be in his power to the heroic woman. He succeeded in providing her with a boat, in which she stored a few articles of furniture, and some of her husband's choicest books. Mr. Putnam furnished her from Belprè with some provisions, as all of her own had been consumed or de-

stroyed by the soldiers. Taking her two little sons, Harmon and Dominick, with her, the one six and the other eight years old, she pursued her way down the Ohio to join her husband. It was a cold winter's day. The river was filled with floating ice; the boat, hastily prepared, was far from comfortable. The cabin was open and cold and cheerless. She and her children suffered severely. A few heroic young men from Belprè accompanied her in these hours of terrible adversity. With tearful eyes, as the boat floated away, she cast a lingering look upon her beloved island, which she was destined never to visit again.

The soldiers kept possession of it for several days after her departure. They seemed to riot in wanton destruction. The cattle were turned into the garden; the shrubbery and flowers were trampled down and ruined; the orchards of choice fruit trees, just coming into bearing, were either girdled or cut down. A few days had transformed this loveliest spot, perhaps, on the continent of North America into a scene of utter desolation and ruin. And these atrocities were perpetrated, not by savages, but by white men; by citizens of the United States, who had been commissioned as the executors of salutary law. We may here mention that one or two years after this the dilapidated mansion took fire, and with all its remaining furniture, books, and apparatus, was laid in ashes. Thus this vision of loveliness passed away forever.

But let us return to Colonel Phelps. Rapidly he descended with his mounted band to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, there to await the arrival of the boats which bore Mr. Blennerhassett and his friends. Reaching this point in the evening, he encamped his riotous crew upon the banks of the river to watch through the night. It was very cold, and the men built immense fires, not only for warmth, but to throw the light across the stream, so that the boats might not pass unseen in the darkness. The men were well provided with whisky, and the first part of the night was passed in riotous orgies. But towards morning, stupefied with drink, and drowsy from watching, they all fell soundly asleep.

As the boats came in sight of the fires, the occupants were well aware of their significance, and abstaining from the slightest noise, the four boats drifted by, on the silent current, without awaking the drunken sleepers. Having escaped this peril the boats floated rapidly on to their appointed rendezvous, at the mouth of the Cumberland River.

Mrs Blennerhassett, with her children, commenced her voyage a week after the departure of her husband. Upon arriving at the mouth of the Cumberland River, where she hoped to find him, she learned, to her disappointment, that his little flotilla had proceeded out of the Ohio into the rapid waters of the Mississippi, and had probably by that time reached Bayou Pierre, in the Mississippi territory. She followed after him. Winter soon set in with great severity. Soon after the boat in which she was embarked left, the Ohio River was entirely frozen over, and was not again navigable until the last of February.

Early in January she overtook her husband near Natchez, and she and her children were surrendered to his care by her gallant conductors. The whole country was now aroused into a general cry of indignation against Burr and his confederates. Burr was consequently compelled to abandon the enterprise as hopeless. He assembled his followers, about one hundred and thirty in number, thanked them for their adherence to his cause, but stated that circumstances which he could not have anticipated or controlled had frustrated all his plans, and that the enterprise must be entirely abandoned. Many of those who had embarked in the expedition were left to shift for themselves one thousand or fifteen hundred miles from their homes. Some time in January, Colonel Burr and Mr. Blennerhassett were both arrested and brought before the United States Court at Natchez on the charge of treason, and were put under bonds to appear in February.

Colonel Burr forfeited his bond. Mr. Blennerhassett appeared, but as no proof whatever of any treasonable design could be brought against him, he was acquitted. Soon after Burr hired three men to row him about twenty miles up the river to a point where he was landed in the night. Here he laid aside his nice suit of broadcloth and his beaver hat, and dressed himself in the coarse garb of a boatman, with a slouched, soiled, white wool cap. The disguise was so effectual that his most intimate friends could not have recognized him. He then started to cross the country through the wilderness.

He was, however, arrested on the Tombigbee River, and carried to Richmond for trial on two indictments, one for treason and the other for misdemeanor. The trial was long and tedious. But he was acquitted of both charges, as there was no evidence found sufficient to convict him.

Mr. Blennerhassett, after his trial and acquittal by the United States Court at Natchez, supposed himself safe from all further annoyance from the laws. He therefore started to visit his desolated island, intending to dispose of the remainder of his property there, and to return and take a plantation in the vicinity of Natchez. His wife and family were left behind. Upon reaching Lexington he was very strangely, it would seem unwarrantably, again arrested on a charge of treason, and was for several days confined in the common jail. He employed Henry Clay as his counsel. This distinguished jurist was very indignant that his client should be exposed to these unjust proceedings. He exclaimed: "Mr. Blennerhassett has already been tried and acquitted. Where is the justice in again arresting him for the same supposed offense?"

But the government was unrelenting. Somebody must be punished. With much parade he was conducted to Richmond for trial. There he met Aaron Burr. The ruined man manifested much magnanimity in not uttering a single word of reproach to one who had proved the destroyer of all his prosperity and happiness. Indeed, it is not probable that either he or Mrs. Blennerhassett had seen anything in the plans of Colonel Burr which was in the slightest degree criminal. Mrs. Blennerhassett, hearing of her husband's arrest, wrote the following touching letter to him, dated Natchez, August 3, 1807:

"My Dearest Love:

"After having experienced the greatest disappointment in not hearing from you for two mails, I at length heard of your arrest, which afflicts and mortifies me because it was *an arrest*. I think that had you of your own accord gone to Richmond and solicited a trial, it would have accorded better with your pride, and you would have escaped the unhappiness of missing my letters, which I wrote every week to Marietta.

"God knows what you may feel and suffer on our account before this reaches you, to inform you of our health and welfare in every particular. And knowing this, I trust and feel that your mind will rise superior to every inconvenience that your present situation may subject you to; despising, as I do, the paltry malice of the up-start agents of the government. Let no solicitude whatever for us damp your spirits. We have many friends here, who



REUBEN WOOD
Governor 1850-53.

do the utmost in their power to counteract any disagreeable sensation occasioned me by your absence.

"I shall live in the hope of hearing from you by the next mail; and entreat you not to let any disagreeable feelings on account of our separation enervate your mind at this time. Remember that all here will read with great interest anything concerning you. But still do not trust too much to yourself. Consider your want of practice at the bar, and do not spare the fee of a lawyer.

"Apprise Colonel Burr of my warmest acknowledgments for his own and Mrs. Alston's kind remembrance, and tell him to assure her she has inspired me with a warmth of attachment which can never diminish. I wish him to urge her to write to me.

"God bless you, prays your

"MARGARET BLENNERHASSETT."

The second arrest of Mr. Blennerhassett was so totally unjustifiable that he was never brought to trial. He was bound over in the sum of three thousand dollars to appear at Chillicothe, Ohio, to answer to the charge of "having prepared an armed force whose destination was the Spanish Territory." He did not appear, and no notice was taken of it.

He soon returned to Natchez, and with the remains of his fortune purchased a plantation of a thousand acres in Claiborne County, Mississippi, about seven miles from Fort Gibson. This he worked with about thirty slaves, of whom the energetic Mrs. Blennerhassett was superintendent. Cotton was high and found a ready market. Prospects brightened. He wrote to a friend, "In five years, with thirty hands, I can clear sixty thousand dollars."

Mrs. Blennerhassett rose at early dawn, mounted her horse, and rode over the large plantation, visiting every field, and giving minute directions to the overseer as to the work to be accomplished during the day. All the operations of the plantation were controlled by her judicious decisions. Here they lived for ten years, enjoying the society of the neighboring planters. Mr. Blennerhassett, having but little taste for business, devoted himself to his literary and scientific pursuits, in which he found much enjoyment, but no pecuniary profit. But again days of darkness lowered over them. The war with England came with the cruel embargo. All commerce was stopped, cotton became nearly valueless. The profits of the plantation hardly met its running expenses. Mr.

Blennerhassett, quite disheartened, and being greatly cramped by endorsements for Colonel Burr, amounting to thirty thousand dollars, sold out, and moved to Montreal. One of his intimate friends of former days was then governor of the province, and had invited him to come, with the promise of an appointment to a seat on the bench for which he was well qualified. But misfortune seemed still to pursue him. He had scarcely reached Montreal ere his friend, the governor, was removed from office and all his hopes were frustrated. His friends urged him to return to England with the assurance of a lucrative post from government. But political expectations are proverbially uncertain. He repaired to England and took up his residence with a maiden sister at Bath. No governmental office was open to him.

While at Montreal, when blighted hopes and prospects of poverty were thickening around them, Mrs. Blennerhassett wrote her beautiful poem, entitled "The Deserted Isle." It was the outgushing of her heart in lamentation over the once happy home upon the island now lost forever. We give a few of the stanzas :

THE DESERTED ISLE.

Like mournful echo from the silent tomb,
That pines away upon the midnight air,
While the pale moon breaks out with fitful gloom,
Fond memory turns with sad, but welcome care,
To scenes of desolation and despair,
Once bright with all that beauty could bestow,
That peace could shed, or youthful fancy know.

To thee, fair isle, reverts the pleasing dream ;
Again thou risest in thy green attire,
Fresh as at first thy blooming graces seem ;
Thy groves, thy fields, their wonted sweets respire ;
Again thou 'rt all my heart could e're desire.
O why, dear isle, art thou not still my own ?
Thy charms could then for all my griefs atone.

For many blissful moments there I've known ;
Too many hopes have there met their decay,
Too many feelings now forever gone,
To wish that thou wouldst ere again display
The joyful coloring of thy prime array.
Buried with thee, let them remain a blot ;
With thee, their sweets, their bitterness forgot.

And oh ! that I could wholly wipe away
 The mem'ry of the ills that work'd thy fall ;
 The mem'ry of that all-eventful day,
 When I returned and found my own fair hall
 Held by the infuriate populace in thrall,
 My own fireside blockaded by a band
 That once found food and shelter at my hand.

My children ! (oh ! a mother's pangs forbear,
 Nor strike again that arrow through my soul,)
 Clasp the ruffians in suppliant prayer,
 To free their mother from unjust control ;
 While with false crimes, and imprecations foul,
 The wretches, vilest refuse of the earth,
 Mock jurisdiction held, around my hearth.

Sweet isle ! methinks I see thy bosom torn,
 Again behold the ruthless rabble throng,
 That wrought destruction, taste must ever mourn.
 Alas ! I see thee now, shall see thee long,
 Yet ne'er shall bitter feelings urge the wrong,
 That to a mob would give the censure due,
 To those that arm'd the plunder-greedy crew.

In England Mr. Blennerhassett encountered a double disappointment. He hoped for office, but obtained none ; he hoped to recover an interest he held in an estate he had owned in Ireland, but failed. In greatly straitened circumstances he removed to the Island of Guernsey, where he died a world-weary, heart-broken man, in the year 1831, in the sixty-third year of his age. His widow, with her children, was reduced to extreme want. Ten years after his death she returned to America with one of her sons, both in feeble health, to petition Congress for remuneration for the destruction of her property by the Wood County Militia in December, 1806.

The petition she sent to Congress was a very appropriate and pathetic document. "Your memorialist," she wrote, "does not desire to exaggerate the conduct of the said armed men, or the injuries done by them, but she can truly say that before their visit the residence of her family had been noted for its elegance and high state of improvement ; and that they left it in a state of comparative ruin and waste. Being apparently under no subordination, they indulged in continued drunkenness and riot, offering

many indignities to your memorialist, and treating her domestics with violence. These outrages were committed upon an unoffending and defenseless family in the absence of their natural protector, your memorialist's husband being then away from his home. In answer to such remonstrances as she ventured to make against the consumption, waste, and destruction of his property, she was told by those who assumed to have the command, that they held the property for the United States by order of the President, and were privileged to use it, and should use it, as they pleased. It is with pain that your memorialist reverts to events which, in their consequences, have reduced a once happy family from affluence and comfort to comparative want and wretchedness, which blighted the prospects of her children, and made herself, in the decline of life, a wanderer on the face of the earth."

This memorial was transmitted to Henry Clay, then in the Senate of the United States. It was accompanied by a letter from Mr. Emmet, son of a distinguished lawyer and orator of that name. In his letter Mr. Emmet writes :

"Mrs. Blennerhassett is now in this city, residing in very humble circumstances, bestowing her cares upon a son, who, by long poverty and sickness, is reduced to utter imbecility, both of mind and body, unable to assist her or to provide for his own wants. In her present destitute situation, the smallest amount of relief would be thankfully received by her. Her condition is one of *absolute want*, and she has but a short time left to enjoy any better fortune in this world."

Mr. Clay had formerly been well acquainted with the family, and it will be remembered that he was Mr. Blennerhassett's attorney, when so unjustly arrested in Lexington, Kentucky. He presented the memorial to the Senate in touching words, which moved all hearts. It was referred to the Committee on Claims. Mr. William Woodbridge, the chairman, reported very strongly in favor of granting the petitioner's request. In his report he entered into a detailed account of what is called "The Burr Conspiracy," and of Mr. Blennerhassett's undeniable innocence.

"Under these circumstances," he said, "to deny the petition of the memorialist, would be unworthy of any wise or just nation that is disposed to respect most of all its own honor."

While the subject was thus under consideration, Mrs. Blennerhassett passed away from all the sorrows of time into that



WILLIAM MEDILL
Governor 1853-56

sleep which knows no earthly waking. The question was dropped in Congress, not again to be revived. Mrs. Blennerhassett, whose early days had been surrounded by wealth and splendor, who had moved, one of the most brilliant and accomplished of ladies, in the very highest circles of rank and culture known on earth, who, with a sympathetic heart, had ministered abundantly to the wants of the poor and the friendless, was herself indebted to the hand of charity for nursing in her last sickness, and for the expenses of her burial. A benevolent association of Irish females in New York tenderly watched over her in her last sad hours, and bore her to the peaceful grave. Such is life! If there be no other world than this, surely existence, in thousands of cases, cannot be deemed a blessing. But Christianity throws radiance even into the gloom of the sepulchre. It says to every disciple of Jesus, "There the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER XXXI.

TECUMSEH AND THE PROPHET.

THE EARLY DAYS OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON — HIS NOBLE CHARACTER AND HIS LOVE OF ADVENTURE — ENLISTS IN THE ARMY — STATIONED AT FORT WASHINGTON — HIS EXECUTIVE ABILITY — HIS TEMPERANCE — RAPID PROMOTION — THE TERRITORY OF INDIANA — WRONGS INFLICTED UPON THE INDIANS — TESTIMONY OF GOVERNOR HARRISON — HIS MAGNANIMITY — TECUMSEH AND HIS BROTHER — THEIR BIRTH AND CHARACTER — THEIR REPUTED DESIGNS — THEIR AVOWED PLAN — REMARKABLE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PROPHET — STATESMANSHIP OF TECUMSEH.

AMONG THE most distinguished men whose lives are interwoven with the great events which have transpired in the Northwestern Territory, William Henry Harrison stands prominent. He was born at Berkeley, on the James River, in Virginia, on the 9th of February, 1773. His father was wealthy, and a man of commanding influence in his day. He was an intimate friend of Washington, and one of the influential members of the Continental Congress.

Benjamin Harrison was a very portly, good-natured, jovial man. In the Congress of 1775, he was the rival of John Hancock for Speaker. Harrison resigned at once, and Hancock was chosen. Seeing Hancock modestly hesitate a little to take the chair, he with characteristic playfulness, seized him in his muscular arms, as though Hancock had been a mere child, and bore him to the seat of honor. Then turning around, his honest face beaming with fun, he said to his amused associates:

"Gentlemen, we will show Mother Britain how little we care for her, by making for our President a Massachusetts man, whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation."

He was twice chosen Governor of Virginia. His son enjoyed all the advantages which wealth, education and cultivated society

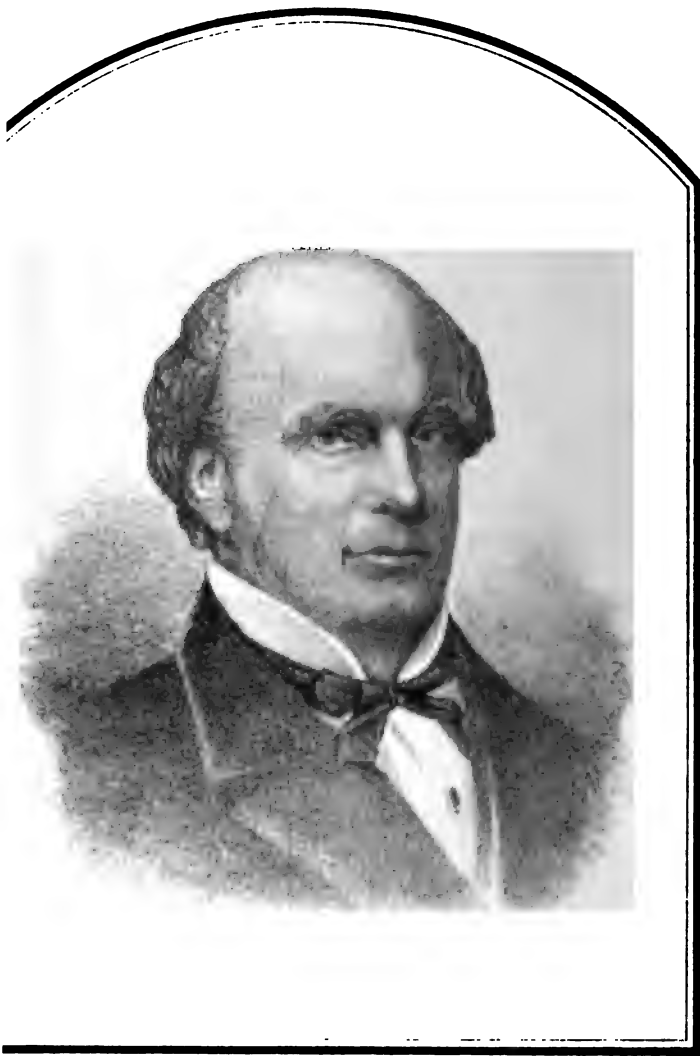
could then give. He graduated with honor at Hampden Sidney College, and studied medicine at Philadelphia under Dr Rush. Washington was then President of the United States. The Indians were committing fearful ravages on our northwestern frontier. General St. Clair had been sent to erect Fort Washington on the far-distant waters of the unexplored Ohio.

Young Harrison, probably influenced both by a natural love of adventure and also by sympathy for the sufferings of emigrant families, though then but nineteen years of age, enlisted in the army. Just before Harrison received from Washington his commission as ensign, General St. Clair encountered his terrible defeat near the head-waters of the Wabash. This awful catastrophe had spread consternation throughout the whole frontier. The Indians, flushed with victory and supplied with arms and ammunition by the British authorities in Canada, were roving with the tomahawk and the torch in all directions.

The storms of Winter were beginning to wail through the tree-tops and to sweep the bleak prairies. Young Harrison in physical organization was frail; but he was endued with that indomitable will which often triumphs over bodily weakness. The heroic young man crossed the Alleghanies on foot. Upon reaching Pittsburgh he took a boat and floated down the forest-fringed Ohio till he reached the point where the log structure, called Fort Washington, appeared upon the river banks, surrounded by stumps in an opening which the ax had made in the dense wood.

The first duty assigned to him was to take charge of a train of pack-horses bound to Fort Hamilton, about twenty-five miles north of Fort Washington, on the east banks of the Great Miami. St. Clair had built a stockade there at the commencement of his disastrous campaign, for the deposit of provisions and ammunition, and as one of the connecting links between Fort Washington and a line of fortresses which he hoped to construct to the mouth of the Maumee where it enters Lake Erie.

It was an arduous undertaking. The wilderness was almost pathless. Nearly every mile afforded facilities for ambuscades. The forest was filled with fierce and able warriors. Their runners were watching every movement of the whites. A veteran frontiersman, inured to the hardships and the perils of life in the wilderness and battles with the savages, as he looked upon the slender,



SALMON PORTLAND CHASE
Governor 1856-60.

beardless boy at the close of the service which he admirably performed, said :

‘ I should as soon have thought of putting my wife into the service as this boy ; but I have been out with him, and find that those smooth cheeks are on a wise head, and that that slight frame is almost as tough as my own weather-beaten carcass.’

Intemperance was at that time the great vice, not only of the army, but of nearly all of the frontier settlements. Some men seem born with instincts of nobility. It is difficult to account for the fact that young Harrison should have adopted the principle of total abstinence. Whisky was regarded as quite an essential to military life. It was deemed needful to strengthen the soldier on his weary march, and above all to inspire him with courage and energies for the battle. And yet this noble boy resisted all enticements to drain the intoxicating cup. Thus he was enabled to endure toils and privations beneath which the stoutest men sank into the grave.

He was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and was attached to General Wayne’s army in that brilliant campaign which effaced the disgrace which our flag had endured in the terrible discomfiture of St. Clair’s catastrophe. It was in the Spring of the year 1792, that Wayne’s Legion, as his army was called, consisting of about three thousand men, floated down the Ohio to Fort Washington. Here Lieutenant Harrison joined the legion. His mature and soldierly qualities immediately commanded attention and respect.

In the great battle at the junction of the Auglaise and Maumee Rivers, which we have already described, and where the Indians were hopelessly routed, Lieutenant Harrison greatly signalized himself. His conduct elicited from his commanding officer the following warm commendation :

“ Lieutenant Harrison was in the foremost front of the hottest battle. His person was exposed from the commencement to the close of the action. Wherever duty called he hastened, regardless of danger, and by his efforts and example contributed as much to secure the fortunes of the day as any other officer subordinate to the commander-in-chief.”

He was now promoted to a captaincy, and was placed in command of Fort Washington. He married about this time a daughter of John Cleaves Symmes, the energetic founder of the Miami



SALMON PORTLAND CHASE
Governor 1856-60.

settlements. After peace was restored with the Indians, Captain Harrison in 1797, being then twenty-four years of age, was appointed Secretary of the Northwestern Territory, and Lieutenant Governor, General St. Clair being then Governor of all that region. The very unwise law at that time was that the United States government would not sell any tracts of land in the Northwestern Territories in quantities less than four thousand acres. This threw land into the hands of speculators, who formed companies, purchased immense regions, and then charged such prices as they pleased.

Captain Harrison, though violently opposed by the powerful capitalists, succeeded in obtaining such a modification of this law that Congress consented to sell the land in alternate sections of six hundred and forty and three hundred and twenty acres. Thus a few neighbors who wished to emigrate could unite together and purchase their farms at government prices. The Northwestern Territory was entitled to send one delegate to Congress. Captain Harrison filled that office.

The Eastern Territory, embracing mainly the region now constituting the State of Ohio, was designated as the "Territory Northwest of the Ohio." The Western region was called the "Indiana Territory." Captain Harrison, at twenty-seven years of age, was appointed by John Adams, then President of the United States, as Governor of the Indiana Territory, and soon after as Governor also of Upper Louisiana.

In point of territory his realm was larger than that of almost any other sovereign on the surface of the globe. He was also appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs. This invested him with almost dictatorial powers. Young as he was, he discharged these duties with such distinguished ability that he was three times re-appointed to these offices—twice by Thomas Jefferson and once by James Madison.

These almost boundless regions were then occupied almost exclusively by roving tribes of savages and by wild beasts. There were but three white settlements in that wilderness expanse of thousands of unsurveyed, unexplored square miles. One of these little hamlets of a few log huts was on the Ohio River, nearly opposite Louisville; one at Vincennes, on the Wabash; and the third a small trading post of the French.

During Captain Harrison's very efficient administration he

effected thirteen treaties with the Indians, by which he transferred to the United States the undisputed title of sixty million acres of land. He had ample opportunities to enrich himself. But his integrity was such that he never held one single acre by a title emanating from himself.

We have had occasion, in this history, often to speak of the outrages, of every conceivable kind, which the Indians endured from those lawless, vagabond white men, who are ever found prowling along the verge of civilization. Fiends could not have been more demoniac in their conduct. There was no power in Congress to prevent these atrocities, and thousands of good men bitterly deplored them. The savages were thus often goaded into war. And while we could scarcely blame them, it became a painful necessity to shoot them down in their ferocious massacres as we would ravaging wolves and bears.

In a communication which Governor Harrison made to the United States Government in July, 1801, he wrote :

"All these injuries the Indians have hitherto borne with astonishing patience. But, though they discover no disposition to make war upon the United States, I am confident that most of the tribes would eagerly seize any favorable opportunity for that purpose. And should the United States be at war with any European nations, who are known to the Indians, there would probably be a combination of more than nine-tenths of the northern tribes against us, unless some means are made use of to conciliate them."

Thomas Jefferson, when occupying the Presidential chair, humanely did everything in his power to protect the Indians, and to induce them to cultivate the soil, and strengthen themselves by all the arts of civilized life. In the year 1804 Governor Harrison obtained from the Indians the cession of all their vast hunting grounds, excepting from the Illinois River to the Mississippi. Even into these regions emigration was now beginning to flow. A territorial legislature was organized.

Governor Harrison, intelligent, courteous and unswervingly upright in every action, won universal respect and confidence. He was by nature not only inflexibly just, but he was endowed with great amiability and kindliness of heart. His knowledge of human nature, and his tact in dealing with all diversities of character, were quite remarkable.

"His magnanimous devotion to the public interest was such that he several times appointed decided political opponents to offices of trust, which he deemed them eminently fitted to fill. He was so cautious to avoid the appearance of evil, that he would not keep the public money on hand, but always made his payments by drafts upon Washington. It is said that no man ever disbursed so large an amount of public treasure with so little difficulty in adjusting his accounts.

"For twelve years Mr. Harrison was Governor of the Territory of Indiana. A wealthy foreigner by the name of McIntosh accused him of having defrauded the Indians in the treaty of Fort Wayne. The governor demanded investigation in a court of justice. Not only was he triumphantly acquitted, but the jury brought in a verdict against McIntosh for damages to the amount of four thousand dollars. Governor Harrison, having thus obtained the perfect vindication of his character, distributed one third of the sum to the orphan children of those who had died in battle, and restored the remainder to McIntosh himself."*

When the governor entered upon his responsible office he took up his residence at the old military post of Vincennes. Few men could have resisted the temptations which were presented Governor Harrison to accumulate a fortune through the facilities which his office gave him. The proprietor of the land upon which the City of St. Louis now stands offered him nearly half of the whole township if he would merely contribute his influence to building up the settlement. But Governor Harrison declined the proposal. So nice was his sense of honor that he could not consent to take advantage of his official situation to promote his private advantage. In a very few years that property was worth millions, and the governor might have been in the enjoyment of great wealth without defrauding an individual of a dollar.

There was in the vicinity of Cincinnati a large tract of very valuable land, which in the early settlement of the country had been sold for quite a trifling sum under an execution against the original proprietor. Subsequently, when the property had become of immense value, it was ascertained that through some defect in the proceedings of the court the sale was not valid. This being the case it was found that the *legal* title was vested in Mrs. Harrison and one other individual. But Mr. Harrison at once decided

*Abbott's Lives of the Presidents.

that the mistake or ignorance of the lawyer could not in equity entitle Mrs. Harrison to hold the property. He obtained the consent of the co-heir, and immediately relinquished the whole property to the purchasers. Such transactions are not so common in this world as not to be remarkable.

About the year 1806 two very remarkable Indians of the Shawanese tribe became very prominent. They were twin brothers. One was called Tecumseh, or the Crouching Panther. The other was Olliuachica, or the Prophet. Tecumseh, from his abilities as



BIRTH-PLACE OF TECUMSEH.

a warrior and a statesman, would probably have attained eminence in any nation on the globe. He had long regarded with dread the encroachments which the white men were making on the hunting-grounds of his fathers. His brother, the Prophet, was an orator of great renown, and a religious teacher. The Indians generally regarded him as endowed with supernatural powers.

These savages, who have obtained world-wide renown, were born on the banks of the Scioto, near Chillicothe. It is said that

from his earliest years Tecumseh gave evidence of the very remarkable character which he subsequently developed. He had a high reputation for integrity. His word was inviolable. And, most remarkable of all, he was a temperate man, never indulging in intoxicating drinks. In all his domestic relations he was a man of singular purity. He was entirely devoted to the interests of his countrymen, and, in the Indian wars, obtained great celebrity as one of the bravest and most sagacious of the warriors. He led in many of the terrible inroads which the savages made into the territory of Kentucky. And no one could boast of having plundered more houses, or of having intercepted more boats on the Ohio River, than he.

When pursued by overpowering numbers he retreated far away to the banks of the Wabash, and there remained in security until the storm of war had exhausted itself. Then, just as the settlers were returning to the plow, he would swoop down upon them like the desolating hurricane. Though often immense amounts of booty were thus obtained, his pride of character was such that he would seldom allow any portion of it to be appropriated to his own use. The love of gain, with the common Indian, was the crowning motive. But Tecumseh foresaw the annihilation of his race by the inroads of the pale-faces with their superior civilization. It is said by the white men that it was his high and all absorbing ambition to avert that dreadful doom by the extermination of the invaders. He possessed all the qualifications of a successful military chieftain, and was apparently born to command.

The two brothers, Tecumseh and the Prophet, according to the account as generally received, about the year 1804, conceived the project of uniting all of the western Indians in a confederacy, to make a simultaneous attack upon all the frontier settlements, so that soldiers could not be sent from one to the aid of another. The Prophet very shrewdly decided to bring in the element of religious belief to inspire their followers to enthusiastic action. He became, in reality, a sort of Mahomet with the Indians. The foresight and true wisdom he displayed in adapting his religious system to the accomplishment of the object he and his brother had in view, must be regarded as one of the most remarkable events in the history of man. It would seem that he must have heard of the religion of Jesus, and that he must have appreciated in a striking degree its wondrous efficacy as a motive power.

A large council was assembled, probably of the leading chiefs and warriors of very many tribes. The Prophet addressed them in those rare strains of eloquence, ever at his command, which moved all their hearts as the forest leaves are swayed by the wind. He first very forcibly described the degeneracy and corruption into which the Indians had fallen since their intercourse with the white men. Like a temperance lecturer, he depicted the fearful woes which the fire-water of the white men had brought to all their tribes; the new diseases which had been introduced; the desolating wars, destroying all their habits of industry, often laying their pleasant homes in ashes, and driving their women and children miserably to perish of starvation in the woods.

Pathetically he described the immense extent of their hunting grounds, which had already been wrested from them by the pale-faces, and showed clearly that the invaders were every year growing stronger, while the Indians were growing weaker. He contrasted the long, peaceful and happy lives of their forefathers with the tumult, terrors and wars with which their homes had been desolated since the white man came among them. This historic narrative was enlivened with anecdotes of particular transactions of duplicity, fraud and outrage, on the part of the whites, which roused those savage natures to the highest pitch of indignation.

Having thus shown the evils which they were enduring, he then turned to the remedy. He said that he had received a commission from the Great Spirit to extricate his red children from the utter ruin with which they were menaced. In proof of the authority with which he was thus invested, he affirmed his ability to perform wondrous miracles, and in fact did perform some feats which his hearers regarded as supernatural.

He then declared that the Great Spirit demanded, first of all, a radical reform in the manners and morals of his red children. They were commanded to abandon entirely and forever all use of intoxicating drinks. They were no longer to use any articles of clothing brought to them by the whites, but were to dress in furs and skins, as their ancestors had done before them. Stealing, quarreling with one another, and all impurity and immorality of conduct whatever, were strictly forbidden. And especially they were prohibited from engaging in any wars with each other. The red men were enjoined to remember that the Great Spirit was the

common father of all the Indians, and they were ever bound to regard each other as brothers.

That such a system of faith and practice should have originated in the mind, and have been clearly enunciated from the lips of a savage warrior, far away in pathless wilds, is wonderful indeed.

With enthusiasm unsurpassed by Peter the Hermit, in his endeavor to rouse all Europe in a crusade against the infidel Turk, these two brothers threaded the almost boundless wilderness, going from tribe to tribe, for two or three years, in efforts, it is said, to organize a resistless coalition for the extermination of the whites. Their journeyings led them over thousands of miles, and they visited remote and almost unknown tribes, even to the banks of the Mississippi. No toil, sufferings, discouragements, chilled their ardor. They probably wrought themselves up to the full conviction that they were truly commissioned by the Great Spirit.

The Prophet, with his brother, occasionally held protracted meetings, which lasted for several days. The Indians came to these gatherings from great distances. They had prayers and exhortations and pledges of fidelity in the great conflict for which they were preparing. Though the measures of Tecumseh and the Prophet in organizing this formidable conspiracy had been conducted with as much secrecy as possible, still rumors of their movements reached the ears of Governor Harrison, whose headquarters, it will be remembered, were at the little hamlet of huts called Vincennes, on the Wabash River. There were also many indications that the British authorities in Canada were encouraging the hostile movement with advice and promises of future coöperation.

Governor Harrison, therefore, during the year 1807, sent a message of inquiry and remonstrance to the Shawanese chiefs. This message was couched in very severe terms. The Prophet dictated to the governor's messenger the following reply:

"Father: I am very sorry that you listen to the advice of bad birds. You have accused me of having correspondence with the British; and of sending for the Indians 'to listen to a fool, who speaks not the words of the Great Spirit, but the words of the devil.' Father: These impeachments I deny—they are not true. I never have had a word with the British. I have never sent for

any Indians. They came here of their own accord to hear the words of the Great Spirit. Father: I wish you would not listen any more to the voice of bad birds. You may rest assured that it is the least of our idea to make disturbance. We will rather stop such proceedings than encourage them."

It will be observed that here the Prophet emphatically denies that he had any design to rouse the tribes to another war. He asserted then, and continued to assert, that his plan of saving the Indians from extermination did not consist in the annihilation of the whites, which he knew to be impossible, but that he wished to save the Indians in their rapid downward career through intemperance and all its corresponding vices by reforming their morals, uniting them among themselves, and encouraging industry. It is undeniable that the white men would often get a few chiefs of a tribe together, supply them freely with whisky, bribe them, and then enter into a treaty with them for the cession of lands to which these chiefs had no claim. This had been done repeatedly.

One of the leading objects of Tecumseh and the Prophet, as they declared, was to have the chiefs of all the tribes agree that no more of their hunting grounds should be surrendered to the whites but by the consent of all the tribes. This certainly, in their then condition, was very wise, and worthy of the intelligence of these remarkable men. On the other hand, the attempt to organize all the small tribes at immense distances, to send their few hundred warriors against the well-known power of the Americans, was a very foolish plan, and unworthy of the sagacity which these men displayed.

It ought, also, in historic fairness, to be stated that all the record we have of these events comes to us through the white men. The Indians have had no chance to tell their story. There are many indications that the narrative which has descended to us respecting the designs of Tecumseh and his brother, has not been given in entire impartiality.

Tippecanoe River is one of the most important tributaries of the Wabash. It takes its rise in the extreme northern portion of the present State of Indiana. Upon the upper waters of this stream, about one hundred miles northwest from Fort Wayne, which stood at the junction of the St. Mary's and the St. Joseph's Rivers, the Prophet had selected his place of residence. It was a region which probably no white man's foot had ever trodden. The

little Indian village, constructed there contained only about one hundred and thirty souls. But prominent Indians, from distant parts, were continually visiting the Prophet to confer with him.

In July of this year 1808, the Prophet went to Vincennes, on a pacific message to the governor. This remote hamlet, in the wilderness, was at the distance of several hundred miles from Tippecanoe, in a southwest direction, on the eastern banks of the Wabash. B. B. Thatcher writes, in his interesting life of Tecumseh:

"Long conferences and conversations ensued, but it could not be ascertained that his politics were particularly British. His denial of being under any such influence was strong and apparently candid. He said that his sole object was to reclaim the Indians from the bad habits which they had contracted, and to cause them to live in peace and friendship with all mankind; and that he was particularly appointed to that office by the Great Spirit. He frequently, in the presence of the governor, harangued his followers, and his constant theme was the evils arising from war, and from the immoderate use of ardent spirits."

The Prophet came with a large number of followers. His power over them was such that no persuasions of the whites could induce one of them to touch a drop of intoxicating drink.

As the Prophet was about to leave Vincennes, there was a general council held, and in the following remarkable farewell speech the Indian orator addressed the governor:

"Father, it is three years since I began that system of religion which I now practice. The white people and some of the Indians were opposed to me. But I had no other intention but to introduce among the Indians those good principles of religion which the white people profess. I was spoken badly of by the white people, who reproached me with misleading the Indians. But I defy them to say that I did anything amiss.

"Father, I was told that you intended to hang me. When I heard this I intended to remember it, and to tell my father the truth when I went to see him. I heard that my father had declared that the whole land between Vincennes and Fort Wayne was the property of the Seventeen Fires.* I also heard, my

* There were then seventeen states in the Union, which the Indians designated as the Seventeen Council Fires. The territory which the governor was said thus to claim amounted to the whole of the State of Indiana.

father, that you wished to know whether I was God or man, and that if I were God, I should not steal horses.

"The Great Spirit told me to say to the Indians that He had made them and made the world, and that He had placed them in this world to do good, and not to do evil. I told the red men that the way in which they were living was not good, and that they ought to abandon it. I assured them that we ought to consider the white men as our brothers, and that while they lived agreeably to their customs, we should live in accordance with ours.

"I especially urged upon them that they should not drink whisky; that it was not made for them, but for the white people, who alone knew how to use it. It is the cause of all the mischief which the Indians suffer. I told them they should always follow the directions of the Great Spirit; that they should always listen to His voice, since it was He who has made us.

"I said to them, 'Brothers, listen to nothing that is bad. Do not take up the tomahawk should it be offered to you by the British or by the Americans. Do not meddle with anything which does not belong to you. Attend to your own affairs, and cultivate your fields, that your wives and children may have food and clothing and comfortable homes.'

"And I now inform you, my father, that it is our wish to live in peace with our father and his people forever. I have frankly informed you of what we mean to do. And I call the Great Spirit to witness the truth of my declaration. The religion which I have proclaimed for the last three years has arrested the attention of different tribes of Indians in this part of the world. These Indians were once at variance with each other. They now live as friends. They have resolved to practice what I have communicated to them from the Great Spirit.

"Brother! I speak to you as a warrior. You are one. Let us lay aside this character and attend to the welfare of our children, that they may live in comfort and peace. We desire that you would unite with us for the promotion of the happiness both of the red man and of the white people. Formerly we Indians, living in ignorance, were very foolish. Now, since we listen to the voice of the Great Spirit, we are happy.

"I have listened to what you have said to us. You have promised to assist us. I now entreat you, in behalf of all the red

men, to use your exertions to prevent the sale of liquor to us. We are all well pleased to hear you say that you will endeavor to promote our happiness. We give you every assurance that we will follow the dictates of the Great Spirit."

It cannot be denied that thus far the Indian chief had decidedly the advantage over Governor Harrison in dignified and gentlemanly bearing. The governor had so far forgotten himself as to call the Prophet "a fool, a horse-thief, and one professing to be a god, while he spoke the words of the devil." The dignity with which the savage chieftain reminded the governor of these unmannerly charges, without condescending to make any reply to them, is very remarkable. One cannot refrain from inquiring, "In what school did the Prophet acquire this control over himself?"

Still the rumor continued to spread that Tecumseh and the Prophet were marshaling the tribes for war. This created much alarm along the frontiers. Still the months passed away in peace. It was reported that the village of the Prophet contained a thousand souls. This was deemed very alarming. And yet, at the most, it would give him but two hundred men capable of bearing arms. The idea is absurd that he could contemplate waging war against the United States with such a force. Gradually rumor magnified this band to the number of six or eight hundred warriors. But these intelligent Indian chiefs well knew that the Americans could easily bring many thousands into the field. Ten years before, an army of three thousand white men had swept the valley of the Maumee with fire and the sword; and Tecumseh himself had fled before their resistless march. Since then the strength of the white men had wonderfully increased.

Governor Harrison made such representations to the general government, that orders were issued from Washington for the capture of both Tecumseh and the Prophet. The execution of this order was suspended for a little time, that new efforts might be made to conciliate the tribes which were said to be disaffected. The governor, therefore, sent an earnest invitation to Tecumseh to visit him. The chief unhesitatingly went to Vincennes with an imposing retinue of four hundred painted warriors. A council was appointed to be held in a small grove, a little outside from the village. The governor had sent a very threatening message to the two chiefs in their encampment on the Tippecanoe. In this

he accused them of hostile intentions, and, in not very courteous phrase, said :

“ I am of the Long Knife fire. As soon as my voice is heard, you will see the Long Knives pouring forth their swarms of warriors among you, as numerous as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash. Brothers ! look out for their stings.”

This was hardly the language to be used to high chiefs who respected themselves. Tecumseh took the precaution to surround himself with a retinue as would protect him from treachery ; while at the same time his force was too small to cause any alarm to the people of Vincennes. He was aware that his capture had been threatened. Tecumseh and his party encamped a little outside of the village, and the chief sent a polite message to the governor, inquiring whether, in the approaching council, it was expected that the governor and the Indian chief should go attended with their retinues of armed men, or if they should go unarmed ; stating that he was willing to adopt any course which the governor should decide to be best.

The governor politely replied that Tecumseh was left to his own option, and that the governor would follow his example. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, Tecumseh appeared, accompanied by quite a brilliant escort of warriors, two hundred in number, armed with bows and arrows. The governor came in far higher military state. He was escorted by a whole company of dragoons, completely armed with swords, rifles and pistols. It was probably the intention of the governor to over-awe Tecumseh by an exhibition of his strength. But this was hardly fair, since it placed the chief and his party entirely at the mercy of those whom he expected to meet on equal terms. The accounts which have heretofore been given of this interview vary in several of the details. The writer gives it here according to the best information which careful research can now obtain. The governor had, the preceding year, at Fort Wayne, made a treaty with several chiefs, by which they had surrendered many million acres of land, which Tecumseh affirmed that they had no title to. The chief, with great dignity, opened the council, speaking in substance as follows :

“ We have no intention of making war against the whites ; but we do desire to unite all the tribes, in the resolve to allow no more of our lands to be disposed of without the consent of all.

Those chiefs who have recently ceded to the Americans vast regions of our hunting grounds, which did not belong to them, all deserve to be put to death. We can not accept that treaty. It has no foundation in justice. The Indians, though divided into many tribes, are one people, and their interests are one."

He then made a very impassioned, and no one denied that it was a truthful, recital of the wrongs which had been inflicted upon the Indians by the white man. These accusations, accompanied by very vehement gestures, made the governor angry. Both the Indians and the white men, each suspecting the hostility of the other party, grasped their arms. For a few moments there was great danger of an awful scene of carnage, in which probably every Indian would have been slain. Fortunately, the first blow was not struck. The governor, much displeased with the haughty bearing of his antagonist, dismissed the council, saying to Tecumseh :

"I shall have no further communication with you. You are a bad man. But since I promised you my protection, and a safe return, if you would come to Vincennes, you may now go. But you must immediately leave the village."

The next morning this extraordinary Indian called upon the governor and apologized for the vehement language with which he had denounced the wrongs which had been inflicted upon his countrymen. He reiterated his declaration that he had no desire for the renewal of hostilities. At the same time he declared that the Indians could no longer consent to have any more of their hunting grounds ceded to the whites without the consent of all the tribes. He took the same ground we take when we say that Maine cannot surrender any portion of her territory to a foreign power without the consent of all the states. The chief then bade the governor adieu, and with his warriors returned to their wilderness homes.

Just before the Indians left Vincennes, Governor Harrison visited Tecumseh at his camp. In this interview Tecumseh said to him:

"I have no complaint to make against the United States excepting their purchasing the Indian lands as they do. I should very much regret the necessity of making war for this single cause. I am anxious to be on friendly terms with the United States. If the president will give up the late purchase, and agree to make no more in the same manner, we will become their ally, and fight

with them against the English. If these terms are not complied with, we shall be obliged to fight with the English against them."

The governor assured him that the President should be informed of his views, but he did not think that there was any prospect of their being acceded to.

"Well," Tecumseh replied, "as the President is to determine the matter, I hope that the Great Spirit will induce him to give up the land. It is true that he is so far away that the war will not harm him. He may sit at his ease at home, and drink his wine, while you and I will have to fight it out."

He added very pithily: "Our white brethren have set us the example of forming a union of all their separate states. Why should they censure us Indians for following that example? I have succeeded in uniting most of the northern tribes. I am now going to the south to complete this scheme. If war ensues it will be no fault of mine. If the governor will prevent settlements from being made on the new purchase until I return in the Spring, I will then visit the President and endeavor to settle the matter with him."

In reference to this remarkable interview, B. B. Thatcher, Esq., writes: "This speech has been called an artful evasion, easily seen through. It appears to us, on the contrary, to be a model of manly frankness. The orator did not expressly state, indeed, that the combination alluded to anticipated the probability or the possibility of war. But this was unnecessary. It was the natural inference in any reasonable mind. It had been frequently so stated, and so understood. Repetition could only exasperate. On the whole, Tecumseh seems to have manifested a noble dignity in the avowal and discussion of his policy, equaled only by the profound sagacity in which it originated, and the intelligent energy which conducted it, against every opposition and obstacle, so nearly to its completion. He might be wrong, but it is evident enough that he was sincere."

It is probable that General Harrison, from false information, was led to suppose that there were a very large number of warriors assembling at Tippecanoe, and that unless he dispersed them before they were prepared to commence hostilities, he might himself be overwhelmed. Thus deceived, he unfortunately struck bloody blows, which drove thousands of the Indians into the ranks of the British.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE COUNCIL FIRE AND THE BATTLE-FIELD.

GENERAL WAYNE'S DECISION — THE MARCH TO TIPPECANOE — THE BATTLE — GOVERNOR HARRISON'S OFFICIAL ACCOUNT — THE DOUBTFUL POLICY — PROBABLE PLANS OF TECUMSEH AND HIS BROTHER, ELSKWATAWA — SPEECH OF TECUMSEH — DISAGREEMENT IN COUNCIL — THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND — INSOLENCE OF ELLIOT — SPEECH OF ROUND HEAD — COUNCIL AT BROWNSTOWN — SPEECH OF "BETWEEN-THE-LOGS" — THE GREAT QUESTION — REMARKABLE COUNCIL AT SANDUSKY — THE SPEECHES — CHARACTER OF BLACK HOOF.

AFTER THE departure of Tecumseh, General Harrison pondered the question of peace or war. We cannot but think, in view of the light of subsequent events, that he made a mistake in deciding to commence hostilities. The Governor, in the autumn, took a strong armed force of a thousand men, and set out on a march to the Prophet's Village, on the Tippecanoe. Of course the Indians, who, through their scouts, kept themselves informed of every important movement of the Governor, regarded this armed invasion of their territory as a hostile act.

The Governor gave out that he was going to the Prophet's Town to ascertain for himself what they were doing there; it was also thought that it would do good to let the Indians see what an army he had at his disposal. After a march of about six miles above Vincennes, the Governor threw up some fortifications, which he called Fort Harrison. Here he laid in a supply of provisions and ammunition, and here he could find refuge in case of an attack.

The army marched with the utmost caution, in two bands, one each side of the Indian trail. Their route led them along the eastern bank of the Wabash, through an open prairie country. Their line of march was so arranged that, in case of alarm, the troops could almost instantly be thrown into a hollow square or formed in line of battle. Early in November they approached

the valley of Tippecanoe, and encamped within ten miles of the Prophet's town. This was disputed territory, claimed by the United States in virtue of a treaty which the Indians declared to be fraudulent, and therefore null and void.

The next morning the army resumed its march. Several small bands of Indians were seen in the distance, but they evaded all attempts at communication. When the troops arrived within three miles of the town, three of the leading chiefs made their appearance, and inquired of Governor Harrison why he approached their peaceful settlement in so hostile an attitude. The governor replied that he had no hostile intentions if the Indians would ratify existing treaties. This was simply saying that he had come to compel them to acquiesce in the cession to the United States of all that immense territory which the governor claimed through the treaty of Fort Wayne. The Indian ambassadors, having received this unsatisfactory reply, withdrew.

The governor selected a favorable spot for his night's encampment. His troops were mainly posted in a hollow square, and slept upon their arms. Each corps was ordered, in case of attack, to maintain its position at every hazard until relieved. The dragoons were placed in the center. They were directed, should there be any alarm, immediately to hold themselves in readiness to relieve the point assailed. The most minute arrangements were given to meet every conceivable emergency. The troops threw themselves upon the ground for rest. Every man had his accoutrements on, his loaded musket by his side, and his bayonet fixed. Governor Harrison gave the following official account of the battle which ensued:

"On the morning of the seventh I had risen at a quarter after four o'clock, and the signal for calling out the men would have been given in two minutes, when the attack commenced. It began on our left flank; but a single gun was fired by the sentinels, or by the guard in that direction, which made not the least resistance, but abandoned their officer and fled into the camp, and the first notice which the troops of that flank had of the danger was from the yells of the savages within a short distance of the line. But, even under these circumstances, the men were not wanting to themselves or the occasion. Such of them as were awake, or were easily awakened, seized their arms and took their



WILLIAM DENNISON
Governor 1860-62

stations; others, who were more tardy, had to contend with the enemy in the door of their tents.

"The storm fell first upon Captain Barton's company of the fourth United States regiment, and Captain Geigler's company of mounted riflemen, which formed the left angle of the rear line. The fire upon these was exceedingly severe, and they suffered severely before relief could be brought to them. Some few Indians passed into the encampment near the angle, and one or two penetrated some distance before they were killed. I believe all the other companies were under arms and tolerably formed before they were fired on. The morning was dark and cloudy; our fires afforded a partial light, which, if it gave us some opportunity of taking our positions, was still more advantageous to the enemy, affording them the means of taking a surer aim; they were therefore extinguished as soon as possible. Under all these discouraging circumstances, the troops (nineteen-twentieths of whom had never been in action before) behaved in a manner that can never be too much applauded. They took their places without noise, and with less confusion than could have been expected of veterans placed in a similar position. As soon as I could mount my horse I rode to the angle that was attacked. I found that Barton's company had suffered severely, and the left of Geigler's entirely broken. I immediately ordered Cook's company and the late Captain Wentworth's, under Lieutenant Peters, to be brought up from the center of the rear line, where the ground was much more defensible, and formed across the angle, in support of Barton's and Geigler's. My attention was then engaged by a heavy firing upon the left of the front line, where were stationed the small company of United States riflemen (then, however, armed with muskets) and the companies of Baen, Snelling and Prescott, of the fourth regiment.

"I found Major Daviess forming the dragoons in the rear of those companies, and understanding that the heaviest part of the fire proceeded from some trees about fifteen or twenty paces in front of those companies, I directed the major to dislodge them with a part of his dragoons. Unfortunately, his gallantry determined him to execute the order with a smaller force than was sufficient, which enabled the enemy to avoid him in front and attack his flanks. The major was mortally wounded, and his party driven back. The Indians were, however, immediately and

gallantly dislodged from their advantageous position by Captain Snelling, at the head of his company. In the course of a few minutes after the commencement of the attack the fire extended along the left flank, the whole of the front, the right flank, and part of the rear line. Upon Spencer's mounted riflemen, and the right of Warwick's company, which was posted on the right of the rear line, it was excessively severe; Captain Spencer and his first and second lieutenants were killed, and Captain Warwick mortally wounded—those companies, however, still bravely maintained their posts, but Spencer's had suffered so severely, I reinforced them with Robb's company of riflemen, which had been driven or by mistake ordered from their position on the left flank toward the center of the camp, and filled the vacancy that had been occupied by Robb's with Prescott's company of the fourth United States regiment.

“My great object was to keep the lines entire to prevent the enemy from breaking into the camp until daylight, which should enable me to make a general and effectual charge. With this view I had reinforced every part of the line that had suffered much, and as soon as the approach of morning discovered itself I withdrew from the front line Snelling's, Posey's (under Lieutenant Albright) and Scott's, and from the rear line Wilson's companies, and drew them upon the left flank, and at the same time I ordered Cook's and Baen's companies, the former from the rear and the latter from the front line, to reinforce the right flank, foreseeing that at these points the enemy would make their last efforts. Major Wells, who commanded on the left flank, not knowing my intentions precisely, had taken the command of these companies, and charged the enemy before I had formed the body of dragoons with which I meant to support the infantry; a small detachment of these were, however, ready, and proved amply sufficient for the purpose.

“The Indians were driven by the infantry at the point of the bayonet, and the dragoons pursued and forced them into a marsh, where they could not be followed. Captain Cook and Lieutenant Larebee had, agreeably to my order, marched their companies to the right flank, had formed them under the fire of the enemy, and being then joined by the riflemen of that flank, had charged the Indians, killed a number, and put the rest to a precipitate flight. A favorable opportunity was here offered to pursue the enemy

with dragoons, but being engaged at that time on the other flank I did not observe it until it was too late.

"I have thus, sir, given you the particulars of an action which was certainly maintained with the greatest bravery and perseverance on both sides. The Indians manifested a ferocity uncommon even with them. To their savage fury our troops opposed that cool and deliberate valor which is the characteristic of the Christian soldier.

"The Americans in this battle had not more than seven hundred efficient men, non-commissioned officers and privates; the Indians are believed to have had eight hundred to one thousand warriors. The loss of the American army was thirty-seven killed on the field, twenty-five mortally wounded, and one hundred and twenty-six wounded; that of the Indians about forty killed on the spot, the number of wounded being unknown."

As we now reflect upon these transactions, it seems doubtful whether the governor acted wisely. He led an army of a thousand men several hundred miles through the wilderness. Of these men, whose lives were so valuable, sixty-two were killed, and of the hundred and twenty-six wounded, many lost arms and legs and were crippled for life. It cannot be denied that he commenced the war, for the armed invasion of their country was certainly a hostile act. He killed about forty Indians and probably wounded many more. He laid the little town of the Prophet in ashes. He then returned to Vincennes, leaving the Indians so exasperated by what they deemed a totally unjustifiable outrage, that they were all ready to listen to the solicitations of the British to join them in their second war against the United States.

It is by no means certain that Tecumseh and his brother were not sincere in their protestations that they had no wish for war. They were eminently sagacious men. The plan which they professed to have adopted to save their race from extinction was eminently a wise one. The conspiracy which they were accused of organizing was foolish in the extreme. Tecumseh, in his last interview with Governor Harrison, proposed that they should both go to Washington and submit the question to the President of the United States, whether the Indians ought to surrender their lands which the whites had purchased of certain chiefs whom the Indians declared had been bribed to sell lands to which they had no title.

Tecumseh was absent in the South at the time of the battle of Tippecanoe. He was engaged, as he said, in an endeavor to unite the chiefs in the attempt to prevent any further fraudulent surrenders of their hunting-grounds. When he heard of the battle he was greatly surprised and troubled. He immediately returned and renewed his application to the Governor that they should repair to Washington and refer the difficulty, which had now assumed so appalling an aspect, to the President. The Governor did not accede to this proposal.

Tecumseh then assembled a grand council of twelve tribes on the Mississiniway, a branch of the Wabash. It was held on the 12th of May, 1812. The Wyandot tribe was then the most powerful of the Indian tribes. Their chiefs opened the council. They blamed the Indians on the Wabash as being the cause of the renewal of hostilities, which it seems that the Wyandot chiefs were very anxious to avoid. One of their chiefs, speaking in behalf of the rest, said :

"Younger brothers! you who reside on the Wabash, listen to what we say. We are sorry to see your path filled with thorns and briars, and your land covered with blood. Our love for you has caused us to come and clean your paths and wipe the blood off your land, and take the weapons that have spilled this blood from you, and put them where you can never reach them again."

To this rebuke Tecumseh replied : "Elder brothers! We have listened with attention to what you have said to us. We thank the Great Spirit for inclining your hearts to pity us. We now pity ourselves. Our hearts are good. They never were bad. Governor Harrison made war on my people in my absence. It was the Great Spirit's will that he should do so. We hope it will please the Great Spirit that the white people may now let us live in peace. We will not disturb them. Neither have we done it, except when they came to our village with the intention of destroying us. We are happy to state to our brothers who are present that the unfortunate transaction which took place between the white people and few of our young men, at our village, has been settled between us and Governor Harrison. I will further state, that had I been at home, there would have been no blood shed at that time."

It seems that the young men who, without due authority, commenced the attack upon Governor Harrison's troops, belonged to

the Potawatamie tribe. Tecumseh condemned them with great severity.

"We are sorry," he said, "to find that the same respect has not been paid to the agreement between us and Governor Harrison, by our brothers, the Potawatamies. However we are not accountable for the conduct of those over whom we have no control. Let the chiefs of that nation exert themselves, and cause their warriors to behave wisely, as we have done and will continue to do with ours. Should the bad acts of our brothers, the Potawatamies, draw on us the ill-will of our white brothers, and should they come again and make an unprovoked attack on us at our village, we will die like men, but we will never strike the first blow."

These reproaches roused the Potawatamies chiefs; one of them arose and accused the Prophet of being the cause of all the difficulty. "We have no control," he said, "over those few roving young men. We do not consider them as belonging to our nation. We will be thankful to any people who will put them to death wherever they may be found. As they are bad people, and have learnt to be so from the pretended Prophet, and as he has been the cause of setting those people on our white brothers, we hope he will be active in reconciling them. As we all hear him say that his heart is inclined for peace, we hope we may all see this declaration supported by his future conduct, and that all our women and children may lay down and sleep without fear."

To this Tecumseh replied in terms which seem to render it incredible that he could have been endeavoring to organize the tribes into a hostile confederacy.

"It is true," said he, "that we have endeavored to give all our brothers good advice. If they have not listened to it we are sorry for it. *We defy any living creature to say that we ever advised any one, directly or indirectly, to make war on our white brethren.* It has constantly been our misfortune to have our views misrepresented to our white brethren. This has been done by pretended chiefs of the Potawatamies, who have been in the habit of selling to the white people lands which did not belong to them."

This charge brought one of the chiefs of the Delawares to his feet. "We have not met," he said, "to listen to such words. The red men have been killing the whites. The just resentment of the whites is raised against them. Our white brethren are on the march with their guns in their hands. This is no time to say to one another,

'you have done this, and you have done that.' If it were we would say to the Prophet: 'both the red men and the white men have felt the bad effects of your counsel.' Let us all join our hands and hearts together and proclaim peace through the land of the red men. Let us make our voices heard and respected, and let us rely on the justice of our white brethren."

In 1812 the second war commenced between the United States and Great Britain. The English officers in Canada immediately made every effort to induce the Indian tribes to enter into an alliance with them against the Americans. A large council of Indian chiefs was convened at Malden, in Canada, by the British authorities. British officers have generally been as distinguished for their arrogant and overbearing demeanor as for their bravery. There was present at this council a Wyandot chief, Walk-in-the-Water, who was alike illustrious as an orator and a warrior.

A British officer by the name of Elliot addressed this chief very haughtily, demanding of him whether he had advised the Wyandots and other tribes to remain neutral in the conflict. Walk-in-the-Water rose with great dignity, and made the following bold and pertinent reply:

"I have advised all the tribes to remain neutral. I believed it to be best for us and for our brethren. We have no wish to be involved in a war with the Americans, for we know by experience that we have nothing to gain by it. And we beg the British not to force us into this war. We remember that in the former war between the British and the Americans, we and the British were defeated. We red men lost our country. You, the British, made peace with the Americans without our knowledge, and you gave our country to them. You still said to us, 'My children, you must fight for your country, for the Americans will take it from you.'

"We did as you advised us, and we were defeated, with the loss of our best chiefs and warriors and of our land. And we still remember your conduct towards us when we were defeated at the rapids of the Maumee. We sought safety for our wounded in your fort. But what was your conduct? You closed your gates against us, and we had to retreat the best way we could. And then we made peace with the Americans, and have enjoyed peace with them ever since. And now you wish us again to take up the hatchet against the Americans. We say again that we do

not wish to have anything to do with this war. You should fight your own battles and leave us red men to enjoy peace."

Elliot was greatly enraged, and here interrupted the chief, saying, "This is American talk. I will not hear another word of it. If you do not stop I will order my soldiers to take you and your chiefs and hold you as prisoners. We will consider you our enemies."

Walk-in-the-Water sat down. Another chief arose, by the name of Round Head, who had espoused the British interest. He was the chief of a small tribe of Wyandots residing in Canada.

"Father!" said Round Head, "you say that the talk just delivered by my friend Walk-in-the-Water is American talk, and that you cannot hear any more of it; and that if it is persisted in you will take the chiefs prisoners and treat them as enemies. Now hear me. I am a chief, and am acknowledged to be such. I speak the sentiments of the chiefs of the tribes assembled around your council-fire. I now come forward and take hold of your war-hatchet and will assist you to fight against the Americans."

Two Wyandot chiefs, with Tecumseh and his brother, followed, speaking in the same strain. Elliot added some very threatening remarks, which induced Walk-in-the-Water and his friends to leave the council-house and re-cross the river to Brownstown, on the American side. They immediately appealed to the American general at Detroit for protection, but, for some unknown reason, it was not afforded them. The British sent over a large detachment of soldiers, accompanied by Tecumseh and Round Head, and took these chiefs as captives.

Not many weeks after these events a friendly chief, who was called the Crane, proposed to General Harrison, who was encamped with his army at Seneca, on the Sandusky, that he should send an embassy to all the Indians in Canada, many of whom had been forced to adhere to the British cause, inviting them to retire to the American territory, where they would be protected in neutrality. General Harrison approved of the measure. President Madison, much to his honor, had refused to employ the savages in the American army. It was his main object to induce all the tribes to remain neutral.

A very large council of Indians, friendly and unfriendly, was convened at Brownstown, on the western bank of the Detroit

River. The deputation called upon Tecumseh, in Canada, and urged him to attend the council. He replied :

"No! I have taken sides with the British, and I will suffer my bones to bleach upon this shore before I will re-cross that river to join in any council of neutrality."

The British Indian agent, Elliot, and a British merchant, McKee, were present to watch the proceedings of the council. One of the chiefs rose and delivered the following speech, which had been entrusted to him by the Crane, who was not present :

"Brothers! you red men, who are engaged fighting for the British king, listen. These words are from the Wyandots, Delawares, Shawanese and Senecas. Our American father has raised his war-pole and collected a large army of his warriors. They will soon march to attack the British. He does not wish to destroy his red children, their wives and families. He wishes you to separate yourselves from the British, and to bury the hatchet which you have raised.

"You can then return to your own lands, and hunt the game as you formerly did. I beg you to consider your situation, and act wisely. Do not wantonly destroy your own people. Brothers! whoever feels disposed to accept this advice, let him come forward and take hold of this belt of wampum which I have in my hand. I hope you will not refuse to accept it in the presence of your British father, for you are independent of him."

There was a moment of profound silence. Not a single hand was raised to accept the proffered pledge. Round Head then rose and said :

"Brother Wyandots, we have heard your American talk, but we will not listen to it. We will not forsake our British father, nor lay down the standard which we have raised. I speak the sentiments of all here present. And I charge you to say to the American commander that it is our wish that he would send *more men* against us. All that has now passed between us we do not call fighting. We wish to fight in good earnest."

Then Elliot himself rose, and, if correctly reported, said, in language absurd and disgraceful to him, addressing the chiefs friendly to the Americans :

"As you now see that my children here are determined not to forsake the cause of their British father, I wish you to carry back a message with you. Tell my squaw, your American father, that

I want her to cook the provisions for me and my red children more faithfully than she has done. She has not done her duty.

"If she receives this as an insult, and feels disposed to fight, tell her to bring more men than she ever brought before. Our former skirmishes I do not call fighting. If she wishes to fight with me and my children she must not burrow in the earth, like a ground-hog, where she is inaccessible. She must come out and fight fairly."

To this speech of Elliot, an *English gentleman*, an untutored savage, whose uncouth name was *Between the Logs*, replied. He was, however, a Christian Indian, one of the Moravian converts.

"Brothers! I am directed by my American father to inform you that if you reject the advice given you, he will march here with a large army, and if he should find any of the red people opposing him in his passage through this country, he will trample them under his feet. You cannot stand before him.

"And now for myself, I earnestly entreat you to consider the good talk I have brought, and listen to it. Why would you devote yourselves, your women, and your children, to destruction? Let me tell you if you should defeat the American army this time you have not done. Another will come on, and if you defeat that still another will appear that you cannot withstand; one that will come like the waves of the great water, and overwhelm you and sweep you from the face of the earth.

"If you doubt the account I give of the force of the Americans, you can send some of your people in whom you have confidence, to examine their army and navy. They shall be permitted to return in safety. The truth is, your British father lies to you and deceives you. He boasts of the few victories he gains, but never tells you of his defeats, of his armies being slaughtered, and his vessels being taken on the big water. He keeps all these things to himself.

"And now, father, let me address a few words to you. Your request shall be granted. I will bear your message to my American father. It is true none of your children appear willing to forsake your standard, and it will be the worse for them. You compare the Americans to ground-hogs, and complain of their mode of fighting. I must confess that a ground-hog is a very difficult animal to contend with. He has such sharp teeth, such an inflexible temper, and such an unconquerable spirit, that

he is truly a dangerous enemy, especially when he is in his own hole. But, father, let me tell you, you can have your wish. Before many days you will see the ground-hog floating on yonder lake, paddling his canoe towards your hole, and then, father, you will have an opportunity of attacking your formidable enemy in any way you may think best."

This speech terminated the council. The Canadian Indians generally returned across the river and adhered to the British. But they held a council by themselves. The great chief, the Crane, sent them the following speech:

"Let all the Wyandots abandon the British. They are liars, and have always deceived the Indians. They built Fort Miami, as they said, to be a refuge for the Indians. When wounded and bleeding, after our defeat by General Wayne, we fled to the fort for protection, they shut the gates against us." He mentioned many other acts of what he deemed perfidy.

It is well here to notice that the great question which was now agitating the Indians and dividing them, was the all-important one whether a few chiefs had a right to sell important tracts of Indian territory to the whites without the consent of the tribes. Colonel John Johnson, in the year 1818, attended a large council at Upper Sandusky. There was an immense gathering there to pay respect to the memory of the illustrious chief, the Crane, whose Indian name was Tarke. Colonel Johnson gives the following very interesting account of the scene he witnessed. We take the liberty slightly to abbreviate:

"On the death of the great chief of the Wyandots, the Crane, I was invited to attend a general council of all the tribes of Ohio, the Delawares of Indiana, and the Senecas of New York, at the Upper Sandusky. I found, on arriving at the place, a very large attendance. Among the chiefs was the noted leader and orator, Red Jacket, from Buffalo. The first business done was the speaker of the nation delivering an oration on the character of the deceased chief. Then followed what might be called a monody, or ceremony of mourning and lamentation.

"The seats were arranged from end to end of a large council-house, about six feet apart. The head men and the aged took their seats facing each other, stooping down their heads and almost touching. In that position they remained for several hours. Deep, heavy, and long-continued groans would com-

mence at one end of the row of mourners, and so pass round until all had responded. These were repeated at intervals of a few minutes. The Indians were all washed, and had no paint or decoration of any kind upon their persons. Their countenances and general deportment denoted the deepest mourning.

"I had never witnessed anything of the kind before; and was told that this ceremony was not performed but on the decease of some great man. After the period of mourning and lamentation was over, the Indians proceeded to business. There were present the Wyandots, Shawanese, Delawares, Senecas, Ottawas and Mohawks. The business was entirely confined to their own affairs; and the main topic related to their lands and the claims of the respective tribes.

"Red Jacket was the principal speaker, and was intemperate and personal in his remarks. Accusations, *pro* and *con*, were made by the different parties, accusing each other of being foremost in selling lands to the United States. The Shawanese were particularly marked out as being more guilty than any others. It was said that though they were the last who come into the Ohio country, and that they had no right there but by the permission of other tribes, they were always the foremost in selling the lands.

This brought the Shawanese out, who retorted, through their head chief on the Senecas and Wyandots with pointed severity. The discussion was long continued, calling out some of the ablest speakers, and was distinguished for ability, cutting sarcasm and research—going far back into the history of the natives, their woes, alliances, negotiations and migrations. I had attended many councils, treaties and gatherings of the Indians, but never did I witness such outpourings of native oratory and eloquence, of severe rebuke, and of taunting national and personal reproaches.

"The council broke up in great confusion and in the worst possible feeling. A circumstance occurred towards the close which, more than anything else, exhibited the bad feeling prevailing. In handing round the wampum belt, the emblem of amity, peace and good-will, when presented to one of the chiefs, he would not touch it with his fingers, but passed it on a stick to the person next him. A greater indignity, agreeable to Indian etiquette, could not be offered. The next day appeared to be one of unusual anxiety and despondency among the Indians. They could be seen in groups everywhere near the council-house in deep consultation. They

had acted foolishly; were very sorry; but the difficulty was who would first present the olive branch.

"The council convened late and was very full. Silence prevailed for a long time. At last the aged chief of the Shawanese, Black Hoof, arose. He was a man of great influence and a celebrated orator. He said, in substance:

"'Yesterday we acted like children and not like men. I and my people are sorry for the words which were then spoken, and which have done so much harm. I now come into the council, by the unanimous desire of the people present, to recall those foolish words. I here take them all back.'

"He then presented the belt of wampum, the pledge of friendship, which was passed around, all receiving it with the greatest satisfaction. Several of the principal chiefs delivered speeches to the same effect, handing the wampum around in turn. In this manner the whole difficulty of the preceding day was settled and, to all appearance, forgotten. The Indians are very courteous and civil to each other. It is a rare thing to see their assemblies disturbed by unwise or ill-timed remarks. I never witnessed it except on the occasion here alluded to. It is more than probable that the presence of myself and other white men contributed towards the unpleasant occurrence. I could not but admire the genuine philosophy and good sense displayed by men whom we call savages in the transaction of their public business; and how much we might profit in the halls of our legislatures by occasionally taking for our example the proceedings of the great Indian council at Sandusky."

Black Hoof, of whom such honorable mention is here made, is worthy of some special notice. His Indian name was Catahecas-sa. He was, perhaps, the most renowned of the Shawanese chiefs, both as an orator and a warrior. White men who had heard him speak all testify to the gracefulness of his gestures and to his wonderful command of expressive language. Mr. Drake, in his sketch of the chieftain's life, says that he was well versed in the traditions of his people. No one better understood their peculiar relations to the whites, whose settlements were gradually encroaching on them, or could detail with more minuteness the wrongs with which his nation was afflicted. Although a stern and uncompromising opposition to the whites had marked his policy, through a series of forty years, and nerved his arm in a hundred

battles, he became at length convinced of the madness of an ineffectual struggle against a vastly superior and hourly increasing foe.

No sooner had he satisfied himself of this truth than he acted upon it with the decision which formed a prominent trait in his character. The temporary success of the Indians previous to the campaign of General Wayne, had kept alive their expiring hopes. But their signal defeat by that gallant officer convinced the more reflecting of their leaders of the desperate character of the conflict. Black Hoof was among those who decided upon making terms with the victorious American commander. And having signed the treaty of 1795, at Greenville, he continued faithful to his stipulations during the remainder of his life.

From that day he ceased to be the enemy of the white man. As he was not one who could act a negative part, he became the firm ally and friend of those against whom his tomahawk had so long been raised in vindictive hostility. He was opposed to polygamy, and lived in faithful union with one wife for forty years. It is said that he was greatly beloved and revered by his numerous family. In his early years he witnessed the burning of a captive. The awful spectacle appalled him. He ever afterwards opposed the barbarous custom, and it is said that he saved many from the stake. He was cheerful in his disposition, and fond of conversation. Through a thousand perils his life was prolonged to one hundred and ten years. His influence prevented the greater part of his tribe from joining the English. In that contest he remained firmly the friend of the United States. Though he was not called upon to take any active part in the war, his moral influence over the Indians contributed much to the success of our arms.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WAR WITH ENGLAND.

THE MARCH OF GOVERNOR HULL — GLOOM OF THE WILDERNESS — DETROIT SURRENDERED — GREATNESS OF THE DISASTER — WINTER EXPEDITIONS — TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS — BURNING OF INDIAN TOWNS — THE PRICE PAID — RECKLESS EXPEDITION OF WINCHESTER — HIS DEFEAT — MASSACRE OF THE WOUNDED — GENERAL PROCTOR — RETREAT TO THE SANDUSKY — SCENES OF WOE — FORT MEIGS ERECTED — BRAVE BUT UNWISE EXPEDITIONS — THE ADVANCE OF PROCTOR UPON FORT MEIGS — THE BOMBARDMENT — HEROIC DEFENSE — INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE.

AT THE commencement of the war with England in 1812, Governor William Hull, of Michigan, was ordered into Ohio to raise troops to take possession of the military post at Detroit. The movement contemplated crossing the river into Canada, and a march upon Quebec. Return J. Meigs was then Governor of Ohio. He immediately raised, in Ohio, three regiments of volunteers for three months. During the months of April and May these troops were rendezvoused at Dayton. Early in June they marched up the Valley of the Great Miami to Staunton, and then were reassembled at Urbana, where they were joined by a regiment of regulars. The whole force now numbered about two thousand five hundred men.

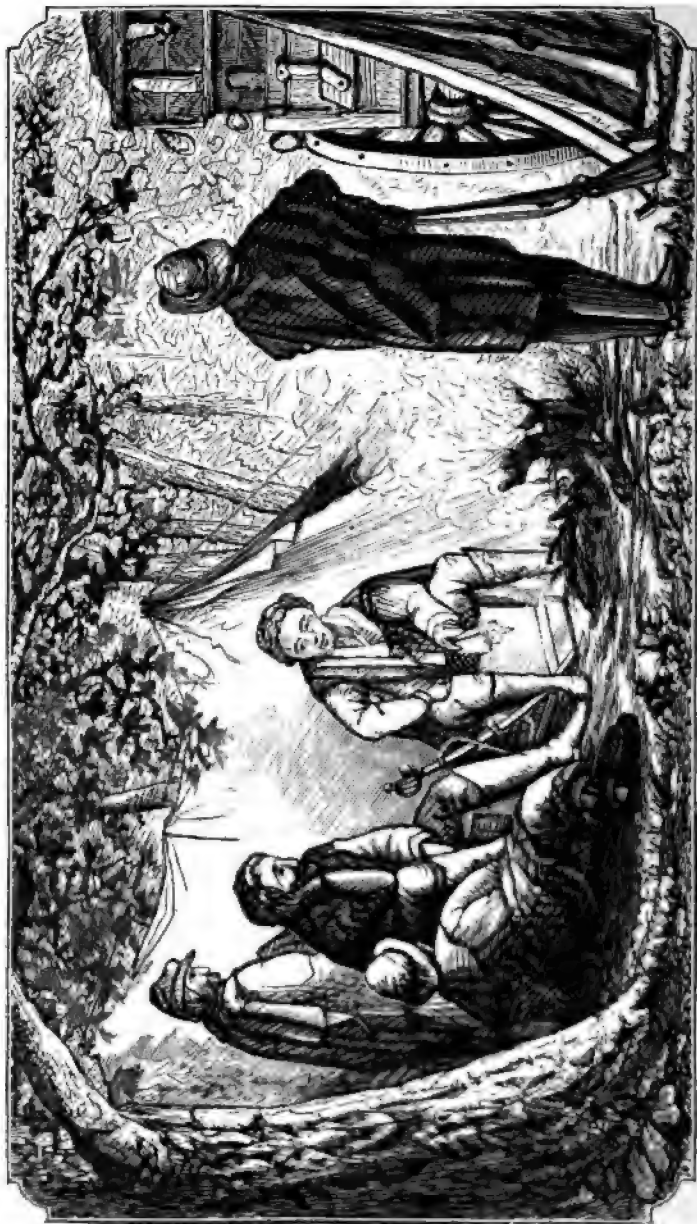
In the middle of June Governor Hull took the command and commenced his march through the unbroken forest towards Detroit. After a toilsome tramp of about twenty-four miles, they came to a spot where they erected a block house which they called McArthur's, in honor of Colonel Duncan McArthur, who commanded the first regiment. Making this a depot for gathering stores, they pushed on some fifteen miles farther, until they found themselves struggling through a marshy expanse resembling an immense morass. Upon a spot of solid ground here they erected

another fort of logs, which they called Necessity. They then pressed forward directly north, cutting their way for the wagons through the dense forest a distance of about twenty miles, until they reached the banks of Blanchard's Fork, one of the tributaries of the Maumee. Here, just west of a point where a bridge now crosses the stream, they constructed a stockade about fifty yards square with block-houses at each of the corners, and a ditch in front, which they called Fort Findlay. It was named after Colonel James Findlay, who commanded the second regiment. Thence a march of about thirty-six miles through pathless wilds, covered with the gloom of gigantic forests, brought them to the Maumee, at the spot where Perrysburg now stands.

The army reached this point on the thirtieth of June, fifteen days after leaving Dayton. The stores were conveyed in one hundred and six heavy wagons. The distance they had marched was about one hundred and twenty miles. For nearly the whole of the route they had to cut their path through the wood. About forty miles of the journey these toil-worn, suffering men waded a swamp knee deep at every step. Thirteen of the wagons were left behind hopelessly mired. The block-houses which they erected on the way served a double purpose. They were stations where fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition could be stored, and they served as taverns where travelers and detachments could rest.

The following incident will illustrate their value : One dark and windy night during the war, Captain William Oliver, in company with a Kentuckian, left Fort Meigs for Fort Findlay, on an errand of much importance. The distance was about thirty-three miles. It was a very hazardous enterprise, for Indian bands, in alliance with the British, were everywhere roaming the forest. They pushed on as rapidly as possible through the darkness, being well mounted, until a little after midnight, when they suddenly came upon an encampment of Indians gathered around their smouldering camp-fires.

The Indians, ever sleeping as it were with one eye open, heard the tramp of their approaching horses, and rushed in a band upon them. The darkness was such that the eye could pierce it to but a very short distance. Captain Oliver and his companions put spurs to their horses, and dashed recklessly through the forest. The Indians hotly pursued, guided by the noise of the breaking branches.



THE ENCAMPMENT.

As the morning was dawning the fugitives reached Fort Findlay. Their clothes were almost entirely torn from their bodies by the brambles and bushes through which they had rushed. Their bodies were sadly bruised and bleeding by contusions against the trees. As they rejoicingly entered the fort they looked back and saw the howling savages close upon their heels.

Governor Hull, with his army, crossed the Maumee in boats just below the rapids. They then continued their march to Detroit, which they reached on the fifth of July. On the twelfth he crossed the river into Canada to reconnoiter the strength of the enemy there, and to collect provisions. He soon saw, as he thought, indications that the British, having gained the alliance of nearly all of the warriors of the northwestern tribes, were vastly superior to him in force. He therefore early in August re-crossed the river to take shelter beneath the walls of his fortress at Detroit.

On the fourteenth of August, General Brock, the British commander, erected a formidable battery on the Canadian shore, directly opposite the American fort, and the next day summoned Hull to surrender. This being refused, he opened fire and continued vigorously through the night throwing bombs into the fort. At the same time, while thus diverting the attention of the garrison, he sent secretly a strong force of British soldiers and Indians across the river to storm the fort. It is said that this force consisted of seven hundred regulars and six hundred Indians. Mr. Caleb Atwater, in his history of Ohio, gives the following account of what ensued:

"In the morning it was discovered that the enemy had landed at Springwells. Having thus landed in safety, and without opposition, at ten o'clock A.M. he marched in columns twelve deep to attack the American garrison. The fort, or as our soldiers used to call it, The Sheep Pen, was so situated that the soldiers could approach within two hundred yards of it before the guns of the garrison could injure them. A detachment of the American force, however, was sent out, and judiciously posted to prevent the advance of the enemy.

"But at the very moment when every American in the army except its commander was ready and anxious to begin the mortal combat with an enemy of inferior numbers, consisting mostly of either raw militia or Indians, what were the emotions of our army when they were ordered into the fort, and to lay down their

arms. They reluctantly obeyed, and a white flag was raised on the fort.

"Without shedding a drop of blood, without firing a single gun, the fort, with all its cannon, taken with Burgoyne at Saratoga from the British, with a vast amount of powder, lead, cannon balls and all the munitions of war,—all, all were surrendered, *unconditionally* surrendered to the enemy. The enemy himself must have doubted his own senses on that occasion. Let us see: twenty-five hundred men with all their arms; twenty-five pieces of iron cannon, and eight brass ones; forty barrels of powder,—all were surrendered without firing a gun to about one thousand militia and a few Indians."

Such has been the general view of Governor Hull's deplorable surrender. On the other hand, Mr. John J. Anderson, in his history of the United States, writes:

"Hull's conduct, two years after, underwent examination by court-martial, and though he was acquitted of treason, the court pronounced him guilty of cowardice, and he was sentenced to be shot. But in consideration of his age and revolutionary services, the sentence was remitted by President Madison. Hull's conduct was severely criticised at the time, as well as in after years. But a series of letters which he published in 1824, and a volume which appeared at a still later period, together formed a complete vindication of his surrender as regards either the charge of treason or cowardice."

It is our duty here simply to give the historic facts, but we are not called upon to enter into the discussion of this question. Just before the surrender, Colonels McArthur and Cass had been dispatched with four hundred of the best troops back into Ohio to convoy a train of baggage wagons on its way to Detroit. No train was to be found. On their return, they had arrived within about nine miles of Detroit when they were met by a detachment of the British with a flag of truce, who informed them that they had been surrendered by Governor Hull prisoners of war. They were marched into Detroit, where they laid down their arms upon the pavement, and were then imprisoned in the fort, which was already so crowded that they had scarcely room to lie down.

Eventually the militia were allowed to return home on their parole not to serve again during the war. They were landed from boats at the mouth of Huron River, at Cleveland, and at various

other points along the southern shore of Lake Erie; and then crossed the state to their distant places of residence as best they could. General Hull and the officers and soldiers of the regular army were carried in triumph to Montreal and Quebec, to be exhibited as the trophies of British prowess.

The surrender of Hull was as disastrous as it was humiliating. Not only the important military post of Detroit, but the whole of Michigan, thus passed into the hands of our enemies. Disaster followed disaster in this region, and it is undeniable that the most amazing want, not of courage or of energy, but of military ability, was often manifested by our officers. Men were sent out on distant expeditions in mid-winter. Their sufferings were incredible. Their horses, starving for want of forage, dropped beneath them. The men, thinly clad, had their hands and feet terribly frozen. One's heart is appalled in reading the account of their sufferings.

There were two or three Indian towns on the Missisquoi River in Indiana. It was deemed expedient to destroy these towns. It required a horseback march of ten days to accomplish this. The freezing blasts and storms of December were howling through the forest. In that inclement season one could scarcely keep comfortable in the snugest log hut with roaring fires. The troops reached the villages, commenced the assault in a midnight attack, burned the towns, killed a few Indians, and captured forty-two women and children.

For this achievement they paid the price of exposing six hundred men to great sufferings; twelve of them were killed and forty wounded. Of the wounded, many were life long cripples. A large number of the horses were shot by the Indians. It was the 12th of December, 1812, when these suffering men reached Fort Greenville on their return. "The roads," it is said, "were in as horrible condition as frost, snow, mud and ice could make them. Their horses were almost starved. The soldiers were *one and all* more or less frost bitten. They were badly provided with provisions, and even ammunition was wanting." The reason for this terrible expedition, was to prevent the Indians from having a place of retreat, whence they could issue and interrupt the intercourse between our settlements and Fort Wayne. But it is not improbable that the Indians had all their frail huts reconstructed, before the half-starved and frozen troops got back to Fort Wayne.

It is a painful task to record some of these needless disasters. On the 20th of January, 1813, Generals Lewis and Winchester, with a combined force of about one thousand men, after very severe and somewhat successful fighting, were encamped on each side of Stony Creek, near Frenchtown, about eighteen miles from the British headquarters, at Malden. That evening a Frenchman informed Colonel Winchester that three thousand men were about leaving Fort Malden to attack him. There was no discipline among the men. They wandered about at will. No guard was placed on the road leading to Malden. The enemy, that very night approached unobserved, to within three hundred yards of our army, and posted their artillery unmolested.

Just as the morning was dawning, a tremendous shower of balls, bombs and grape shot fell upon the sleeping encampment, and at the same moment the yells of savages, apparently in countless numbers, on the right and left flank of our troops, announced that they were almost surrounded. An awful scene of tumult, terror and blood ensued. Our troops, thus taken by surprise, and utterly overpowered, were soon put to the rout, while the ground was covered with their slain. They were shot down, tomahawked and scalped without mercy.

The snow was deep, the cold intense; Winchester and Lewis were both taken prisoners, and were carried to the tent of the British general, Proctor. Conscious that the prolongation of the struggle was only prolonging the slaughter of their own men, they agreed to surrender. They were surrounded by three times their own number, their ammunition was expended. The captured troops were marched off to Malden. They numbered five hundred and forty men. A large number were left behind, so severely wounded that they could not be moved.

The next morning two hundred Indians came down from Malden. They were painted black, and it is scarcely possible that the British officers should not have known the mission upon which they had entered. By the terms of the surrender, General Proctor agreed to protect his captives by a guard. No such guard was furnished the wounded.

The savages at once, with frantic yells, commenced the work of plunder and of slaughter. Everywhere was to be seen the gleam of the murderous tomahawk and the scalping knife. There were two large log houses, crowded with the wounded. The Indians

set them both on fire, and the poor creatures were consumed in the flames. Some who tried to crawl out the windows were tomahawked and thrown back into the glowing furnace. In these awful scenes of battle and of massacre two hundred and ninety Americans perished. These were generally young men, from the best families of Kentucky and Ohio. The wife of Henry Clay lost a brother here, who was killed and scalped by the savages.

"For a disaster so terrible who was to blame?" writes Mr. Atwater, "Not General Harrison, because he never ordered such a rash movement of Winchester's force. He had no knowledge of the movement until Winchester's express informed him, when he was at Sandusky, at the distance of sixty or seventy miles from the rapids. Harrison then clearly foresaw that Winchester had thrown himself into the very jaws of the enemy, beyond the reach of succor."

When General Harrison heard the tidings of the disaster, he dispatched Dr. McKeehan to Malden with money and medicines for the relief of the sick and wounded. The doctor was furnished with an open letter, addressed to any British officer whom he might meet. He also bore a flag of truce. On the way he was attacked, his guide slain, and he was taken prisoner. Thus he was conveyed to Malden. There he found the sick and wounded in an open, muddy wood yard, without fire. Proctor took from him his watch, his money, his letter, his flag of truce, his horse and his cariole. He then put him into irons and sent him by way of Niagara to Quebec. The doctor was finally released from his captivity, but the hardships to which he had been exposed utterly undermined his constitution, and ere long death relieved him of his sufferings.

General Harrison now found it necessary to withdraw his army from the Rapids of the Maumee about eighteen miles east to Portage River. The retreat commenced on the 2d of March. A volunteer from Pittsburgh, in a letter to a friend, thus describes the sufferings they endured.

"Early the next morning, at two o'clock, our tents were struck, and in half an hour we were on our way. I will candidly confess that on that day I regretted being a soldier. We marched thirty miles in an incessant rain. For eight miles of that thirty the water was over our knees, and often up to the middle. The black swamp, four miles from Portage River, and four miles in extent,

would have been considered impassable by any men not determined to surmount every obstacle. The water on the ice was about six inches deep. The ice was very rotten, often breaking through where the water was four or five feet deep. That night we encamped on the best ground we could find, but it was very wet. It was next to impossible to kindle fires. We had no tents, no axes, our clothes were perfectly soaked through, and we had but little to eat. Two logs rolled together, to keep me out of the water, was my bed."

General Harrison was very anxious to gain Detroit that Winter, if it were possible. Therefore assembling all the troops he could on the Sandusky, early in February he returned to the Maumee. It was, however, by this time evident that the enterprise must for the present be postponed.

Here General Harrison established his extreme advance post in the Northwest, on the left banks of the Maumee. There were at this time sixty-seven white families residing at the foot of the rapids, within the circumference of about ten miles. Quite a spacious fortress was erected here, which was called Fort Meigs, after the distinguished Governor of Ohio of that name. The British Fort Malden, on the eastern banks of the Detroit River, not far from its entrance into the lake, was distant from Fort Meigs but two or three days' march.

Early in February General Harrison had about two thousand men at that post. A friendly Indian brought intelligence to the fort that six hundred Indian warriors were encamped on the shore of Maumee Bay, about twenty miles north of Fort Meigs. It was bitter cold weather, in the very heart of Winter. That very night the enterprising general took a select band of eleven hundred men, and marched down the river on the ice, which was apparently as solid as if it had been a bed of eternal granite. They soon came in sight of the camp-fires on the north side of the river; but the Indians had all fled. The Indians ever kept their scouts on the alert. Seldom could their foes make any movement whatever without its being immediately reported at their encampment.

The morning had not yet dawned. The fires, still burning, proved that the Indians could not be far distant. Cold as it was, it was decided, without stopping to warm themselves, immediately to pursue the fugitives. Many, however, were so exhausted that they could go no farther. They were directed to make themselves

as comfortable as they could through the night, and follow on the next day.

The remainder of the indomitable little band resumed its march. They had proceeded but about two miles when they came to the head of the Maumee Bay. Here they were exposed to the full force of the freezing blasts which swept the whole breadth of Lake Erie. The ice, also, upon the expanded waters became more thin. Their only cannon, with the horses attached, broke through. It was still two hours before the dawn of the morning. The moon, which had thus far shone upon their icy path, was now sinking behind the forests. Three of the men, in attempting to extricate the horses, were also plunged into that terrible bath, and narrowly escaped drowning. It was not safe to proceed without the cannon, and that could not be recovered until the light of day. The soldiers, waiting for two hours of midnight darkness on the bleak ice, without shelter and without fires, suffered intensely. As soon as the gun was recovered they pushed on toward the River Raisin, which empties into the extreme western border of the lake. Near here they learned from their scouts, about sunrise, that the fleet-footed Indians were far away in their retreat, and would soon be behind the walls of Fort Malden. The weary, half-frozen band, having accomplished nothing by all their sufferings, returned to Fort Meigs just as the evening gun had been fired. They had performed a march of forty-five miles on the ice in less than twenty-four hours.

A few days after this another expedition was undertaken, which we knew not whether to designate as heroic or desperate. On Friday, the 26th of January, General Harrison called for volunteers to set out on a secret enterprise, which he informed them was important but hazardous in the extreme. Two hundred and fifty men volunteered. He told them that they would not be informed of the nature of the enterprise until they were at some distance from the fort.

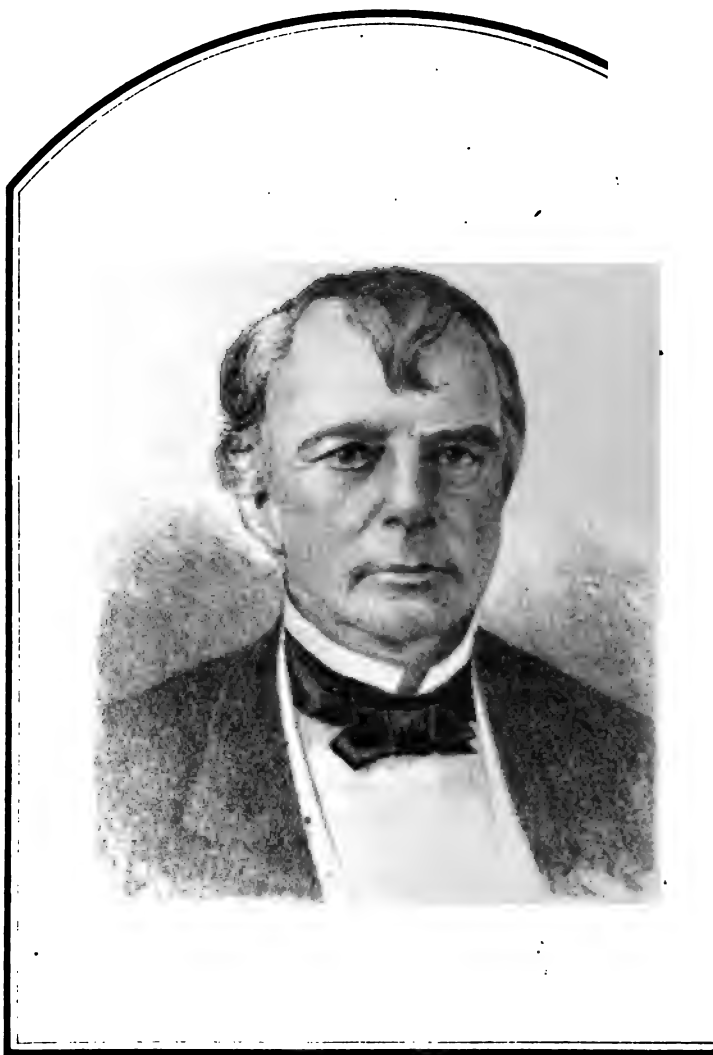
About fifty miles east of Fort Meigs, on the Sandusky River, where the Town of Lower Sandusky now stands, there was a block-house called Fort Saunderson. It was garrisoned by two companies of militia. This little band took up its line of march for that fort. On the 2d of March they left the log-house with six days' provisions. Captain Langham was in command. When they had proceeded about half a mile he ordered a halt. He

then revealed to them the object of the expedition. It was to march along Lake Erie, on the shore and on the ice, as best they could, till they reached the banks of Detroit River opposite Fort Malden. Quite a large British fleet, laden with provisions, was frozen in at but a short distance from the fort. In the darkness of a winter's night they were to cross the river on the ice and set fire to the fleet, and the store-houses on the shore, with combustibles which they bore with them. They were then to retreat as rapidly as possible to the head of Maumee Bay, where General Harrison would meet them with a large force and escort them safely back to Fort Meigs. This surely was infatuation, not courage. The success of the enterprise depended upon so many contingencies that it could not reasonably have been expected.

Having explained the plan Captain Langham gave liberty to all who deemed it too hazardous to withdraw. Twenty of the militia and seven of the Indians availed themselves of the liberty. The whole party, officers and men, now consisted of but two hundred. Of these twenty-four were drivers of sleds, and fourteen were Indian guides and scouts. It was known that the fort at Malden was strongly garrisoned by British troops, and that a body of nearly a thousand Indian warriors was encamped near by.

Captain Langham and his party marched as rapidly as possible down the western shores of Sandusky Bay. It was the wintry, windy, stormy month of March. Some marched on the land, and crossed the peninsula through the rugged wilderness to Portage River. Others took the smoother, but far more circuitous path, on the ice. A fierce tempest arose of rain and sleet. The soldiers were not provided with tents. They encamped in the storm, and through an awful night of suffering were drenched and half frozen. The next day, March 3, they pushed their adventurous way on the ice out in the lake to Middle Bass Island, about seventeen miles from their encampment of the preceding night. Just before they left the land for this island, about twenty men, including several Indians, utterly disheartened, deserted. The wind was then blowing fiercely from the north, and a smothering storm of snow beating into their faces, impeded their progress.

Early in the afternoon they reached the northwest side of the island, when the weather began to moderate. It was supposed that one continuous sheet of ice would extend from there across



DAVID TOD
Governor 1862-64.



THE ENCAMPMENT.

As the morning was dawning the fugitives reached Fort Findlay. Their clothes were almost entirely torn from their bodies by the brambles and bushes through which they had rushed. Their bodies were sadly bruised and bleeding by contusions against the trees. As they rejoicingly entered the fort they looked back and saw the howling savages close upon their heels.

Governor Hull, with his army, crossed the Maumee in boats just below the rapids. They then continued their march to Detroit, which they reached on the fifth of July. On the twelfth he crossed the river into Canada to reconnoiter the strength of the enemy there, and to collect provisions. He soon saw, as he thought, indications that the British, having gained the alliance of nearly all of the warriors of the northwestern tribes, were vastly superior to him in force. He therefore early in August re-crossed the river to take shelter beneath the walls of his fortress at Detroit.

On the fourteenth of August, General Brock, the British commander, erected a formidable battery on the Canadian shore, directly opposite the American fort, and the next day summoned Hull to surrender. This being refused, he opened fire and continued vigorously through the night throwing bombs into the fort. At the same time, while thus diverting the attention of the garrison, he sent secretly a strong force of British soldiers and Indians across the river to storm the fort. It is said that this force consisted of seven hundred regulars and six hundred Indians. Mr. Caleb Atwater, in his history of Ohio, gives the following account of what ensued:

"In the morning it was discovered that the enemy had landed at Springwells. Having thus landed in safety, and without opposition, at ten o'clock A.M. he marched in columns twelve deep to attack the American garrison. The fort, or as our soldiers used to call it, The Sheep Pen, was so situated that the soldiers could approach within two hundred yards of it before the guns of the garrison could injure them. A detachment of the American force, however, was sent out, and judiciously posted to prevent the advance of the enemy.

"But at the very moment when every American in the army except its commander was ready and anxious to begin the mortal combat with an enemy of inferior numbers, consisting mostly of either raw militia or Indians, what were the emotions of our army when they were ordered into the fort, and to lay down their

arms. They reluctantly obeyed, and a white flag was raised on the fort.

"Without shedding a drop of blood, without firing a single gun, the fort, with all its cannon, taken with Burgoyne at Saratoga from the British, with a vast amount of powder, lead, cannon balls and all the munitions of war,—all, all were surrendered, *unconditionally* surrendered to the enemy. The enemy himself must have doubted his own senses on that occasion. Let us see: twenty-five hundred men with all their arms; twenty-five pieces of iron cannon, and eight brass ones; forty barrels of powder,—all were surrendered without firing a gun to about one thousand militia and a few Indians."

Such has been the general view of Governor Hull's deplorable surrender. On the other hand, Mr. John J. Anderson, in his history of the United States, writes:

"Hull's conduct, two years after, underwent examination by court-martial, and though he was acquitted of treason, the court pronounced him guilty of cowardice, and he was sentenced to be shot. But in consideration of his age and revolutionary services, the sentence was remitted by President Madison. Hull's conduct was severely criticised at the time, as well as in after years. But a series of letters which he published in 1824, and a volume which appeared at a still later period, together formed a complete vindication of his surrender as regards either the charge of treason or cowardice."

It is our duty here simply to give the historic facts, but we are not called upon to enter into the discussion of this question. Just before the surrender, Colonels McArthur and Cass had been dispatched with four hundred of the best troops back into Ohio to convoy a train of baggage wagons on its way to Detroit. No train was to be found. On their return, they had arrived within about nine miles of Detroit when they were met by a detachment of the British with a flag of truce, who informed them that they had been surrendered by Governor Hull prisoners of war. They were marched into Detroit, where they laid down their arms upon the pavement, and were then imprisoned in the fort, which was already so crowded that they had scarcely room to lie down.

Eventually the militia were allowed to return home on their parole not to serve again during the war. They were landed from boats at the mouth of Huron River, at Cleveland, and at various

other points along the southern shore of Lake Erie; and then crossed the state to their distant places of residence as best they could. General Hull and the officers and soldiers of the regular army were carried in triumph to Montreal and Quebec, to be exhibited as the trophies of British prowess.

The surrender of Hull was as disastrous as it was humiliating. Not only the important military post of Detroit, but the whole of Michigan, thus passed into the hands of our enemies. Disaster followed disaster in this region, and it is undeniable that the most amazing want, not of courage or of energy, but of military ability, was often manifested by our officers. Men were sent out on distant expeditions in mid-winter. Their sufferings were incredible. Their horses, starving for want of forage, dropped beneath them. The men, thinly clad, had their hands and feet terribly frozen. One's heart is appalled in reading the account of their sufferings.

There were two or three Indian towns on the Missisquoi River in Indiana. It was deemed expedient to destroy these towns. It required a horseback march of ten days to accomplish this. The freezing blasts and storms of December were howling through the forest. In that inclement season one could scarcely keep comfortable in the snuggest log hut with roaring fires. The troops reached the villages, commenced the assault in a midnight attack, burned the towns, killed a few Indians, and captured forty-two women and children.

For this achievement they paid the price of exposing six hundred men to great sufferings; twelve of them were killed and forty wounded. Of the wounded, many were life long cripples. A large number of the horses were shot by the Indians. It was the 12th of December, 1812, when these suffering men reached Fort Greenville on their return. "The roads," it is said, "were in as horrible condition as frost, snow, mud and ice could make them. Their horses were almost starved. The soldiers were *one and all* more or less frost bitten. They were badly provided with provisions, and even ammunition was wanting." The reason for this terrible expedition, was to prevent the Indians from having a place of retreat, whence they could issue and interrupt the intercourse between our settlements and Fort Wayne. But it is not improbable that the Indians had all their frail huts reconstructed, before the half-starved and frozen troops got back to Fort Wayne.

It is a painful task to record some of these needless disasters. On the 20th of January, 1813, Generals Lewis and Winchester, with a combined force of about one thousand men, after very severe and somewhat successful fighting, were encamped on each side of Stony Creek, near Frenchtown, about eighteen miles from the British headquarters, at Malden. That evening a Frenchman informed Colonel Winchester that three thousand men were about leaving Fort Malden to attack him. There was no discipline among the men. They wandered about at will. No guard was placed on the road leading to Malden. The enemy, that very night approached unobserved, to within three hundred yards of our army, and posted their artillery unmolested.

Just as the morning was dawning, a tremendous shower of balls, bombs and grape shot fell upon the sleeping encampment, and at the same moment the yells of savages, apparently in countless numbers, on the right and left flank of our troops, announced that they were almost surrounded. An awful scene of tumult, terror and blood ensued. Our troops, thus taken by surprise, and utterly overpowered, were soon put to the rout, while the ground was covered with their slain. They were shot down, tomahawked and scalped without mercy.

The snow was deep, the cold intense; Winchester and Lewis were both taken prisoners, and were carried to the tent of the British general, Proctor. Conscious that the prolongation of the struggle was only prolonging the slaughter of their own men, they agreed to surrender. They were surrounded by three times their own number, their ammunition was expended. The captured troops were marched off to Malden. They numbered five hundred and forty men. A large number were left behind, so severely wounded that they could not be moved.

The next morning two hundred Indians came down from Malden. They were painted black, and it is scarcely possible that the British officers should not have known the mission upon which they had entered. By the terms of the surrender, General Proctor agreed to protect his captives by a guard. No such guard was furnished the wounded.

The savages at once, with frantic yells, commenced the work of plunder and of slaughter. Everywhere was to be seen the gleam of the murderous tomahawk and the scalping knife. There were two large log houses, crowded with the wounded. The Indians

set them both on fire, and the poor creatures were consumed in the flames. Some who tried to crawl out the windows were tomahawked and thrown back into the glowing furnace. In these awful scenes of battle and of massacre two hundred and ninety Americans perished. These were generally young men, from the best families of Kentucky and Ohio. The wife of Henry Clay lost a brother here, who was killed and scalped by the savages.

"For a disaster so terrible who was to blame?" writes Mr. Atwater, "Not General Harrison, because he never ordered such a rash movement of Winchester's force. He had no knowledge of the movement until Winchester's express informed him, when he was at Sandusky, at the distance of sixty or seventy miles from the rapids. Harrison then clearly foresaw that Winchester had thrown himself into the very jaws of the enemy, beyond the reach of succor."

When General Harrison heard the tidings of the disaster, he dispatched Dr. McKeehan to Malden with money and medicines for the relief of the sick and wounded. The doctor was furnished with an open letter, addressed to any British officer whom he might meet. He also bore a flag of truce. On the way he was attacked, his guide slain, and he was taken prisoner. Thus he was conveyed to Malden. There he found the sick and wounded in an open, muddy wood yard, without fire. Proctor took from him his watch, his money, his letter, his flag of truce, his horse and his cariole. He then put him into irons and sent him by way of Niagara to Quebec. The doctor was finally released from his captivity, but the hardships to which he had been exposed utterly undermined his constitution, and ere long death relieved him of his sufferings.

General Harrison now found it necessary to withdraw his army from the Rapids of the Maumee about eighteen miles east to Portage River. The retreat commenced on the 2d of March. A volunteer from Pittsburgh, in a letter to a friend, thus describes the sufferings they endured.

"Early the next morning, at two o'clock, our tents were struck, and in half an hour we were on our way. I will candidly confess that on that day I regretted being a soldier. We marched thirty miles in an incessant rain. For eight miles of that thirty the water was over our knees, and often up to the middle. The black swamp, four miles from Portage River, and four miles in extent,

midnight sky. As it fell they would fall flat upon their faces, for, unless the shell burst in the air it would penetrate the earth quite deeply, and then exploding, would throw its fragments in an angular direction. The soldiers would then return to their tents, only to be aroused again and again by the startling cry. So harrowing was this, and so accustomed did the men become to the danger, and so overpowering was the desire for sleep, that many of the soldiers, while conscious that the bomb might fall directly upon the tent where they were sleeping, remained undisturbed, determined, as one of them said, "to enjoy his sleep if ten thousand bombs should burst all around him."

General Proctor now deeming the situation of the fort utterly desperate, for it was garrisoned by but about five hundred men, sent a summons for its surrender, stating that he had with him a larger number of Indians than had ever before been embodied, and that his army was so strong that the garrison could not hold out against it. General Harrison replied :

"I believe that I have a very correct idea of General Proctor's force. It is not such as to create the least apprehension for the result of the contest. Assure the general, however, that he will never have this post *surrendered* to him upon any terms. Should it fall into his hands, it will be in a manner calculated to do him more honor, and to give him larger claims upon the gratitude of his government than any capitulation could possibly do."

General Harrison having anticipated this attack sent a messenger to both the governors of Ohio and Kentucky, soliciting reënforcements for the relief of the fort. A young man noted for his bravery, Captain William Oliver, undertook this perilous commission. Threading the wilderness he delivered the message, to which both of the governors responded with alacrity. Upon his return he found the fort closely invested by the Indians under Tecumseh. Still, in the darkness of the night, he eluded all their vigilance, and entering the fort at midnight of the fourth of May, brought the joyful intelligence that General Green Clay, with twelve hundred Kentuckians, was descending the Maumee River in boats; that they were just above the rapids, and would probably be at the fort within two or three hours.

General Harrison immediately sent back word to General Clay to land eight hundred of his men on the right bank of the river opposite the fort, near where the British batteries stood, to spike

their cannon, and then *immediately to return to their boats and cross to the fort*. These batteries were manned only by the gunners. But they were protected by nearly two thousand soldiers, British and Indians, who were encamped about a mile back from them. General Harrison was therefore emphatic in his direction that *immediately after spiking the cannon they should hasten across the river to the fort*, before the enemy should have time to march upon them with a crushing force.

The remaining four hundred men were to be landed on the left bank of the river, and to fight their way through the investing force to the fort, while a strong band would sally forth from the garrison to assist them. The arrangements were admirable. Had General Harrison's directions been followed they would have been eminently successful. To make all things sure he sent a very reliable man, Captain Hamilton, in a large canoe, called a pirogue, to ascend the river and land a guide, who should conduct the division of four hundred men to the fort. He was then to take the lead of the boats with the eight hundred men, and land his canoe at the spot where they were to leap upon the shore and spike the guns.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SIEGE OF FORTS MEIGS AND STEVENSON.

ANNIHILATION OF COLONEL DUDLEY'S DETACHMENT—ANGUISH OF GENERAL HARRISON—MASSACRE OF THE PRISONERS—AWFUL SCENE OF SLAUGHTER—NOBLE CONDUCT OF TECUMSEH—PUSILLANIMITY OF PROCTOR—THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE SAVAGES—TESTIMONY OF A BRITISH OFFICER—RETIREMENT OF THE FOE—CAUSES OF THE WAR—SECOND SIEGE OF FORT MEIGS—ADVENTURES OF JAMES DOOLAN—THE SHAM FIGHT—NARROW ESCAPE OF THE GARRISON—SIEGE OF FORT STEVENSON—VAST FORCE OF INDIANS—HEROIC DEFENSE—SLAUGHTER IN THE DITCH—FLIGHT OF THE FOE—MAJOR CROGAN'S HEROISM.

COLONEL DUDLEY, the senior officer, was entrusted with the command of the troops who were to attack the British batteries. General Clay landed his men on the left bank of the river, and after a very severe conflict, succeeded, by the aid of the sortie from the garrison, in fighting his way into the fort. Colonel Dudley effected his landing at the appointed place without difficulty. He drove the British from their guns and spiked them. Then his soldiers, raw militia, unaccustomed to obey orders, were so elated with their easy victory that, notwithstanding all the efforts of their commander, they persisted in pursuing a band of sagacious Indians who were drawing them into an ambush.

General Harrison stood upon the ramparts of the fort in full view of the scene. The cheers of these brave but infatuated men fell upon his ears like the wail of death. He and his officers shouted frantically to them, beckoning them to return; but the thoughtless soldiers deemed these shouts but the applause of the garrison in view of their heroic achievement, and more impetuously the tumultuous throng rushed on to destruction. Harrison exclaimed, in tones of anguish, "They are lost, they are lost! Can I never get men to obey my orders!"

On, on they rushed, till they came into a defile, when suddenly, twice their numbers rose up around them. Their retreat was cut off, and a scene of terrific slaughter ensued. The Indians, pouring in a murderous fire, with horrid yells and gleaming tomahawks, rushed upon their victims. All the troops were now huddled together in utter confusion, unable to make any resistance. The British officers and the Indians were commingled in the assaults, while the British did all that they dared to do to arrest the ferocity of their savage allies. The white flag of surrender was raised, and gradually those who had survived the slaughter were regarded as captives.

The British and the Indians commenced leading the prisoners back to the British encampment. But the savages were so numerous that they scorned obedience to their civilized comrades. They deemed, and with some plausibility, the victory due to their own prowess. On the march, they began to rob their prisoners, stripping them even of every article of clothing. As they drew near the encampment, the Indians formed a long line, before which they compelled their captives to run, while they whipped, shot and tomahawked them. One of the Americans, who had a bullet first buried in his back, and who ran this terrible gauntlet, writes:

"When I reached the starting place, I dashed off as fast as I was able, and ran near the muzzles of their guns, knowing that they would have to shoot me while I was immediately in front, or let me pass; for to have turned their guns up or down the lines, to shoot me, would have endangered themselves, as there was a curve in their line. In this way I passed without injury, except some strokes over the shoulder with their gun-sticks. As I entered the ditch which surrounded the encampment, the man before me was shot, and fell, and I fell over him. The passage, for a while, was stopped by those who fell over the dead man and myself. How many lives were lost at this place I cannot tell; probably between twenty and forty.

"When we got within the walls we were ordered to sit down. A new scene commenced. An Indian, painted black, mounted the dilapidated wall, and shot one of the prisoners next to him. He reloaded and shot a second, the ball passing through him into the hip of another, who afterwards died of the wound. The savage then laid down his gun and took his tomahawk, with which

he killed two others. When he drew his tomahawk and jumped down among the men, they endeavored to escape from him, by leaping over the heads of each other. Thus they were heaped, one upon another; and they trampled upon me so that I could see nothing that was going on. The confusion and uproar at this moment can not be adequately described. There was an excitement and fierceness manifested among the Indians which betokened a strong disposition, among some of them, to massacre the whole of us."

Mr. William G. Ewing, who was present on this occasion, writes: "While this bloodthirsty carnage was raging, a thundering voice was heard in the rear. in the Indian tongue, when turning around, I saw Tecumseh coming with all the rapidity with which his horse could carry him, until he drew near to where two Indians had an American and were in the act of killing him. He sprang from his horse, caught one by the throat and the other by the breast, and threw them both to the ground. Drawing his tomahawk and knife, he ran in between the Indians and the Americans, brandishing his weapons with the fury of a madman, daring any one of the hundreds of Indians who surrounded him to attempt to murder another American. They all appeared confounded, and immediately desisted. His mind appeared rent with passion, and with tears in his eyes, he exclaimed: 'Oh! what will become of my Indians!'"

He then demanded, in an authoritative tone, "Where is General Proctor?" He was pointed out to him in the rear. The chief rode up to the general, and sternly inquired, "Why did you not put a stop to this inhuman carnage?" Proctor replied, "Your Indians cannot be controlled." "Begone," exclaimed the indignant Indian chieftain, to the British general, "You are unfit to command. Go put on petticoats."

All accounts agree in speaking in praise of Tecumseh's conduct on this occasion. "After the surrender," another one writes, "and all resistance had ceased, the Indians, finding five hundred prisoners at their mercy, began the work of massacre with the most savage delight. Tecumseh sternly forbade it, and buried his tomahawk in the head of one of his chiefs who refused obedience. This order, accompanied with this decisive manner of enforcing it, put an end to the massacre."

Another writes, describing Tecumseh's appearance, as he rode



JOHN BROUGH
Governor 1864-65.

upon the field. "This celebrated chief was a noble and a dignified personage. He wore an elegant broadsword, and was dressed in the Indian costume. His face was finely proportioned, his nose inclined to the aquiline, and his eyes displayed none of that savage and ferocious triumph common to the other Indians on this occasion. He seemed to regard us with unmoved composure, and I thought a beam of mercy shone in his countenance, tempering the spirit of vengeance inherent in his race against the American people. I saw him only on horseback."

A British officer, who took part in this conflict, wrote, in the *London New Monthly Magazine* for December, 1826:

"On reaching our encampment the prisoners were met by a band of cowardly and treacherous Indians, who had borne no share in the action, yet who now, guided by the savage instinct of their nature, approached the column, and selecting their victims, commenced the work of blood. In vain did the harassed and indignant escort endeavor to save them from the fury of their destroyers. The frenzy of these wretches knew no bounds. An old and excellent soldier, named Russell, was shot through the heart, while endeavoring to wrest a victim from the grasp of his murderer.

"Forty of these unhappy men had already fallen beneath the steel of these infuriated savages, when Tecumseh, apprised of what was going on, rode up at full speed, and raising his tomahawk, threatened to destroy the first man who refused to desist. Even on those lawless people, to whom the language of coercion had hitherto been unknown, the threats and tone of the exasperated chieftain, produced an instantaneons effect; and they retired, at once humiliated and confounded.

"The survivors of this melancholy catastrophe were immediately conveyed on board the gunboats, which were moored in the river, and every precaution having been taken to prevent a renewal of the scene, the escorting party proceeded to the interment of the victims, to whom the rites of sepulture were afforded even before those of our own men who had fallen in the action. Colonel Dudley was among the number of the slain.

"On the evening of the second day after this event I accompanied Major Muir in a ramble through the encampment of the Indians, which was distant a few hundred yards from our own. The spectacle there offered to our view was at once of the most ludicrous

rous and the most revolting nature. In various directions were lying the trunks and boxes taken in the boats of the American division; and the plunderers were busily occupied in displaying their riches, carefully examining each article and attempting to divine its use. Several were decked out in the uniform of officers. And although embarrassed to the last degree in their movements, and dragging with difficulty the heavy military boots with which their legs were for the first time covered, they strutted forth, much to the admiration of their less fortunate comrades. Some were habited in plain clothes. Others had their bodies clad with clean white shirts, contrasting in no ordinary manner with the swarthiness of their skins. All wore some articles of decoration. Their tents were ornamented with saddles, bridles, rifles, daggers, swords, and pistols, many of which were handsomely mounted and of curious workmanship. Such was the ridiculous part of the picture.

"But mingled with these, and in various directions, were to be seen the scalps of the slain drying in the sun. They were stained on the fleshy side with vermillion dyes, and were dangling in the air as they hung suspended from the poles to which they were attached. There were also hoops of various sizes, on which were stretched portions of human skin taken from various parts of the body, principally from the hands and feet, and yet with the nails of those parts attached. Scattered along the ground were to be seen the members of the body from which they had been separated, serving as nutriment to the wolf-dogs by which the savages were accompanied.

"As we continued to advance into the heart of the encampment, a scene of a still more disgusting nature arrested our attention. Stopping at the entrance of a tent occupied by the Minoumini tribe, we observed the Indians seated around a large fire, over which was suspended a kettle containing their meal. Each warrior had a string hanging over the edge of the vessel. To this was suspended food, of which it will be presumed we did not hear without loathing. It consisted of the flesh of an American. Any expression of our feelings, as we declined the invitation which they gave us to join in their repast, would have been resented by them without ceremony. We had therefore the prudence to excuse ourselves under the plea that we had already taken our food; and we hastened to remove from a sight so revolting to humanity.

"Since the affair of the fifth the Americans continued to keep

themselves shut up within their works. The bombardment, though carried on with vigor, had effected no practicable breach. From the account given by the officers captured during the sortie, it appeared that the Americans, with a perseverance and toil peculiar to themselves, had constructed subterranean passages to protect them from our shells, which, sinking into the clay, softened by the incessant rains, instead of exploding were speedily extinguished.

"Members of the militia, impatient of privations, and anxious to return to their families, withdrew themselves in small bodies under cover of the night. The majority of the Indians, enriched by plunder, and languishing under a mode of warfare so different from their own, with less ceremony left us to prosecute the siege as we could. Tecumseh, at the head of about four hundred of his tribe, the Shawanese, remained.

"The British troops also were wore down with constant fatigue; for here, as in every other expedition against the Americans, few, even of the officers, had tents to shield them from the weather. A few pieces of bark stripped from the trees, and covering the skeleton of a hut, constituted their only habitation. They were merely separated from the damp earth on which they lay, by a few scattered leaves, upon which were spread a blanket by the men, and a cloak by the officers. Hence frequently arose all those various sicknesses to which an army encamped on the wet ground is inevitably subject. Fortunate was he who possessed the skin of a bear or a buffalo, on which he could repose his weary limbs, after a period of suffering and privation which those who have never served in the wilds of America can with difficulty comprehend.

"Such was the condition of the contending parties towards the middle of May, when General Proctor, despairing to effect the reduction of the fort, caused preparations to be made for raising the siege. Accordingly the gunboats ascended the river and anchored under the batteries, the guns of which were conveyed on board under a heavy fire from the enemy. The whole being secured, the expedition returned to Malden. The Americans remained tranquil within their works, and suffered us to depart unmolested."

Of the eight hundred men who composed Colonel Dudley's division, only one hundred and fifty escaped. All the rest were either killed or captured. Many of the prisoners the Indians

claimed, and carried off with them to their towns to treat them there as they pleased. The loss of the garrison during the siege amounted to one hundred and eighty-nine. And now the question must arise in every thoughtful mind, What was the cause of this horrid war between England and America, which, destroying all the happiness and peace, created such suffering, slaughter and misery?

On the part of the British it was because their government demanded the privilege, whenever one of their men of war met any American vessel at sea, to send a lieutenant on board, summon the whole crew before him, and to take from that crew whoever he was disposed to declare to be a British subject, and to impress him as a sailor beneath the British flag. In this way more than a thousand American citizens had been kidnapped. The American government deemed this an outrage which no nation which respected itself could tolerate. Hence the war.

On the part of the Indians, they joined the British because the United States government claimed the privilege of purchasing immense extents of territory of an individual tribe, without consulting other tribes. The Indians were forbidden to unite for mutual protection, as Tecumseh and his party wished to unite them, following the example of the United States. The immediate occasion of the war which this question created was the treaty of Fort Wayne. By this treaty a few chiefs surrendered to the white men the whole of a vast and very attractive territory between the Ohio and Wabash Rivers, with three hundred miles front on the Ohio, and one hundred and fifty on the Wabash. Tecumseh claimed that these few chiefs had no sufficient authority to cede these immense hunting grounds which belonged, as he maintained, alike to many other tribes. Are these questions again to come up for final decision before God's tribunal.

General Harrison having repaired, as far as possible, the damage which the fort had received during the siege, repaired to the interior and southern portions of the State to organize and forward reinforcements. General Proctor made vigorous preparations at Malden to send out another and more formidable force for the capture of Fort Meigs. General Green Clay, who was left in command of the works, during the absence of General Harrison, discovered through his scouts, on the 20th day of July, that the enemy in great force, in crowded boats, were ascending the Mau-

mee. The army of British and Indians, under Proctor and Tecumseh, amounted to five thousand. The number of Indians was greater than had ever before been assembled during any period of the war. It is said that they counted four thousand. There were but a few hundred men left to defend the fort.

General Clay immediately dispatched a courier across the country, through the forest, to Sandusky, to inform General Harrison of the peril of the fort. The general sent back word that he would hasten to his relief as soon as possible, with a detachment of four hundred men. In the meantime he urged General Clay to practice the utmost caution to guard against surprise. It was General Harrison's plan to take a select number of four hundred men, and, approaching the fort at midnight, by a secret route, to cut their way at every hazard, through the investing lines into the fort. The courier, Captain McCune, of Ohio, reached the fort on his return, just at the break of day, on the 25th of July. He had one companion, James Devlan, a French Canadian. In the night they lost their way, and consequently reached the fort at a later hour than they had intended.

Around the fort there was a space two or three hundred yards in width, which was cleared of trees. Just as McCune and his companion entered the cleared ground, well mounted, but with exhausted steeds, a band of Indians caught sight of them, and came rushing upon them on horse-back, with hideous yells. The following account has been given of their escape :

"They immediately took to the high bank with their horses, and retreated at full gallop up the river for several miles, pursued by the Indians, also mounted, until they came to a deep ravine ; putting up from the river, in a southerly direction, when they turned upon the river bottom, and continued a short distance, until they found their further progress in that direction stopped by an impassable swamp. The Indians perceiving their dilemma, from their knowledge of the country, and expecting that they would naturally follow up the ravine, galloped thither to head them off. McCune guessed their intention, and he and his companion turned back upon their own track for the fort, gaining by this manœuver several hundred yards upon their pursuers. The Indians gave a yell of chagrin, and followed at their utmost speed. Just as they neared the fort, McCune dashed into a thicket across his course, on the opposite side of which, other Indians had huddled,

awaiting their prey. When this body of Indians had thought them all but in their possession, again was the presence of mind of McCune signally displayed. He wheeled his horse, followed by Devlan, made his way out of the thicket, by the passage he had entered, and galloped around into the open space between them and the river, where the pursuers were checked by fire from the block-house, at the western angle of the fort. In a few minutes after their arrival their horses dropped dead from fatigue. The Indians had orders to take them alive, as they had not fired until just as they entered the fort; but in the chase McCune had great difficulty in persuading Devlan to reserve his fire until the last extremity, and they therefore brought in their pieces loaded."

The Indians could not be relied upon in the least in any attempt to storm a fort. They would fight very valiantly from behind a tree, stump or rock. But nothing could induce them to come out into the open field, and expose their unprotected persons to the bullets of their foes. For three days many stratagems were resorted to to draw out the garrison, but they were all in vain. One very ingeniously devised stratagem of Tecumseh came very near involving the garrison in destruction. He knew that General Clay was hourly expecting the arrival of reinforcements, who would endeavor to cut their way through the investing lines, and thus greatly strengthen the defenders of the fortress.

He therefore caused a strong party of British infantry to be stationed secretly in a ravine, and at a little distance from them, in a dense grove, a squadron of well mounted cavalry. A large body of Indians were then posted in the forest at a little distance from the fort, on both sides of the Sandusky road, from which direction the reinforcements must come.

About an hour before dark the Indians commenced among themselves a sham fight. They raised hideous yells, and the battle was apparently very hotly contested. The design was to deceive the Americans into the belief that a deadly struggle was going on between them and a reinforcement endeavoring to gain an entrance to the fort. Thus it was hoped that the garrison might be enticed to sally out to the aid of their friends, who, while rushing to their assistance were in danger of being cut off. Should they do so, they would be instantly surrounded and cut to pieces by overwhelming numbers.

The measure was managed with so much skill, that the garris-

son instantly flew to arms. The roar of musketry and the resounding war whoops convinced them that a fierce battle was raging. Such a battle could only be between the British forces and their approaching friends. The soldiers clamored to be led forth to the aid of their comrades, who, without such aid, might all perish. Many of the officers of the highest grade were of that opinion, and almost demanded to be led out, as the uproar of the advancing and receding conflict fell upon their ears. There was almost a revolt in the garrison, in consequence of General Clay's refusal to suffer them to march out to the rescue of their friends.

The situation of General Clay was embarrassing in the extreme. Should it prove to be true that a reënforcement was struggling to enter the fort, and that they were left unaided to be tomahawked by the savages, the whole community, in its blind indignation would demand that General Clay should be shot as a coward and a traitor. And perhaps every officer and soldier in the garrison would join in that demand.

On the contrary, should it be a ruse to draw the garrison into an ambuscade, every man engaged in the sortie would be inevitably cut down, and the fort, with all its contents would fall into the hands of the enemy. This would be a loss second only to the loss of Detroit. These must have been moments of anguish with the brave and heroic general. It was the fortunate arrival of McCune which alone saved the garrison. The intelligence he brought from General Harrison, on the Sandusky, led General Clay to deem it *impossible* that General Harrison with reënforcements could even have left Sandusky so soon. And he was *certain* that no reënforcements could come from any other quarter. Therefore, while he could not account for the firing, he did not deem it possible that any friends were approaching the fort. The common soldiers would listen to no such reasoning. They were indignant and almost mutinous in their demand to be led forth.

It was a very narrow escape for the garrison. But for the firmness of General Clay, all must have perished. It is said that during this siege, when five thousand men surrounded the little band within the fortress, General Clay and his men resolved that they would not fall into the hands of General Proctor, who would hand them over to be tomahawked, scalped, and burned at the stake by the savages. Preparations were therefore made to fire

the magazine, in case the enemy should succeed in taking the fort by storm. The terrific explosion would involve all, friend and foe, in common destruction. This alternative was deemed preferable to perishing at the disposal of the savages.

The soldiers in the garrison often beguiled the hours in singing patriotic songs. A verse from one of them will show their general character :

“Freemen ! no longer bear such slaughter ;
Avenge your country's cruel woe,
Arouse and save your wives and daughters ;
Arouse and expel the faithless foe.
Chorus — Scalps are bought at stated prices,
Malden pays the price in gold.”

General Proctor, finding it impossible to draw the garrison out from the fort, and not deeming it safe to attempt to carry it by storm, on the 28th of July embarked his British troops on board his boats, and sailing down the Maumee, directed his course along the southern shore of the lake to the mouth of the Sandusky. His immense bands of Indians, under Tecumseh, filled the woods with their parties, as they traversed the swampy wilderness which spread out between the two posts.

General Harrison was then at Lower Sandusky. It is said that the meaning of the Indian word Sandusky is, *At the Cold Water*. This valley was in past ages a favorite residence of the Indians. It was occupied by a powerful tribe of Wyandots who were called *The Neutral Nation*. They had erected not far from each other two strongly-fortified towns, which were called cities of refuge. All who met there laid aside for the time their animosities and met as friends. “The ground,” writes Hon. Lewis Cass, “on which they stood was holy. It was a beautiful institution, a calm and peaceful island, looking out upon a world of waves and tempests.”

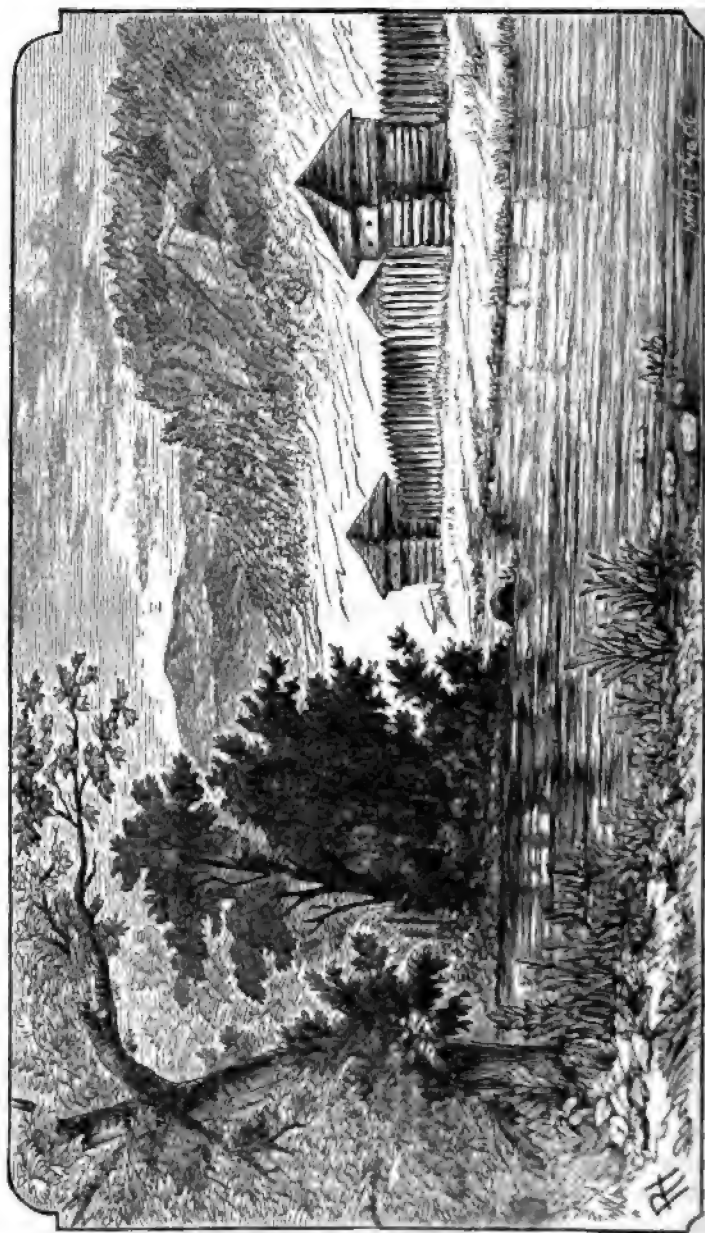
When the French missionaries reached the lake two centuries ago, the Neutral Nation was still in existence. Major Stickney writes, in a lecture delivered at Toledo in 1845 : “The remains of extensive works of defense are now to be seen near Lower Sandusky. The Wyandots have given me this account of them. At a period of two centuries and a half ago, all the Indians west of this point were at war with all the Indians east of it. Two walled towns were built near each other, and each were inhabited by

those of Wyandot origin. They assumed a neutral character, and the Indians at war recognized that character. All at the west might enter the western city, and all of the east the eastern. The inhabitants of one city might inform those of the other that war parties were there; but who they were, or whence they came, or anything more, must not be mentioned. The war parties might remain there in security, taking their own time for departure. At the western town they suffered the warriors to burn their prisoners near it. But the eastern would not permit this. An old Wyandot informed me that he recollected seeing, when a boy, the remains of a cedar post or stake at which they used to burn prisoners. The French historians tell us that these neutral cities were inhabited, and their neutral character respected when they first came here. At length a quarrel arose between the two cities, and one destroyed the inhabitants of the other. This put an end to all neutrality.

Where the town of Lower Sandusky now stands there was a picketed fortification, embracing about an acre of land, called Fort Stevenson. It was both a garrison and a trading house. The works were not sufficiently capacious to accommodate more than about two hundred men. The defense of this fort was entrusted to a heroic young man, Major George Crogan, but twenty-one years of age. There were one hundred and sixty privates in the garrison. The officers were bold, vigorous, enthusiastic young men. The fort was on the west bank of the river, about twenty miles from its mouth. The only piece of artillery in the fort was one six-pounder.

About twelve miles above Fort Stevenson there was another stockade called Fort Seneca. It was garrisoned by one hundred and forty men. General Harrison had selected this position as the best at which to rendezvous the troops which he was daily expecting from the interior. From that point he could dispatch his forces either up or down the river, to protect the large amount of property which was collected in the Valley of the Sandusky.

General Clay immediately sent word to General Harrison that the enemy had left Fort Meigs, and had directed his course towards the Sandusky. A council of war decided that Fort Stevenson was not tenable against a force approaching it with heavy artillery. General Harrison sent an order by Mr. Connor and



FORT SENECA

two Indians, to Major Crogan to abandon Stevenson, set fire to the fort, destroy all the property he could not bring away with him, and retreat to Seneca. But in the night the messenger became lost in the forest and did not reach the fort until 11 o'clock the next day. But then it was too late to retreat, as Indian bands were already hovering around the fort in considerable force. General Harrison had previously said to him :

"Should the British troops approach you in force with cannon and you can discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores. You must be aware that the attempt to retreat in the face of an Indian force would be vain. Against the Indians you would be safe in garrison, however great the numbers."

Major Crogan, finding that he could not retreat, sent back the following answer, which he worded in reference to the great probability that it would fall into the hands of the enemy. He wished to deceive the enemy into the conviction that he had ample force to repel any of his attacks :

"SIR — I have just received yours of yesterday, 10 o'clock P.M., ordering me to destroy this place, and make good my retreat. It came too late to be carried into execution. We have determined to maintain this place, and by heavens we can."

General Harrison not understanding the motive which dictated this response, was much displeased. He immediately sent another order by Colonels Wells and Ball, supported by a corps of dragoons. The spicy order, signed by the adjutant general, was as follows :

"July 30, 1813.

"SIR — The general has received your letter of this date informing him that you had thought proper to disobey the order issued from this office, and delivered to you this morning. It appears that the information which dictated the order was incorrect; and as you did not receive it in the night, as was expected, it might have been proper that you should have reported the circumstance and your situation, before you proceeded to its execution. This might have been passed over. But I am directed to say to you that an officer who presumes to aver that he has made his resolution, and that he will act in direct opposition to the orders of his general, can no longer be entrusted with a separate command. Colonel Wells is sent to relieve you. You will deliver the com-

mand to him, and repair with Colonel Bell's squadron to this place.

"By command of General Harrison.

"A. H. HOLMES, Adjutant General."

The dispatch reached the fort in safety. Crogan was arrested and carried to head-quarters by the dragoons. On their return to Fort Seneca they encountered a party of twelve Indians and shot eleven of them. General Harrison was perfectly satisfied with the explanation which Major Crogan gave him. He kept him for the night, treating him with the utmost kindness, and the next morning restored him to his command. Upon his return to Fort Stevenson Major Crogan immediately dispatched a reconnoitering party down the river. The troops returned with the report that the boats of the enemy were just entering the stream. The Indians also began to show themselves in force on the opposite side of the river. A few discharges from the six-pounder compelled them to retire out of sight.

Soon the British gun-boats came in sight, and landed their troops about a mile below the fort; and the Indians, four thousand in number, began to display themselves in all directions. The troops effected a landing unopposed, and they soon placed in position a five and a half inch howitzer to open fire upon the fort. General Proctor then sent Major Chambers forward with a flag of truce to summon a surrender. Major Crogan dispatched Ensign Shipp out of the gates to meet him. After the usual ceremonies, the British officer communicated the following message to be borne to Major Crogan :

"General Proctor demands the surrender of the fort, as he is anxious to spare the effusion of blood. He can easily reduce the fort with the powerful force of artillery, British regulars and Indians he has under his command. But in that case he cannot possibly restrain his Indian allies. All the garrison will inevitably be massacred."

He then of his own accord, as if appalled by the horrible scenes he had already witnessed, added :

"It is a great pity that such a fine young man as you are should fall into the hands of the savages. I intreat you, sir, for God's sake, to surrender, and prevent the dreadful massacre which will be caused by your resistance. We are amply prepared to take the fort, and it cannot possibly hold out against us."

Ensign Shipp replied : " The commandant of the fort and his garrison are determined to defend it to the last extremity. No force, however great, can induce them to surrender. They are resolved to maintain their post or bury themselves in its ruins. The fort will not be given up while there is a man to resist. When taken, there will be none left to massacre."

The enemy now opened fire from their six pounders in the gun boats and from the howitzer on shore. The bombardment was continued almost without intermission through the night, though it produced but little effect upon the works. The fire was directed against the northwest angle. This led Major Crogan to suppose that the attempt to storm the works would be made at that point. He withheld his own fire, as it could effect but little, and he wished to save his ammunition. He, however, occasionally fired, moving his gun from place to place, to lead the foe to believe that he had many pieces in the fort.

The fort was surrounded by a dry ditch, nine feet wide, and six feet deep. On the middle of the north line of the fort there was a block-house, from which this ditch could be raked, in either direction, by artillery. Major Crogan placed his one cannon in this bastion, and had it loaded almost to the muzzle, with slugs and grape-shot. During the night General Proctor landed three of his six pounders, and placed them in battery at a distance of but about two hundred and fifty yards from the fort. From this battery and the howitzer he concentrated an intense fire upon the northwestern angle of the fort. Major Crogan strengthened the point, thus assailed, as much as possible with bags of sand.

Late in the evening of that day, when the smoke of the firing had completely enveloped the fort, General Proctor pushed forward a strong column of British regulars to the assault. They had arrived within twenty paces of the fort before they were discerned through the smoke and the darkness. A galling fire of musketry, from the fort, was instantly poured in upon them. But with bravery characteristic of British soldiers, they pressed forward and leaped into the ditch, led by their commander, Colonel Short.

The masked port-hole was instantly opened. The muzzle of the six-pounder was thrust out. There was a thunderous explosion ; and a terrific storm of grape-shot and slugs, tore through the crashing bones and quivering nerves of more than three hun-

dred men, at the distance of but a few feet from the deadly weapon. The carnage was horrible. It was supposed that nearly fifty were struck down by that one discharge. A precipitate and tumultuous retreat ensued. All the efforts of the officers to rally the men for another assault were in vain. Two other columns attacked the fort as feints. They were both easily repelled by a shower of lead, thrown with the unerring aim of the riflemen.

Colonel Short, who commanded the regulars composing the forlorn hope, was ordering his men to leap the ditch, cut down the pickets and give the Americans no quarters, when he fell mortally wounded into the ditch. He hoisted his white handkerchief on the end of his sword, and begged for that mercy which he had, a moment before, ordered to be denied to his enemy.

During the assault, which lasted about half an hour, the enemy kept up an incessant fire from their howitzer, and from their battery of five-pounders. In this short time the total loss of the enemy was not less than one hundred and fifty. The garrison reported but one killed and seven slightly wounded. The routed foe fled into the adjoining woods, beyond the reach of the fire-arms of the garrison. The wounded, in the ditch, were in a dreadful situation, hour after hour. The garrison could not rally to their relief, for Indian sharp-shooters were prowling all around, watching for their prey. Neither side could, with safety, afford them any refuge, Major Crogan passed some water over the picketing, in buckets, for the poor mutilated, bleeding, dying creatures, who were but the victims of the crimes of their superiors. A hole was also cut under the pickets, through which all who were able, were urged to crawl into the fort, where they were cared for with the utmost tenderness. Others crept away to a distance where they were rescued by their friends.

It was known by the British commander, that General Harrison was up the river, but a few miles, with a rapidly accumulating force. He had supposed that he could easily take Fort Stevenson, and that then, within its intrenchments, he could bid defiance to any force which could march upon him from up the river. But having utterly failed in his attack, and receiving exaggerated reports of the forces accumulated in the fort above, he was quite terror stricken. He could place but little reliance upon the Indians, who would never meet their foes in the open field. He had with him but a thousand British troops.

At any moment he might see the solid columns of the Americans sweeping down upon him with artillery and infantry. They would line the shores of the river, and protected by the trees, would pour in upon his crowded barges a murderous fire. Thus the danger was imminent that his whole detachment might be cut off, being either killed or captured. Consequently, with the utmost precipitation, the British regulars fled to their boats in the gloom of midnight. So great was their haste that they left one boat behind containing some clothing and a considerable quantity of military stores. Seventy stand of arms, and also several brace of pistols, were the next day picked up by the garrison around the fort.

General Harrison, when the assault commenced, learned by the firing that the enemy had only light artillery. He was confident that they could not thus make any serious impression upon the fort. He knew that any attempt to storm it without having first made an effective breach would prove unavailing. As he was expecting the arrival of two hundred and fifty mounted volunteers every hour, the advance-guard of seven hundred infantry, he decided not to move upon Proctor until they should reach him. He sent several scouts through the woods to spy out the condition of the fort and the foe. But they found the forest so swarming with Indians that they could make no important discovery.

Major Crogan, however, sent a courier who, in the darkness of the night, succeeded in eluding the Indian bands and conveyed to General Harrison the intelligence that the enemy was preparing to retreat. General Harrison now decided to wait no longer for the infantry. The dragoons reached Fort Seneca early in the morning. The general immediately set out for Fort Stevenson, leaving orders for the infantry to follow immediately upon their arrival. But the enemy had all disappeared. The British had descended the river in their boats, and the Indians had fled across the country in the direction of Fort Meigs. In General Harrison's official report of this affair he writes:

"It will not be among the least of General Proctor's mortifications that he has been baffled by a youth who has just passed his twenty-first year. He is, however, a hero worthy of his gallant uncle, General George R. Clarke."

CHAPTER XXXV.

WAR AND ITS WOES. PEACE AND ITS ISSUES.

THE FLEETS ON LAKE ERIE—PERRY'S VICTORY—DETROIT AND MICHIGAN REGAINED—SPEECH OF TECUMSEH—THE BATTLE OF THE THAMES—DEATH OF TECUMSEH—TESTIMONY OF MR. ATWATER—THE TREATY OF GHENT—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE STATE CAPITOL—THE SQUIRREL HUNT—ANECDOTES OF THE WYANDOTS—REV. MR. FINLEY'S MISSION—TREATIES WITH THE INDIANS—EXTINGUISHMENT OF ALL THEIR CLAIMS—INDIAN SUPERSTITION—THE FIRST STEAMER ON THE OHIO—PHENOMENA OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

GENERAL PROCTOR, with his British troops, made all possible haste back to his fort at Malden. The siege had roused all the military energies of the State of Ohio, and troops, from all quarters, were hurrying to the Sandusky. But when they arrived there, there was no foe to be found. Sufficient preparations had not yet been made to attempt the recovery of Detroit. General Harrison was therefore under the necessity of dismissing most of the soldiers, as there was nothing for them to do, and they were only consuming the provisions. In the meantime both parties were making vigorous preparations for a naval battle which would decide who should have command of the lake with all its shores. Ship carpenters were busily employed at Erie, in Pennsylvania, and at some other ports, in building vessels of war. In a few months nine vessels were ready for service, carrying, in all, fifty-four guns, and manned by about six hundred sailors and marines. The fleet, in preparation for the great conflict, anchored just off the mouth of Sandusky Bay. Thence Commodore Perry, who was in command of the squadron, sailed to Put-in-Bay, a harbor on one of the islands of the lake, about thirty miles from Malden, where the British squadron was riding at anchor. It consisted of six vessels under Commodore Barclay, carrying sixty-

four guns, manned by a crew of about eight hundred. About sunrise of the 10th of September the British fleet was discerned, under full sail, in the distant western horizon. Commodore Perry immediately got under way, and forming in line of battle, bore up upon the enemy. He hoisted his flag with the motto, *Don't give up the Ship*. It was greeted with repeated cheers by the crews.

The lightness of the wind occasioned the hostile squadrons to approach each other but slowly, and prolonged for two hours the solemn interest of suspense and anxiety which precedes a battle. The order and regularity of naval discipline heightened the dreadful quiet of the moment. No noise, no bustle, prevailed to distract the mind, except at intervals the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, or a murmuring whisper among the men who stood around their guns with lighted matches, narrowly watching the movements of the foe, and sometimes stealing a glance at the countenances of their commanders. In this manner the hostile fleets gradually neared each other in awful silence. At fifteen minutes after eleven, a bugle was sounded on board the enemy's headmost ship, the *Detroit*, loud cheers burst from all their crews, and a tremendous fire was opened upon Commodore Perry's flagship, the *Lawrence*, from the British long guns, which, from the shortness of the guns of the *Lawrence*, she was obliged to sustain for forty minutes without firing a shot.*

Their shot pierced the sides of the *Lawrence*, striking down the men, and killing the wounded in the berth deck and steerage, where they had been carried to be dressed. It seemed to be the plan of the British commander first to destroy the *Lawrence*. All his largest vessels gathered around her, and opened upon the doomed ship a terrible fire. Every brace and bowline was soon cut away. The wind was so light and in such a direction that the other vessels could not come to her aid. For two hours the ship sustained this awful bombardment, while but two or three of her guns could be brought to bear upon her antagonists. The most perfect discipline was maintained as the men passed through this fearful ordeal. As fast as the men were wounded at the guns they were taken below, and others promptly stepped into their places. The dead were left where they fell until the close of the action. The *Lawrence* was reduced to a perfect wreck. Her

* Perkins' Late War.

decks were red with blood, and the mangled bodies of the slain were scattered all around. Nearly every gun was dismantled. All the crew, except three or four, had been either killed or wounded. The last gun capable of service was worked by the commodore and his officers.

It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. Captain Elliot, in command of the Niagara, succeeded by the aid of the light breeze in bringing his ship into close action.

"The commodore immediately determined to shift his flag on board that ship. Giving his own in charge of Lieutenant Yarnell, he hauled down his union jack, and taking it under his arm, ordered a boat to put him on board the Niagara. Broadides were leveled at his boat, and a shower of musketry from three of the enemy's ships. He arrived safe, and hoisted his union jack with its animating motto on board the Niagara.

"Captain Elliot, by direction of the commodore, immediately put off in a boat to bring up the schooners, which had been kept back by the lightness of the wind. At this moment the flag of the Lawrence was hauled down. She had sustained the principal force of the enemy's fire for two hours, and was rendered incapable of defense. Any further show of resistance would have been a useless sacrifice of the relics of her brave and mangled crew. The enemy were also so crippled that they were unable to take possession of her, and circumstances soon enabled her crew again to hoist her flag.

"Commodore Perry now gave the signal to all the vessels for close action. The small vessels, under the direction of Captain Elliot, got out their sweeps and made all sail. Finding the Niagara but little injured, the commander determined upon the bold and desperate expedient of breaking the enemy's line. He accordingly bore up and passed the head of the two ships and brig, giving them a raking fire from his starboard guns, and also a raking fire upon a large schooner and sloop from his larboard quarter at half pistol-shot. Having gotten the whole squadron into action, he luffed, and laid his ship along side the British Commodore. The small vessels having now got up within good grape and canister distance, on the other quarter, enclosed their enemy between them and the Niagara, and in this position kept up a most destructive fire on both quarters of the British until every ship struck her colors."*

*Perkins' Late War.



CHARLES ANDERSON
Governor 1865-66.

This desperate engagement lasted for three hours. The victory obtained by Commodore Perry was complete. The loss on board of the American ships, in killed and wounded, was one hundred and twenty-four. Of these twenty-seven were killed outright. The British lost over two hundred in killed and wounded, and all the remainder of the crew, being more than six hundred in number, were made prisoners. Every British vessel fell into the hands of the victor. Commodore Perry immediately sent a dispatch to General Harrison, who had returned to Fort Meigs, saying, "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

"The slain of the crews of both squadrons were consigned to burial in the depths of the still waters of the lake. The next day the funeral obsequies of the American and British officers who had fallen were performed at an opening on the margin of the bay, in an appropriate and affecting manner. The crews of both fleets united in the ceremony. The stillness of the weather, the procession of boats, the music, the slow and regular motion of the oars, striking in exact time with notes of the solemn dirge, the mournful waving of the flags, the sound of the minute-guns from all the ships, and the wild and solitary aspect of the place gave to these funeral rites a most impressive influence, and formed an affecting contrast with the terrible struggle of the preceding day. Then the people of the two squadrons were engaged in the deadly strife of arms. Now they were associated as brothers to pay the last tribute of respect to the slain of both nations."

The importance of this victory was incalculable. It was fought near the western extremity of Lake Erie, and in waters within the boundaries of the State of Ohio. The fate of the British Commodore, Barclay, was melancholy indeed. He had lost one arm at Trafalgar. And now, in addition to the terrible and humiliating defeat he had encountered, he lost the other. This was a doom far more dreadful than death. Commodore Perry, in his official dispatch, spoke in the highest terms of respect and commiseration for his wounded antagonist, and begged leave to grant him an immediate parole.

The roar of the cannonade was distinctly heard at Malden. An allied force of British and Indians, amounting to five thousand five hundred men, was at that fort anxiously awaiting the result. The defeat of the British squadron would render it necessary for them immediately to vacate their works. General Proctor tried,

for a time, to conceal the disaster from the Indians. But the eagle eye of Tecumseh immediately detected the indications of a retreat. Demanding an interview with General Proctor, for whom he had but little respect, he thus addressed him :

"In the war before this, with the Americans, you gave the hatchet to the Indians when our old chiefs were alive. They are now dead. In that war the British were thrown flat upon their backs by the Americans. You took them by the hand and made peace without consulting us. We fear you will do so again. When this war was declared our British father gave us the tomahawk and told us that he wanted our assistance, and that he would certainly get back for us our lands, which the Americans had taken from us.

"You told us to bring our families here, and promised to take care of them, and that while our men went out to fight the Americans our women and children should want for nothing. Your fleet has gone out; we know that they have fought; we have heard the great guns. But we know not what has happened to the chief with one arm. Your ships have gone one way, and we are much surprised to see our father tying up everything and preparing to run in the other direction. You always told us to remain here, and declared that you would never take your foot from British ground. Now we see that you are drawing back, without waiting to get sight of the enemy. We must compare our father to a fat dog, who, when afrighted, drops his tail between his legs and runs away.

"The Americans have not yet defeated us by land. We are not sure that they have by water. We therefore wish to remain here and fight our enemy, should they make their appearance. If they defeat us we will then retreat.

"At the battle of the Rapids, in the last war, the Americans certainly defeated us. And when we fled to the British fort the gates were shut against us. We *were* afraid that it might be so again; but instead of that we see our British friends preparing themselves to flee from their garrison. You have the arms and ammunition which our British father sent for his red children. If you intend to go away give them to us, and then you may go and welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will we wish to be buried beneath them."

On the 28th September, only eighteen days after Perry's victory, General Harrison landed a force of nearly three thousand men at but a short distance from Malden, and marched upon the works. But he found them deserted. The fortress and all the store-houses were in ashes. The next day General Harrison with his troops re-crossed the river and took possession of Detroit. There was no force there to resist him. The vast peninsula of Michigan was thus again restored to the United States.

General Proctor, with his disheartened Indian allies, was on the rapid retreat towards the heart of Canada. There was a considerable river, called the Thames, flowing from the east through a wild and entirely unbroken wilderness and emptying into Lake St. Clair. Proctor was slowly and laboriously retreating along this pathless valley, encountering innumerable obstacles. General Harrison, having speedily consolidated his conquest at Detroit, on the 2d of October crossed the river to the Canadian shore, and commenced the vigorous pursuit of the foe. He had an admirable army of a little over three thousand men, including a regiment of mounted infantry under Colonel Johnson. Accustomed to Indian warfare, he moved rapidly, but with the greatest caution.

On the 5th of the month his army overtook the retreating foe. General Proctor had posted himself very strongly, with the River Thames protecting one flank, and an almost impassable marsh the other. The Indians occupied a very dense forest just beyond the swamp. The battle-field was about eighty miles northeast from the mouth of the Thames. In General Harrison's official account of the battle he writes:

"I determined to break the British line at once, by a charge of the mounted infantry. I placed myself at the head of the front line of infantry to direct the movements of the cavalry and to give the necessary support. The army had moved on in this order but a short distance, when the mounted men received the fire of the British line, and were ordered to charge. The horses in front of the column recoiled from the fire. Our column, at length getting into motion, broke through the enemy with irresistible force. In one minute the contest in front was over. The British officers, seeing no hopes of reducing their disordered ranks to order, and our mounted men wheeling upon them and pouring in a destructive fire, immediately surrendered. It is certain that three only

of our troops were wounded in this charge. In one minute the contest in front was over."

General Harrison marched from Detroit with thirty-five hundred men. He left on the way, or held in reserve, one thousand. Thus he brought into the battle about twenty-five hundred. General Proctor had one thousand British regulars, and twenty-five hundred Indians, under Tecumseh. Proctor, seeing his British troops utterly routed, succeeded in effecting his escape with two hundred dragoons. General Harrison then turned all his force upon the Indians. The savages fought very persistently for a time from behind the trees. But at length, having lost their leader and a large number of their bravest warriors, they fled precipitately with yells into the thick woods, where no mounted foe could follow them. The defeat of the British army was entire. Proctor lost, of his regular troops, sixty-nine killed and wounded. Six hundred of his soldiers and officers were taken prisoners. The Indians left one hundred and fifty dead on the field of battle. Among the slain was their renowned chieftain, Tecumseh. The artillery which was taken from the British with Burgoyne at Saratoga, and which General Hull had surrendered at Detroit, was all captured.

The question is often asked, "Who killed Tecumseh?" The following narrative, given by Mr. Caleb Atwater, would seem to settle that question:

"In this action Tecumseh was killed, which circumstance has given rise to almost innumerable fictions. The writer's opportunity for knowing the truth is equal to that of any person now living. He was personally very well acquainted with that celebrated warrior. He accompanied Tecumseh, Elsquataway, Fourlegs and Caraymaunee on their tour among the Six Nations in New York in 1809, and acted as their interpreter among those Indians. In 1829, at Prairie Du Chien, the two latter Indians, both then civil chiefs of the Winnebagos, were with the writer, who was then acting as Commissioner of Indian Affairs in the United States service.

"From the statement of these constant companions of Tecumseh during nearly twenty years of his life, we proceed to state that Tecumseh lay with his warriors at the commencement of the battle, in a forest of thick underbrush on the left of the American army. These Indians were at no period of the battle out of the

thick underbrush. No officer was seen between them and the American army. Tecumseh fell at the very first fire of the Kentucky dragoons, pierced by thirty bullets, and was carried four or five miles into the thick woods, and was there buried by the warriors who told the story of his fate.

"This account was repeated to me three several times, word for word, and neither of the relators ever knew the fictions to which Tecumseh's death had given rise. Some of these fictions originated in the mischievous design of ridiculing the person who is said to have killed this savage, and who, by-the-by, killed no one, that day at least, either red or white. General Harrison, who planned this well-fought and successful battle, has never been applauded for what he so richly merited, while an individual, a subordinate, who merely did his duty, as every other officer and soldier did, has been applauded to the very echo for killing an Indian! If that had been true, he deserved no more credit than any one common soldier in the engagement.

"A few Mohawks, and some other Indian chiefs and warriors belonging to the Canadian Indians about Lake Ontario, were mixed with the British regulars in the front line of the enemy. Some of these savages were killed in the action, and the remainder of these Indians on horseback fled with Proctor. The Indian found dead belonged to these Indians, and not to the Winnebago or Shawanese, who, in this battle, lay in ambush beyond a morass on the left of the American army."

The annihilation of the British fleet on Lake Erie, the reconquest of Detroit, and the utter overthrow and dispersion of the British army at the battle of the Thames, brought peace to the northwestern frontier. The population of Ohio was now three hundred thousand. At the conclusion of Wayne's war, eighteen years before, it numbered but five thousand. The battle of the Thames was fought on the 5th of October, 1813.

President Madison, in his message to Congress of November 4, 1812, speaking of this employment of the savages by the British, writes:

"The enemy has not scrupled to call to his aid the ruthless ferocity of the savages, armed with instruments of carnage and torture, which are known to spare neither age nor sex. In this outrage against the laws of honorable war, and against the feelings sacred to humanity, the British commanders cannot resort to

the plea of retaliation, for it is committed in the face of our example. They cannot mitigate it by calling it *self-defense* against men in arms, for it embraces the most shocking butcheries of defenseless families. Nor can it be pretended that they are not answerable for the atrocities perpetrated, for the savages are employed with a knowledge, and even with menaces, that their fury cannot be controlled. Such is the spectacle which the deputed authorities of a nation boasting its religion and morality have not refrained from presenting to an enlightened age."

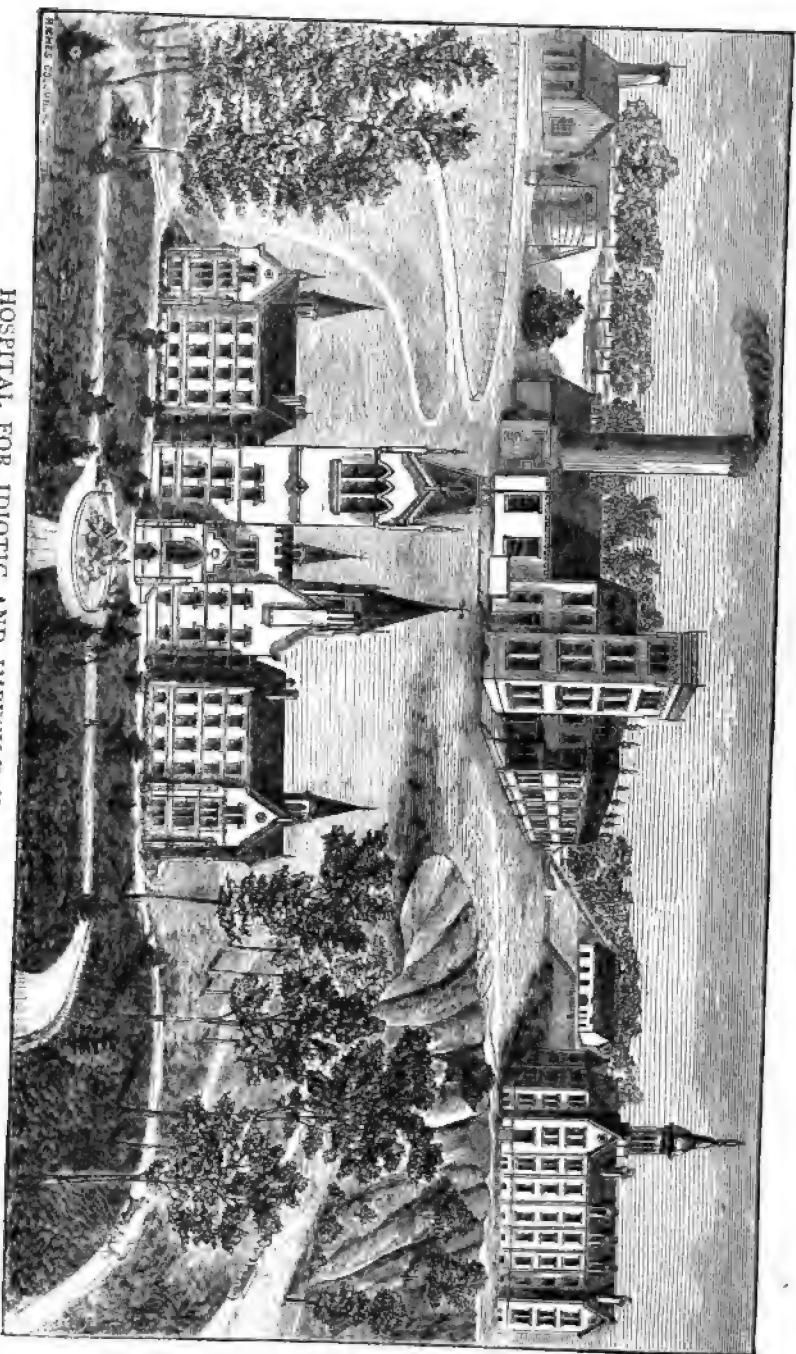
Peace was made with Great Britain at Ghent, on the 24th of December, 1814. The Indians, after the fall of Tecumseh, renounced all hope of arresting the advances of the white men. Tribe after tribe renounced its hunting-grounds, and, receiving in exchange rich annuities from the United States, retired beyond the Mississippi.

Previous to the year 1812 there was no permanent state capital in Ohio. In the year 1816 the state government was established at Columbus. The sessions of the Legislature were held at Chillicothe until 1810, and then at Zanesville. In 1812 the high bank of the Scioto River, just opposite Franklinton, was selected by a committee of the Legislature as a site for the future capital. The region was then an unbroken wilderness. In December, 1816, the state authorities met there for the first time in legislative session. The location was very beautiful, and was on the same parallel of latitude with Philadelphia, from which it was distant four hundred and fifty miles. It was also on the same longitude with Detroit, being one hundred and seventy miles south of that city.

The proprietors of the land entered into a contract with the state. The town, covered with the primeval forest, was carefully surveyed and laid out, and on the 18th of June, 1812, the first sale of lots by public auction was held. On that day war was declared with Great Britain. The city grew very rapidly, emigrants flowing in from all quarters. A curious incident occurred in Columbus in the year 1822, which is worthy of record. The *Columbus Gazette* of August 29 contains the following notice:

"Grand Squirrel Hunt. The squirrels are becoming so numerous in the county as to threaten serious injury, if not destruction, to the hopes of the farmer during the ensuing fall. Much good might be done by a general turn out of all citizens whose conven-

HOSPITAL FOR IDIOTIC AND IMBECILE YOUTHS AT COLUMBUS.



ience will permit, for two or three days, in order to prevent the alarming ravages of these mischievous neighbors. It is therefore respectfully submitted to the different townships, each to meet and choose two or three of their citizens in a hunting caucus at the house of Christian Heyl, on Saturday, the 31st instant, at two o'clock P. M. Should the time above stated prove to be too short for the townships to hold meetings as above recommended, the following persons are respectfully nominated and invited to attend the meeting at Columbus "

Thirty-four persons were then nominated from the several townships. A subsequent paper says, "The hunt was conducted agreeably to the instructions in our last paper. On counting the scalps it appeared that nineteen thousand six hundred and sixty scalps were produced. It is impossible to say what number in all were killed, as a great many of the hunters did not come in."

Continuous efforts were now made to extinguish the Indian titles to all their lands within the state. During the year 1817 Honorable Lewis Cass and Honorable Duncan Walker met a large delegation of the Indian chiefs at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, and succeeded in purchasing an immense expanse of territory. The Wyandots reserved twelve miles square in Wyandot County, on the Upper Sandusky, and there were also two other very small reservations.

The Wyandots were considered the bravest of all the Indian tribes. Several of their chiefs were men, not only of highly moral, but of religious character. In the early occupation of Canada by the French, the Catholics, with a spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice which has never been surpassed, established a mission there. The first Protestant who preached to them was John Stewart, a mulatto, of the Methodist denomination. He was followed by a regularly established mission of the Methodist Church. Rev. James B. Finley, one of the best of men, formed a church here and organized a school. One of the Wyandot chiefs, Between-the-Logs, became quite a celebrated preacher.

Another of these Christian chiefs, Sum-mun-de-wat, was brutally murdered by some miscreant white men. He had been out, accompanied by his family, on a hunting expedition in the wilderness of what is now Hancock County. He had returned to his lodge with a good supply of food, and was sitting with his wife and children at his fire when three white men entered. The

hospitable Indian treated them with the utmost kindness. His wife immediately cooked a supper for them. Sum-mun-de-wat, after they had finished their supper, according to his custom, kneeled with his wife and children in family prayer. He then provided his guests with a comfortable couch of skins for sleep.

In the night these wretches rose and murdered the chief and his wife, and plundered the lodge of all its valuables. They were so bold and unblushing in this crime that they were easily arrested. They were, however, allowed to escape, and were never punished. In speaking of this case, Colonel Johnston says, that in a period of fifty-three years, since he first went to the West, he never knew of but one instance in which a white man was tried, convicted, and executed for the murder of an Indian. Such were the outrages which often stung the Indians to madness. This one exception was brought about by the efficient action of Colonel Johnston himself, aided by the promptness of the Hon. John C. Calhoun, who was then Secretary of War. He took an interest in bringing the offender to justice, which was very unusual on the part of the officers of our government.

Rev. Mr. Finley, in his interesting History of the Wyandot Mission, often alludes to this Christian chieftain. The following anecdotes which he relates will be read with interest:

"Sum-mun-de-wat amused me after he came home by relating a circumstance which occurred one cold evening just before sundown. 'I met,' said he, 'on a small path not far from my camp a man who asked me if I could talk English. I said, "Little." He ask me, "How far is it to a house?" I answer, "I don't know, maybe ten miles, maybe eight miles." "Is there a path leading to it?" "No; by-and-by dis go out (pointing to the path they were on), then all wood. You go home with me, sleep, me go show you to-morrow."

"Then he came to my camp; so take horse, tie, give him some corn and brush, then my wife give him some supper. He ask me where I come. I say 'Sandusky.' He say, 'You know Finley?' 'Yes,' I say. 'He is my brother, my father.' Then he say, 'He is *my* brother.' Then I feel something in my heart burn. I say, 'You preacher?' He say, 'Yes;' and I shook hands and say, 'My brother!' Then we try talk. Then I say, 'You sing and pray.' So he did. Then he say to me, 'Sing and pray.' So I did; and I so much cry I can't pray. No go sleep; I can't, I

wake, my heart full. All night I pray and praise God, for He send me preacher to sleep in my camp. Next morning soon come, and he want to go. Then I show him through the woods, until we come to big road. Then he took me by hand and say, 'Farewell, brother; by-and-by we meet up in Heaven.' Then me cry, and my brother cry. We part; I go hunt. All day I cry, and no see deer jump up and run away. Then I go and pray by some log. My heart so full of joy that I cannot walk much. I say, 'I cannot hunt.' Sometimes I sing. Then I stop and clap my hands and look up to God, my Heavenly Father. Then the love come so fast in my heart I can hardly stand. So I went home, and said, 'This is my happiest day.'"

Rev. Mr. Finley relates another anecdote of one of these Wyandot chiefs, who, subsequently to the event here recorded, became a Christian. He was one of the most brave and sagacious of their warriors, and was selected by the tribe to kill Adam Poe, who resided in a lonely hut near the mouth of the Yellow Stone River. We have previously described the desperate conflict in which Poe and his party killed five out of six of an Indian band.

"The Wyandots chose chief Rohn-yen-ness as a proper person to kill him, and then make his escape. He went to Poe's house, and was met with great friendship. Poe not having any suspicion of his design, the best in the house was furnished him. When the time to retire to sleep came, he made a pallet on the floor for his Indian guest to sleep. He and his wife went to bed in the same room. Rohn-yen-ness said that they both soon feel asleep. There being no person about the house but some children, this afforded him a fair opportunity to execute his purpose; but the kindness they had both shown him worked in his mind. He asked himself how he could get up and kill even an enemy that had taken him in and treated him so well, so much like a brother.

"The more he thought about it the worse he felt. But still, on the other hand, he was sent by his nation to avenge the death of two of its most valiant warriors; and their spirits would not be appeased until the blood of Poe was shed. There he said he lay, in this conflict of mind, until about midnight. The duty he owed to his nation and the spirits of his departed friends aroused him. He seized his knife and tomahawk and crept to the bedside of his sleeping host. Again the kindness which he had received from Poe stared him in the face; and he said, 'It is mean—it is un-

worthy the character of an Indian warrior to kill even an enemy who has so kindly treated him.' He went back to his pallet and slept till morning.

"His kind friend loaded him with blessings, and told him that they were once enemies, but that now they had buried the hatchet and were brothers, and that he hoped they would always be so. Rohn-yan-ness, overwhelmed with a sense of the generous treatment he had received from his once powerful enemy, but now his kind friend, left him to join his party. He said that the more he reflected on what he had done, and the course he had pursued, the more he was convinced that he had done right. This once revengeful savage warrior was overcome by the kindness of an evening, and all his plans frustrated. This man became one of the most pious and devoted of the Indian converts. Although a chief, he was as humble as a child. He used his steady influence against the traders and their fire-water."

In the treaty which Messrs. Cass and Walker made with the Indians at the Maumee Rapids, in 1819, the Delawares retained a tract of three miles square on the south side of the Wyandot tract. The Senecas also reserved forty thousand acres on the east side of Sandusky River, mainly in Seneca County. But in the year 1829 the Delawares ceded their reservation to the United States; and the Senecas theirs in 1831. In the year 1842 the Wyandots surrendered their territory also. And thus every foot of the soil of Ohio passed from the red men, who had so long roved its savage wilderness, into the hands of the white man, who was destined to make the wilderness bud and bloom as the rose.

Mr. Brish relates the following incident as illustrative of the superstition of the Seneca Indians, and of the composure with which their warriors would meet. The tribe had diminished to about four hundred souls.

About the year 1825 three of the prominent chiefs went on an excursion to seek a new home and fresh hunting-grounds for their people. Their names were Coonstick, Steel and Cracked Hoof. They returned after an absence of nearly three years. Coonstick and Steel were brothers. They left behind them an older brother, Comstock, who was chief of the tribe, and a younger brother, John

The two brothers who went West finding, on their return, that their elder brother, Comstock, was dead, and that their younger

brother was chief in his stead, charged John with having caused the death of Comstock by witchcraft. He denied the charge most earnestly.

"I loved my brother Comstock," said he, "more than I loved the green earth I stand upon. I would give up myself, limb by limb, piecemeal by piecemeal; I would shed my blood, drop by drop, to restore him to life."

But his protestations of innocence and love for his brother were all unavailing. His brothers told him that he must die, and that it was their duty to be his executioners. John calmly replied:

"I am willing to die. I ask only that you will allow me to live until to-morrow morning, that I may see the sun rise once more. I will sleep to-night in the porch of Hard Hickory's lodge, which fronts the east. There you will find me at sunrise."

They acceded to this request. Coonstick and Steel, awaiting the morning when they were to kill their brother, passed the night in a lodge near by. In the morning they proceeded to the hut of Hard Hickory, who himself told this story to Mr. Bliss. He said that just as the sun was rising he heard the approaching footsteps of the brothers, and opened the door of his hut to peep out. There he saw John asleep, wrapped in his blanket. His brothers awoke him. He rose and took from his head a large handkerchief which was wound around it. His hair, which was very long, fell upon his shoulders. The doomed chief looked calmly around for the last time upon the landscape and upon the rising sun, taking evidently a farewell view, and then said to his brothers that he was ready to die.

The brothers had brought with them another Indian warrior by the name of Shane. Coonstick with Shane each took John by the arm, and led him along towards the place of his execution. Steel followed behind, with his gleaming tomahawk in his hand. They had advanced about ten steps from the porch when Steel struck his brother a heavy blow with his tomahawk upon the back of his head. He fell to the ground as the blood gushed from the dreadful wound. Supposing him to be killed, they dragged him beneath a tree near by. There, perceiving signs of life, Steel drew his knife and cut his brother's throat from ear to ear. The next day the corpse was buried with the customary Indian ceremonies.

This horrible scene occurred in Seneca County, Ohio, in the

year 1828. Steel was arrested and tried in Sandusky County, and was acquitted. When the tribe removed far away beyond the Mississippi, the two brothers carefully leveled the ground around the grave, so that no vestige of the burial might remain.

The first steamboat which descended the Ohio River was called the *New Orleans*. It was a vessel of about four hundred tons burden, and was built at Pittsburgh in 1811. The success which had attended steam navigation on the Hudson led to a careful examination of the western rivers, to ascertain their adaptation to be navigated by steam. The result was that this first boat was built, which was designed to ply between Natchez and New Orleans.

In October, 1811, the boat commenced its adventurous voyage down the whole length of the Ohio and the Mississippi. As the object was merely to convey the boat to her station, no freight or passengers were taken. The distance from Pittsburgh to the mouth of the Ohio is nine hundred and fifty-nine miles. From the mouth of the Ohio to New Orleans there is another thousand miles of water to be traversed. As wood was burned, and there were no wood-yards on the way, many delays were unavoidable. The only persons on board the boat were Mr. Rosevelt, of New York, his young wife and family, Mr. Baker, the engineer, Andrew Jack, the pilot, six hands and a few domestics. Mr. Rosevelt was the agent of Chancellor Livingston and Mr. Fulton, who, it would seem, had caused the boat to be built.

Mr. Rosevelt, in surveying the stream, had discovered two beds of coal, about one hundred and twenty miles below the rapids of Louisville, on the Indiana side of the river. He took some tools with him to try the experiment of using that fuel. The voyage down the river from Pittsburgh to Louisville, of seven hundred miles, was accomplished in seventy hours, being at the rate of ten miles an hour, aided by the current.

The novel appearance of the boat, and the fearful rapidity with which it seemed to rush through the waters, upon which only flat-bottomed boats had thus far appeared floating upon the current, excited the amazement of all who dwelt upon the banks of the lonely stream. The boat entered Louisville in the middle of a bright moonlight night. The strange noise created by the steam rushing through the valves, as the boat rounded to at the landing, created a general alarm in the settlement. The citizens generally

rose from their beds, and come out in the streets to ascertain the cause of the strange disturbance.

In consequence of the small depth of water upon the rapids, the boat was detained at Louisville for three weeks. It improved the time in running several trips between Louisville and Cincinnati. The last week in November the waters rose, and the steamer resumed her voyage. We transcribe from the Great West, with some slight abbreviation, an account of the fearful earthquakes which were soon encountered.

When the steamer arrived about five miles above the Yellow Banks, they moored the boat opposite the first vein of coal, and which had been purchased in the interim of the government of Indiana. They found a large quantity already quarried to their hand, and conveyed to the shore by the depredators, who had not found means to remove it. With this they commenced loading their boat. While thus employed they were accosted in great alarm by the people of the neighborhood, who inquired if they had not heard strange noises on the river and in the woods in the course of the day. They said that the shores of the river shook, and that they had repeatedly felt the earth tremble beneath their feet.

Hitherto nothing extraordinary had been perceived on board the boat. The following day they pursued their monotonous voyage in those vast solitudes. The weather was observed to be oppressively hot; the air was misty, still and dull. Though the sun was visible, like a glowing ball of copper, his rays hardly shed more than a mournful twilight on the surface of the water. Evening drew nigh, and with it some indications of what was passing around them became evident. As they sat on deck, ever and anon they heard a rushing sound and violent splash, and large portions of the shore tearing away from the land and falling into the river. It was an awful day; so still that you could have heard a pin drop upon the deck. They spoke little, for every one appeared thunderstruck.

The second day after leaving the Yellow Banks, the sun, hanging over the forest, presented the same dim ball of fire, and the air was thick, dull and oppressive as before. The portentous signs of this terrible natural convulsion continued and increased. The pilot, alarmed and confused, affirmed that he was lost, as he found the channel everywhere altered. Where he had hitherto



JACOB D. COX
Governor 1866-68.

known deep water there lay numberless trees with their roots upward. The trees were seen waving and nodding on the bank without a wind; but the adventurers had no choice but to continue their route. Towards evening they found themselves at a loss for a place of shelter. They had usually brought to under the shore; but everywhere they saw the high banks disappearing, overwhelming many a flat-boat and raft, from which their owners had landed and escaped.

A large island which had been in the mid-channel of the river, and which the pilot knew very well, was sought for in vain. It had entirely disappeared. Thus, in doubt and terror, they proceeded hour after hour until dark, when they found a small island and moored themselves at its foot. Here they lay, keeping watch on deck during the long winter's night, listening to the sound of the waters, which roared and gurgled horribly around them; and hearing, from time to time, the rushing earth slide from the shore, and the commotion as the falling mass of earth and trees was swallowed up by the river.

The lady of the party, who was in very delicate health, having a babe in her arms, who was born as their boat lay off Louisville, was frequently awakened from her restless slumber by the jar given to the furniture and loose articles in the cabin, as several times in the course of the night the shock of the passing earthquake was communicated from the island to the bow of the vessel. It was a long night. But the morning showed them that they were near the mouth of the Ohio. The shores and channel were now not recognizable. Everything seemed changed.

About noon of that day they reached the small town of New Madrid, on the right bank of the Mississippi. Here they found the inhabitants in the greatest distress and consternation. Part of the population had fled in terror to the higher grounds, others begged to be taken on board, as the earth was opening in fissures on every side, and their houses were hourly falling around them.

Proceeding thence they found the Mississippi unusually swollen, turbid and full of trees. After many days of great danger, though they felt and perceived no more of the earthquakes, they reached their destination at Natchez, at the close of the first week in January, 1812, to the astonishment of all. The escape of the boat had been considered an impossibility.

The Orleans continued to run between New Orleans and Natchez for a couple of years. She was then wrecked near Baton Rouge, by striking on a snag. In the course of a few years several other steamers were built and launched on the Western rivers. The confidence of the community in these boats was of slow growth. But when, in the Spring of 1817, a boat of four hundred tons made the voyage from Louisville to New Orleans and back in forty-five days, the universal voice declared that steamboats on the western waters were proved to be a success.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL PHENOMENA.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE—EXTENT OF THE AGITATION—SINGULAR EFFECTS—INFLUENCE UPON THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE—ANECDOTES—TERROR AND SUFFERING—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY—THE GREAT TORNADO—ITS FEARFUL POWER—DEVASTATION—WONDERFUL EFFECTS—SINGULAR BODILY PHENOMENA—THE JERKS—ITS RISE AND PROGRESS—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION—SOLOMON SPAULDING'S BOOK—JOE SMITH—HIS CHARACTER AND CUNNING—SPREAD OF THE DELUSION—THE MORMONS DRIVEN FROM OHIO.

THE GREAT earthquake to which we have alluded in the last chapter, was an event so extraordinary that it calls for a more minute record. It not only shook the whole majestic Valley of the Mississippi to the center, but the Alleghany Mountains trembled beneath its gigantic throes, and its convulsions agitated the waves of the Atlantic. The subterranean forces which could have produced such results, must have been of inconceivable magnitude.

The region on the west bank of the Mississippi, and in the southern part of the State of Missouri, seems to have been the center of the most violent shocks. The first shock occurred on the night of the 15th of December, 1811. They were repeated at intervals for two or three months. These shocks, in their terrible upheavings of the earth, equal any phenomena of the kind of which history gives any record. The country was very thinly settled, and there were but few educated men in the whole region who could philosophically note the phenomena which were witnessed. Fortunately, most of the houses were very frail, being built of logs. Such structures would sway to and fro with the surgings of the earth, but they were not easily thrown down. Vast tracts of land were precipitated into the turbid, foaming current of the Mississippi. The graveyard at New Madrid was, at one swoop, torn

away, and with all its mouldering dead was swept down the stream. Most of the houses in New Madrid were destroyed. Large regions of forest, miles in extent, suddenly sank, disappearing entirely, while the waters rushed in, forming upon the spot almost fathomless lakes. Other lakes were drained, leaving only vast basins of mud, where apparently for centuries in the solitudes of the forest the waves had rolled.

The whole wilderness territory, extending from the mouth of the Ohio three hundred miles to the St. Francis, was so convulsed as to create lakes and islands, ravines and marshes, whose numbers never can be fully known. There were some effects produced which it was very difficult to account for. Large trees were split through the heart of the tough wood. They were thrown together and their branches were almost inextricably intertwined. They were inclined in every direction, and were lodged in every angle towards the earth and the horizon. The undulations of the earth resembled the surges of a tempest-lashed ocean, the billows ever increasing in magnitude. At the greatest elevation these earth-billows would burst open, and water, sand and coal would be ejected as high as the loftiest trees. Some of the chasms thus created were very deep.

Wide districts were covered by a shower of small white sand, like the ground after a snow-storm. This spread of desolation would render the region quite uninhabitable. Other immense tracts were flooded with water from a few inches to a few feet deep. As the water subsided, the coating of barren sand was left behind.

“Indeed, it must have been a scene of horror in these deep forests and in the gloom of the darkest night, and by wading in the water to the middle to fly from these concussions which were occurring every few hours with a noise equally terrible to beasts and birds as to men. The birds themselves lost all power and disposition to fly, and retreated to the bosoms of men—their fellow sufferers in this general convulsion. A few persons sank in these chasms, and were providentially extricated. A number perished who sank with their boats in the Mississippi. A bursting of the earth just below the village of New Madrid arrested the mighty Mississippi in its course, and caused a reflux of its waves by which in a little time a great number of boats were swept by the ascending current into the mouth of the bayou, carried out and left upon the dry earth when the accumulating waters of the river had

again cleared the current. The remainder of this account I give mainly as it is recorded in "The Great West":

There were a number of severe shocks, but the two series of concussions were particularly terrible; far more so than the rest. The shocks were clearly distinguishable into two classes—those in which the motion was horizontal, and those in which it was perpendicular. The latter were attended with explosions, and the terrible mixture of noises that preceded and accompanied the earthquakes in a louder degree, but were by no means so desolating and destructive as the other. The houses crumbled, the trees waved together, the ground sunk; while ever and anon vivid flashes of lightning, gleaming through the troubled clouds of night, rendered the darkness doubly horrible. After the severest shocks a dense black cloud of vapor overshadowed the land, through which no struggling sunbeam found its way to cheer the heart of man. The sulphurated gases that were discharged during the shocks tainted the air with their noxious effluvia, and so impregnated the water of the river for one hundred and fifty miles as to render it unfit for use.

In the intervals of the earthquake there was one evening, and that a brilliant and cloudless one, in which the western sky was a continued glare of repeated peals of subterranean thunder, seeming to proceed, as the flashes did, from below the horizon. The night which was so conspicuous for subterranean thunder, was the same period in which the fatal earthquakes at Caracas, in South America, occurred, and it is supposed that these flashes and those events were part of the same scene.

One result from these terrible phenomena was very obvious. The people in this region had been noted for their profligacy and impiety. In the midst of these scenes of terror all, Catholics and Protestants, the prayerful and the profane, became of one religion and partook of one feeling. Two hundred people, speaking English, French and Spanish, crowded together, their visages pale, the mothers embracing their children. As soon as the omen which preceded the earthquake became visible, as soon as the air became a little obscured, as though a sudden mist rose from the east, all in their different languages and forms, but all deeply in earnest, betook themselves to the voice of prayer. The cattle, much terrified, crowded about the people, seeking to demand protection or community of danger.

The general impulse, when the shocks commenced, was to run. And yet when they were at the severest point of their motion, the people were thrown upon the ground at almost every step. A French gentlemen told me that, in escaping from his house, the largest in the village, he found that he had left an infant behind; and he attempted to mount up the raised piazza to recover the child, and was thrown down a dozen times in succession. The venerable lady in whose dwelling we lodged was extricated from the ruins of her house, having lost everything that appertained to her establishment which could be broken or destroyed. The people at the Little Prairie who suffered most had their settlement, which consisted of a hundred families, and which was located in a rich and fertile bottom, broken up. When I passed it, and stopped to contemplate the traces of the catastrophe, which remained after several years, the crevices where the earth had burst were sufficiently manifest, and the whole region was covered with sand to the depth of two or three feet. The surface was red with oxydized pyrites of iron, and the sand blows, as they were called, were abundantly mixed with this kind of earth and with pieces of pit coal. But two families remained of the whole settlement. The object seems to have been, in the first paroxysm of alarm, to escape to the hills. The depth of water that soon covered the surface precluded escape.

The people without exception were unlettered backwoodsmen of the class least addicted to reasoning. And yet it is remarkable how ingeniously and conclusively they reasoned from apprehension sharpened by fear. They observed that the chasms in the earth were in the direction from southwest to northeast, and they were of an extent to swallow up not only men, but houses, down deep into the pit. And these chasms occurred frequently, within intervals of half a mile. They felled the tallest trees at right angles to the chasms, and stationed themselves upon the felled trees. Meantime their cattle and harvests, both there and at New Madrid, principally perished.

The people no longer dared to dwell in houses. They passed that Winter and the succeeding one in bark booths and camps, like those of the Indians, of so light a texture as not to expose the inhabitants to danger in case of their being thrown down. Such numbers of laden boats were wrecked above the Mississippi, and the lading driven into the eddy at the mouth of the bayou at

the village which makes the harbor, that the people were amply provided with provisions of every kind. Flour, beef, pork, bacon, butter, cheese, apples, in short everything that is carried down the river, was in such abundance as scarcely to be matters of sale. Many of the boats that came safely into the bayou were disposed of by the affrighted owners for a trifle, for the shocks continued daily, and the owners deeming the whole country below sunk, were glad to return to the upper country as fast as possible. In effect a great many islands were sunk, new ones raised, and the bed of the river very much changed in every respect.

After the earthquake had moderated in violence, the country exhibited a melancholy aspect of chasms, of sand covering the earth, of trees thrown down, or lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, a split in the middle. The Little Prairie settlement was broken up. The Great Prairie settlement, one of the most flourishing before on the west bank of the Mississippi, was much diminished. New Madrid dwindled into insignificance and decay, the people trembling in their miserable hovels at the distant and melancholy rumbling of the approaching shocks.

The general government passed an act allowing the inhabitants of the country to locate the same quantity of lands that they possessed here in any part of the territory where the lands were not yet covered by any claim. These claims passed into the hands of speculators, and were never of any substantial benefit to the possessors. When I resided there this district, formerly so level, rich and beautiful, had the most melancholy of all aspects of decay. The tokens of former cultivation and habitancy were now mementos of desolation and desertion. Large and beautiful orchards were left unclosed, houses were deserted, and deep chasms in the earth were obvious at frequent intervals. Such was the face of the country, although the people had for years become so accustomed to frequent and small shocks, which did no essential injury, that the lands were gradually rising again in value, and New Madrid was slowly rebuilding with frail buildings adapted to the apprehensions of the people.

Another very remarkable phenomenon, which occurred a few years after the great earthquake, is worthy of special record.

On the 18th of May, 1825, there occurred one of the most violent tornadoes of which history gives any account. It has usually been called the "Burlington Storm," because its greatest severity

was experienced in that township. It commenced between one and two o'clock in the afternoon in Delaware County, upon the upper waters of the Scioto, and in the very heart of the state. It seemed for a time with incredible fury to sweep the surface of the earth of Ohio. It then apparently rose into the air, rushing along above the tops of the highest trees. Soon it descended with increased violence and tore its destructive way in an easterly direction, through Licking, Knox, and Coshocton Counties. Its general course was a little north of east.

The force and violence of the wind which accompanied this tempest have probably never been equaled in a northern latitude. Gigantic forests were instantly uprooted, and enormous trees were whirled like feathers through the air. Some were carried several miles. There was no strength of trunk or root which for a single instant could withstand the assault. Cows, oxen and horses were lifted bodily from the ground and carried to the distance of one or two hundred rods. There was a creek flooded with recent rains over which the tornado passed. The gale so emptied it of its flood that in a few minutes there was only a small, trickling stream to be seen in its bed.

There had been so much rain that the roads were very muddy and the fields were like sponges saturated with water. The tornado seemed to dispel every particle of moisture, and both roads and fields were left dry and almost dusty. The track of the tornado through Licking County was about two-thirds of a mile in breadth, gradually increasing as the blast advanced. The air was so filled with trees, buildings, and every kind of debris, whirled as high as the clouds, that the spectacles resembled immense birds pressing along in hurried flight.

The very ground trembled beneath the gigantic tread of this terrific storm. Many persons who were at the distance of more than a mile from the track of the tornado testified that they distinctly felt the earth to vibrate beneath their feet. Those who experienced the fury of the tempest state that the roar of the wind, the darkened sky, the trembling of the earth, the crash of falling timbers, and the air filled with trees, fragments of houses and cattle, presented a spectacle awful in the extreme.

The cloud from which this terrific power seemed to emerge was black as midnight. It was thought by some careful observers that it rushed along at the rate of about a mile a minute. It some-



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times seemed to sink low to the ground, and again to rise some distance above the surface. Tremendous as was the velocity of the storm, sweeping in one continuous course, it is remarkable that no one could tell from the fallen timber in which direction the wind had blown, for the trees were spread in every way.

There were many well authenticated incidents which seem almost incredible. An iron chain, about four feet long, and of the size of a common plow chain, was lifted from the ground and hurled through the air, with almost the velocity of a shot from a gun, for the distance of half a mile, and was there lodged in the topmost branches of a maple tree. A large ox was carried eighty rods and was then so hurried beneath a mass of fallen trees that it required several hours chopping to extricate the animal, which, strange to say, was not materially injured. From the same field with the ox a cow was carried forty rods, and was lodged in the thick branches of a tree. The tree was blown down and the cow was killed. An ox cart was carried through the air forty rods, and was then dashed to the ground with such violence as to break the tough axle and to entirely demolish one of the wheels.

Colonel Wright had a house strongly built of heavy logs. His son was standing in the doorway when the gale struck him, and hurled him across the room with such violence as to kill him instantly. The house was torn in pieces. A coat which was hanging up in the same house, was found six months afterwards in Coshocton County, more than forty miles from the demolished building. It was taken back to Colonel Wright's and was clearly identified. Many light articles, such as shingles, books and pieces of furniture, were carried twenty and thirty miles. A little girl, Sarah Robb, twelve years of age, was taken from her father's house, lifted several feet from the earth, and carried more than an eighth of a mile, when she was gently deposited upon the ground unharmed, as the gale left her. Fortunately the tornado passed over a wilderness region very sparsely settled, and but three lives were lost.

Having thus alluded to remarkable physical phenomena, we ought not pass in silence a mental phenomenon, totally inexplicable upon any known principles of intellectual philosophy, and yet thoroughly attested by competent witnesses.

The Rev. Joseph Badger was the first missionary on the Western Reserve. He graduated at Yale College about the year 1785,

and was the highly esteemed pastor of the Congregational Church in Blanford, Massachusetts, for fourteen years. He was a man of enterprising spirit as well as fervent piety, and became deeply interested in the religious welfare of the Indians in Northern Ohio. Aided by a missionary society he visited the country, and was so well satisfied that a field of usefulness was opened before him there, that he returned for his family and took up his residence among the Wyandots of the Upper Sandusky, extending his services to the tribes on the Maumee.

His labors among the Indians and the scattered inhabitants of the Reserve were very arduous, but interesting and valuable. He was appointed by Governor Meigs chaplain in the northern army as war broke out with England. He was in Fort Meigs during the memorable siege of 1813, and was afterwards attached to General Harrison's command. Mr. Badger had a high reputation for sound judgment, energy of character and superior intellectual endowments. He died in 1846, at the age of eighty-nine.

Quite a powerful revival of religion commenced under his preaching in the Towns of Austinburg, Morgan and Harpersfield, where, at that time, 1803, he was alternately preaching. The revival was attended by a strange bodily agitation called *the jerks*. We find in The Historical Collections of Ohio a very graphic account of this strange occurrence.

It was familiarly called the jerks, and the first recorded instance of its occurrence was at a sacrament in East Tennessee, when several hundred of both sexes were seized with this strange and involuntary contortion. The subject was instantaneously seized with spasms or convulsions in every muscle, nerve and tendon. His head was thrown backward and forward and from side to side with inconceivable rapidity. So swift was the motion that the features could no more be discerned than the spokes of a wheel can be seen when revolving with the greatest velocity. No man could voluntarily accomplish the movement. Great fears were often awakened lest the neck should be dislocated.

The whole body was often similarly affected, and the individual was driven, notwithstanding all his efforts to prevent it, in the church over pews and benches, and in the open air over stones and the trunks of fallen trees, so that his escape from bruised and mangled limbs seemed almost miraculous. It was of no avail to attempt to hold or restrain one thus affected. The paroxysm

continued until it gradually exhausted itself. Moreover, all were impressed with the conviction that there was something supernatural in these convulsions, and that it was opposing the spirit of God to attempt by violence to resist them.

These spasmodic contortions commenced with a simple jerking of the forearm, from the elbow to the hand, violent, and as ungoverned by the will as what is called the shaking palsy would be. The jerks were very sudden, following each other at short intervals. Gradually and resistlessly they extended through the arms to the muscles of the neck, the legs, and all other parts of the body. The convulsions of the neck were the most frightful to behold. The bosom heaved; the features were greatly distorted, and so violent were the spasms that it seemed impossible but that the neck must be broken. When the hair was long, as was frequently the case with these backwoodsmen, it was often thrown backward and forward with such velocity that it would actually snap like a whip-lash. We are not informed whether the victim suffered pain under these inflictions or not.

An eye witness gives the following graphic description of this inexplicable phenomenon: "Nothing in nature could better represent this strange and unaccountable operation than for one to goad another alternately on every side with a piece of red hot iron. The exercise commonly began in the head, which would fly backward and forward and from side to side with a quick jolt, which the person would naturally labor to suppress, but in vain; and the more any one labored to stay himself and be sober, the more he staggered and the more his twitches increased. He must necessarily go as he was inclined, whether with a violent dash on the ground and bounce from place to place like a foot-ball, or hop around with head, limbs, and trunk twitching and jotting in every direction, as if they must inevitably fly assunder. And how such could escape without injury was no small wonder among spectators.

"By this strange operation the human frame was commonly so transformed and disfigured as to lose every trace of its natural appearance. Sometimes the head would be twitched right and left, to a half round, with such velocity that not a feature could be discovered, but the face appeared as much behind as before; and in the quick, progressive jerk, it would seem as if the person was transmuted into some other species of creature. Head-dresses

were of little account among the female jerkers. Even handkerchiefs, bound tight round the head, would be flirited off almost with the first twitch, and the hair put into the utmost confusion. This was a very great inconvenience, to redress which the generality were shorn, though contrary to their confession of faith. Such as were seized with jerks were wrested at once, not only from their own government, but that of every one else, so that it was dangerous to attempt confining them or touching them in any manner, to whatever danger they were exposed. Yet few were hurt, except it were such as rebelled against the operation through wilful and deliberate enmity, and refused to comply with the injunctions which it came to enforce.

All who witnessed this unaccountable movement agree in the declaration that the convulsions were not only involuntary but resistless. Stout, burly, wicked men, would come to the meetings in scorn and to revile. Suddenly the paroxysms would seize them, and they would be whirled about and tossed in every direction, though cursing at every jerk. Travelers passing by, and who from curiosity looked in upon the religious meetings, would be thus seized. These facts are apparently as well authenticated as any facts can be from human testimony. There is no philosophy which can explain them. The faithful historian can only give them record and leave them there.

In this same County of Ashtabula, laved by the waters of Lake Erie, where the jerks were so prominently exhibited, Mormonism, one of the most amazing and incomprehensible fanaticisms of earth, seems to have had its birth.

Mr. Solomon Spaulding. About the year 1809 he moved to Conneaut, where the first settlement of the Connecticut Reserve had been commenced about twelve years before. He seems to have been a very worthy man, and was for a time a preacher of the Gospel. He probably was not successful in this calling, and turned his attention to mercantile affairs, in which he also failed. The theory was then advocated by many speculative men that the Indians were descendants of the Jews, of the lost tribe of Israel. Several books and pamphlets had been published in advocacy of that view.

Conneaut was rich in monuments, mounds and fortifications, relics of a past race. Mr. Spaulding, a man of eccentric tastes and habits, and of considerable antiquarian lore, became quite

interested in the subject of the origin of the aborigines of our country. As the past was entirely buried in obscurity, he undertook to write an imaginary narrative of the wanderings of the lost tribes. The book was intended as a historical romance written in the style of the Bible, and founded upon the supposition that the American Indians were descendants of the Jews. Mr. Spaulding's brother John visited him while he was writing the book, which he entitled "Manuscript Found." John writes:

"It gave a detailed account of the journey of the Jews from Jerusalem, by land and sea, till they arrived in America. They afterwards had quarrels and contentions, and separated into two distinct nations. Cruel and bloody wars ensued, in which great multitudes were slain. They buried their dead in large heaps, which caused the mounds so common in this country. Their arts, sciences and civilization were brought into view, in order to account for all the curious antiquities found in various parts of North and South America."

Mr. John Spaulding testifies that the Mormon Bible, so-called, is essentially this book. Mr. Henry Lake, of Conneaut, also corroborates this testimony, in the following emphatic words:

"I left the State of New York late in the year 1810, and arrived at Conneaut the 1st of January following. Soon after my arrival I formed a co-partnership with Solomon Spaulding, for the purpose of rebuilding a forge, which he had commenced a year or two before. He very frequently read to me from a manuscript which he was writing, which he entitled the 'Manuscript Found,' and which he represented as being found in this town. I spent many hours in hearing him read said writings, and became well acquainted with their contents. He wished me to assist him in getting his production printed, alleging that a book of that kind would meet with a rapid sale. I designed doing so, but the forge not meeting our anticipations, we failed in business, when I declined having anything to do with the publication of the book.

"This book represented the American Indians as the descendants of the lost tribes, gave an account of their leaving Jerusalem, their contentions and wars, which were many and great. One time, when he was reading to me the tragic account of Laban, I pointed out to him what I considered an inconsistency, which he promised to correct. But by referring to the Book of Mormon, I

find, to my surprise, that it stands there just as he read it to me then. Some months ago I borrowed the Mormon Bible, put it into my pocket, carried it home, and thought no more about it.

"About a week after my wife found the book in my coat-pocket, as it hung up, and commenced reading it aloud, as I lay upon the bed. She had read but a few minutes till I was astonished to find the same passages in it that Spaulding had read to me more than twenty years before from his 'Manuscript Found.' Since then I have more fully examined the said Mormon Bible, and have no hesitancy in saying that the historical part of it is principally, if not wholly, taken from the 'Manuscript Found.' I well recollect telling Mr. Spaulding, that the so frequent use of the words: 'And it came to pass,' 'Now it came to pass,' rendered it ridiculous. Mr. Spaulding left here in 1812, and I furnished him means to carry him to Pittsburgh, where he said he would get the book printed and pay me. But I never heard any more from him or his writings, till I saw them in the Book of Mormon."

The testimony of six other witnesses is equally explicit upon this point. Mr. Spaulding was vain of his writings, and was continually reading them to his neighbors. It is much easier to write such a book than it is to get a publisher who is willing to risk his capital by issuing it from the press. Mr. Spaulding could not find a publisher for his book. What disposition he made of the manuscript is not known. He remained in Pittsburgh two or three years and died in Amity in 1816. Several years afterwards, when this manuscript, with sundry additions and alterations, appeared as the Mormon Bible Solomon Spaulding's widow testified that it was her impression that her husband took the manuscript to the publishing house of Messrs. Patterson and Lambdin, but that she did not know whether it was ever returned.

In the meantime Mr. Lambdin had died. The establishment was broken up. Mr. Patterson had no remembrance of any such manuscript. He said, however, that many manuscripts were at that time brought to the office and remained upon the shelves even for years unexamined.

About the year 1823, a man by the name of Sidney Rigdon, came to Pittsburgh. He was a very eccentric character, with an unbalanced mind, and somewhat of a monomaniac upon the subject of the Bible. He had been a wandering preacher, without any special ecclesiastical connection. He became very intimate

with Mr. Lambdin, was often in the printing office, where all the manuscripts, which were candidates for publication, were on the shelves. For three years he deemed it his duty to abandon all other employment, even preaching, that he might devote his whole time to the study of the Bible. He is described, by those who knew him, as a man of some versatility, a kind of religious Ishmaelite, sometimes a Campbellite preacher, and sometimes a printer, and at all times fond of technical disputations in theology.

This man, looking over the manuscripts, fell upon Mr. Spaulding's, which he read and re-read with the greatest interest. It was peculiarly adapted to his half-crazed state of mind. He became so much absorbed in the work that he copied it, as he himself frequently stated.*

Mr. Rigdon, in his wanderings, fell in with a very singular man, known as Joe Smith. He professed to possess certain arts of divination, by which there were revealed to him treasures hidden in the ground. He was, at that time, digging for money on the banks of the Susquehanna. He is represented, by those opposed to his pretensions, as a man of low associates, averse to all regular industry, very voluble in speech, having great self-confidence, and with unusual powers of duping others. He had some seer stones, by which he could look into futurity, as well as into the bowels of the earth.

Smith was ever traveling about the country, appearing suddenly and in unexpected places. He was confined to no particular branch of business. At times he would be very active in a religious revival, praying and exhorting with unusual fervor, in that exuberance of words which he had wonderfully at his command.

The human mind is so singular in its varied operations that it is very difficult to tell where hypocrisy loses itself in a sort of sincerity of fanaticism. Joe Smith and Sidney Rigdon, both fanatics and monomaniacs, taking the Manuscript Found as their guide, undoubtedly originated the system of Mormonism. It is by no means certain that in deluding others, they did not in a certain degree delude themselves into a belief that they were guided by the movements of the Holy Spirit to establish a new religion. Smith was endowed with the requisite cunning and volubility. He had *seer stones*, in which the illiterate had faith. He had already exhumed from the Indian mounds many mys-

* See Utah and the Mormons, by Benjamin G. Ferris.

terious antiquities, not a few of which, it was conjectured, were of his own manufacture. Sidney was a printer, a preacher, who had but to open his mouth and there came from it a wonderful flow of religious verbiage; and he had Spaulding's manuscript not only in his hand but thoroughly in his mind.

Joe Smith had the commanding energies and that self-confidence which nothing could embarrass or cause to blush. He took the lead in the new enterprise, being sagaciously guided by events as they occurred.

"A portion of mankind," writes Mr. Ferris, "have been looking for the *last days* for the past eighteen hundred years, and at the period in question were ready to run into Millerism, or any other *ism*, whereby their notions could be accommodated in this respect. A prophet, therefore, who could superadd to the discovery of a golden Bible, a proclamation of the speedy destruction of all mundane things, a power of attorney for the restoration of an authorized priesthood, and the gathering of the saints, and make a formidable display of miraculous powers, was the most acceptable gift which could be made to popular superstition. Here then would seem to have been combined the elements of an imposture which has since branched out and gathered strength, until it has become the most noted instance in modern times of the development and growth of religious fanaticism."

Joe Smith's story is as follows: He says that in the year 1820, as he in a retired place was earnestly engaged in prayer, two angels appeared to him. They informed him that God had forgiven all his sins, and that he was the chosen instrument to introduce a new dispensation; that all the then religious denominations were in error; that the Indians were the descendants of the lost tribes; that they had brought with them to this country inspired writings; that these writings were safely deposited in a secret place, and that he was selected by God to receive them, and translate them into the English tongue.

There was considerable negotiation before the angel condescended to put the plates into his hands. At length the angel informed him where they were to be found. About four miles from Palmyra, New York, there was a small hill or mound. Smith dug down on the left side of this mound and found a large stone box so carefully sealed that no moisture could enter it. Here the plates were found. Orson Pratt, one of the first converts to

Mormonism, and one of its most distinguished advocates, gives the following account of the plates as then found:

"These records were engraved on plates which had the appearance of gold. Each plate was not far from seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite so thick as common tin. They were filled on both sides with engravings, in Egyptian characters, and were bound together in a volume, as the leaves of a book, and fastened at one edge with three rings running through the whole. This volume was something like six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed.

"The characters or letters upon the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, as well as much skill in the art of engraving. With the record was found a curious instrument, called by the ancients the Urim and Thummin, which consisted of two transparent stones, clear as crystal, set in the two rims of a bow. This was in use in ancient times by persons called seers. It was an instrument by the use of which they received revelation of things distant or of things past or future."

Joe Smith boldly exhibited these apparently golden plates, but no unsanctified hands were permitted to touch them. He also showed a very highly polished marble box, which he said had contained the plates, and which in that case must have miraculously retained its lustre for countless centuries. But it had been observed some time before that Joe Smith, his brother Hiram, and another man by the name of McKnight, were very busily employed in some secret work, which particularly engrossed their time in hours of darkness. It was suspected that they were engaged in some counterfeiting operations. According to Joe Smith's account, they were engaged in lonely vigils and in prayer.

It was emphatically true of the new prophet that he had but very little honor in his own country. His peculiar claims excited ridicule and contempt. Mobs beset his house, demanding a sight of the famous plates. At length the annoyance became so great that he fled from Palmyra and took refuge in the Northern part of Pennsylvania, where his father-in-law resided. He secreted his plates for the journey in a barrel of beans. Being quietly housed in his retreat, he commenced, by divine inspiration, translating the Egyptian hieroglyphics. As he scarcely knew how to write himself he employed a scribe, one Oliver Cowdry. Stationed behind a

screen, where Cowdry could not see him, he professed to look through the Urim and Thummim, and thus translated the unknown symbols, sentence by sentence.

The work proceeded very slowly, and month after month passed away while it was in progress. During this time John the Baptist appeared to them, having been sent by the Apostles Peter, James, and John, and ordained first Smith and then Cowdry into the priesthood of Aaron. The family of the prophet's father became converts, and then an individual by the name of Martin Harris. The character of this man's mind may be inferred from the fact that he had been a Quaker, Methodist, Baptist and finally a Presbyterian. Harris had some property, and Smith importuned him to furnish funds to publish the book, assuring him that it would produce an entire change in the world and save it from ruin.

Mr. Harris, a simple-minded, well-meaning man, was very anxious to see the wonderful plates, but the prophet avowed that he was not yet holy enough to enjoy that privilege. He, however, after much importunity, gave Mr. Harris a transcript of some of the characters on a piece of paper. As Mr. Harris was parting with his money, he evidently felt some solicitude lest he might be deceived, since all around him were speaking contemptuously of the prophetic claims of Joe Smith, and he adopted the wise precaution, probably urged to it by some of his friends, of submitting the paper containing the hieroglyphics to Professor Charles Anthon, a distinguished Oriental scholar in New York.

Mr. Howe, in writing a history of Mormonism, subsequently wrote to Professor Anthon making inquiries upon this subject. He received a reply, under date of February 17, 1834, from which we make the following extracts :

"Some years ago a plain, apparently simple-hearted farmer called on me with a note from Dr. Mitchell, requesting me to decipher if possible the paper which the farmer would hand me. Upon examining the paper I soon came to the conviction that it was all a trick, perhaps a hoax. When I asked the person who brought it how he obtained the writing, he gave me the following account.

"A gold book, containing a number of plates fastened together by wires of the same material, had been dug up in the northern part of the State of New York, and along with it an enormous pair of spectacles. These spectacles were so large that if any person

attempted to look through them, his two eyes would look through one glass only, the spectacles being altogether too large for the human face. 'Whoever,' he said, 'examined the plates through the glass, was enabled not only to read them but fully to understand their meaning.'

"All this knowledge, however, was confined to a young man, who had the trunk containing the book and spectacles in his sole possession. This young man was placed behind a curtain, in a garret in a farm-house, and being thus concealed from view, he put on the spectacles occasionally, or rather looked through one of the glasses, deciphered the characters in the book, and having committed some of them to paper, handed copies from behind the curtain to those who stood outside.

"The farmer had been requested to contribute a sum of money towards the publication of the Golden Book. So urgent had been these solicitations, that he intended selling his farm and giving the amount to those who wished to publish the plates.

"On hearing this odd story, I changed my opinion about the paper, and instead of viewing it any longer as a hoax, I began to regard it as part of a scheme to cheat the farmer of his money; and I communicated my suspicions to him, warning him to beware of rogues.

"The paper in question was, in fact, a singular scroll. It consisted of all kinds of singular characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him, at the time, a book containing various alphabets, Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes. Roman letters inverted or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns. The whole ended in a rude delineation of a circle, divided into various compartments, arched with various strange marks, and evidently copied after the Mexican calendar, given by Humboldt, but copied in such a way as not to betray the source whence it was derived.

"Some time after the farmer paid me a second visit. He brought with him 'the gold book' in print, and offered it to me for sale. I declined purchasing. I adverted once more to the roguery which in my opinion had been practiced upon him, and asked him what had become of the gold plates. He informed me that they were in the trunk with the spectacles. I advised him to go to a magistrate and have the trunk examined. He said the

curse of God would come on him if he did. On my pressing him, however, to go to a magistrate, he told me he would open the trunk if I would take the curse of God upon myself. I replied that I would do so with the greatest willingness, and would incur every risk of that nature, provided I could only extricate him from the grasp of the rogues.

"He then left me. I have given you a full statement of all that I know respecting the origin of Mormonism; and I must beg you, as a personal favor, to publish this letter immediately, should you find my name mentioned again by these wretched fanatics.

"Yours respectfully,

"CHARLES ANTHON."

When the Mormons say that an illiterate young man could not fluently dictate, in connected series, a voluminous work, it is replied that all that marvel is removed by the supposition that, hid behind the curtain, he was reading Spaulding's manuscript. Still, Joe Smith was very reluctant to have the plates examined. But the clamors of an incredulous community became so loud, that it was "revealed" to Joe that they were to be shown to three witnesses chosen by the Lord. The witnesses thus selected were Oliver Cowdry, who had been the scribe to write the translation, Martin Harris, who had furnished the funds for printing the book, and a new convert, David Whitmer, who subsequently, getting into a quarrel with some of the Mormons, was accused, together with Cowdry, of being connected with "a gang of counterfeiters, thieves, liars and blacklegs of the deepest dye, to deceive, cheat and defraud the saints." The "Elders' Journal" also spoke of Martin Harris in the following disrespectful terms: "Martin Harris is so far beneath contempt, that a notice of him would be too great a sacrifice for a gentleman to make."

These men, according to the declaration of Joe Smith, were the divinely appointed apostles to testify to the authenticity of the golden plates. Their meagre testimony was as follows:

"An Angel of God came down from Heaven and brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates and the engraving thereon."

No one doubted that Joe Smith had provided himself with some yellow plates upon which certain unintelligible characters were inscribed. Still, strange as it may appear, there were men and women found who were willing to accept Joe Smith as a divinely



EDWARD F. NOYES
Governor 1872-74.

appointed prophet. On the first of June, 1830, he organized a band of thirty followers, at Fayette, Ontario County, Pennsylvania. But these saints were held in such slight repute where they were known, that their leader thought best to remove with them, and to establish his head-quarters at Kirtland, Lake County, Ohio.

Here, having assumed the name of the "Latter Day Saints," three thousand persons gave in their adhesion to Joe Smith. Many of the persons had considerable property. It was "revealed" to Joe that they should build him a house. They did so. It was "revealed" to him that they should "provide for him food and raiment and whatsoever thing he needeth." They did so. It was revealed to him that they should erect a temple, at the expense of forty thousand dollars. They did so. Whenever Joe Smith wished to have anything accomplished, he simply resorted to a new "revelation," and it was promptly done. "Thus," it is written in the history of Mormonism, "from a state of almost beggary, the family of Smith were furnished with the fat of the land by their disciples, many of whom were wealthy."

Joe Smith established a bank which he said "could never fail," as it was instituted "by the will of God." It did fail, however—miserably. The prophet explained: "The Lord," said he, "promised a blessing only upon condition of the bank being conducted upon proper principles."

The managers failed in their duty. The prophet, in his autobiography, gives the following account of what ensued:

"At this time the spirit of speculation in lands and property of all kinds was taking deep root in the church. As the fruits of this spirit, evil surmisings, fault-finding, disunion, dissension and apostacy followed in quick succession. It seemed as though all the powers of hell were combining to overthrow the church at once, and make a final end. Other banking institutions refused the Kirtland Safety Society's notes. The enemy abroad and apostates in our midst united their schemes. Many became disaffected towards me, as though I was the sole cause of those very evils I was most strenuously striving against, and which were actually brought about by the brethren not taking heed to my counsel."

In addition to these troubles, the outside barbarians in and around Kirtland, who fancied themselves swindled by these banking operations, became excited and procured legal process for the

arrest of Joe Smith and Elder Rigdon. They both ran away. Smith thus describes the affair :

"A new year dawned upon the church in Kirtland, in all the bitterness of the spirit of the apostate mobocracy, which continued to rage, and grow hotter and hotter, until Elder Rigdon and myself were obliged to flee from its deadly influence, as did the apostles and prophets of old, and, as Jesus said, 'When they persecute you in one city flee to another;' and on the evening of the 12th of January, about 10 o'clock, we left Kirtland on horseback to escape mob violence, which was about to burst upon us, under cover of legal process to cover their hellish designs, and save themselves from the just judgment of the law. The weather was extremely cold, and we were obliged to secrete ourselves sometimes to elude the grasp of our pursuers, who continued their race more than two hundred miles from Kirtland, armed with swords and pistols, seeking our lives."

In consequence of these persecutions, the Mormons purchased a large tract of land in Independence, Jackson County, Missouri, to which place they gradually removed from Ohio. Converts were multiplied; a printing press and a weekly newspaper were established, and a thriving town sprang up, as by magic. This little settlement soon numbered twelve hundred Mormons; and this singular fanaticism seemed again to be borne along on the tide of prosperity.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

EXPULSION AND EMIGRATION OF THE MORMONS.

CHARACTER OF THE MORMONS—LAWLESSNESS—MOB ACTION—
GOVERNMENTAL ACTION—THE FLIGHT TO ILLINOIS—RAPID
INCREASE—ASSASSINATION OF JOE SMITH—STATEMENT OF
THE GOVERNOR—THE MORMONS DRIVEN FROM ILLINOIS—
INCIDENTS OF EMIGRATION—TESTIMONY OF COLONEL KANE—
PICTURESQUE ENCAMPMENT—HOME IN UTAH.

HAVING SPOKEN of the origin of Mormonism, in Ohio, and its expulsion from the state, the reader will undoubtedly be interested in a brief narrative of its subsequent career. There were doubtless, among the Mormons, deluded persons, of sincere and worthy characters. But their conduct as a body was such as to excite the intolerable disgust of the people of Missouri. No respectable person wished to live near them; and their presence in the County of Jackson diminished the value of all surrounding property. The Mormons were defiant in tone and action. They raised a large military force which was thoroughly armed, and under perfect discipline. Sustained by this force they declared that they were a law unto themselves, and seemed disposed to bid defiance to the authority of the sparsely settled State.

To meet this state of things, and to prevent an outbreak of lawless violence, which was daily anticipated, the Governor marshaled a force of four thousand militia, probably intending so to intimidate the Mormons as to compel them to leave the State. Indeed there had been already several pretty serious disturbances. In one conflict eight Missourians were wounded, and twenty-five Mormons were killed and thirty wounded. The enraged Mormons burned the small towns of Gallatin and Millport. They also ravaged the country in mid-winter, driving the women and children from their homes and laying the farm houses in ashes.

General J. B. Clark was in command of the governmental

force. The feelings of the community in reference to the Mormons may be inferred from the following extract, taken from a letter from General Clark to the governor:

"There is no crime," he wrote, "from treason down to petit larceny, but these people, or a majority of them, have not been guilty of; all, too, under counsel of Joseph Smith, the prophet. They have committed treason, murder, arson, burglary, robbery, larceny and perjury. They have societies, formed under the most binding covenants and the most horrid oaths, to circumvent the laws and put them at defiance; and to plunder, burn, and murder, and divide the spoils for the use of the church."

The governor issued an order which was unfortunately worded. "The ringleaders of this rebellion," he wrote, "should be made an example of. If it should become necessary to the public peace, the Mormons *should be extirminated*, or expelled from the state."

No one can blame the inhabitants of Missouri for desiring to be rid of such neighbors. But the threat to *extirminate* sounds very savage in our country and in this age. The people of Jackson County, to induce them to leave peaceably, made them the extraordinary offer that they would purchase the lands and improvements of the Mormons at a price to be fixed by three disinterested arbitrators, *with one hundred per cent. in addition*.

They refused to leave. Four thousand of the militia were sent against them. They were disarmed. Joe Smith and about forty leading Mormons were made prisoners. They were compelled to enter into a treaty, by which they agreed to withdraw from the state. Five commissioners were appointed to sell their property, pay their debts, and aid them in removing. The state appropriated two thousand dollars for their relief. The citizens of the adjacent counties also contributed liberally. Still, there was much suffering, as, in midwinter, these numerous families traversed nearly the whole breadth of Missouri, and crossing the Mississippi River entered the State of Illinois.

The cry of persecution had preceded them, and the inhabitants of Illinois received the fugitives very kindly. They established themselves in Hancock County, on the eastern bank of the Mississippi, and commenced with great energy rearing a new city, which they called Nauvoo. Missionaries of the new faith had been sent abroad in all directions. Converts were multiplied. They flocked to Nauvoo. But a short time elapsed ere the new

city contained fifteen thousand inhabitants. Smith had a new revelation. The faithful were enjoined "to bring gold and precious materials for the building of a temple for the worship of God and a house for the dwelling-place of his prophet."

Ere long it was estimated that, by the labors of missionaries in this country and in Europe, the Mormons numbered one hundred and fifty thousand. Nauvoo assumed a very thriving aspect. A military band was organized, consisting of four thousand men, well-armed and disciplined. And now Joe Smith had a new revelation, not only authorizing the "saints" to take more than one wife, but enjoining it as a duty that each should take several maidens to wife, and thus lead them to heaven.

This step shocked quite a number of the simple-minded victims of this strange fanaticism, and led them to withdraw. But more were lured to join them by the license, and converts were multiplied more rapidly than ever. Joe Smith was accused of attempting to seduce the wife of Dr. Foster. The injured husband published affidavits clearly proving the charge. A warrant from a neighboring magistrate was secured for the arrest of the culprit. Joe Smith summoned his armed band and drove the sheriff from the city. The majesty of law being thus insulted, caused great excitement in the community around. The militia was ordered out to enforce the laws. There was every prospect of civil war. The governor repaired to Nauvoo.

Joe Smith knew that the whole military power of the United States was pledged for the maintenance of law, and that in such a conflict he must be crushed. Joe and his brother Hyrum surrendered to the governor, under the warrant, upon pledge of safety from personal violence. They were both taken to the county jail at Carthage, where they were held on the charge of treason. Popular excitement and indignation were intense. A guard was placed around the jail to protect the prisoners from an exasperated community. The cry was loud for the destruction of Nauvoo, and the expulsion of all of its inhabitants.

At six o'clock on the evening of the 27th of November, 1844, two hundred men in disguise approached the jail, thrust the guard aside, broke open the doors, and shot the two Smiths. Joe's last words were, as the bullets pierced his body, "O Lord my God." The governor was deeply aggrieved by this violation of the public faith. He issued a manifesto, in which he said:

"I desire to make a brief but true statement of the recent disgraceful affair at Carthage in regard to the Smiths. They have been assassinated in jail. By whom it is not known, but it will be ascertained. I pledged myself for their safety. Upon the assurance of that pledge they surrendered themselves as prisoners. The Mormons surrendered the public arms in their possession, and the Nauvoo legion submitted to the command of Captain Singleton, of Brown County, deputed for that purpose by me. All these things were required to satisfy the old citizens of Hancock that the Mormons were peaceably disposed, and to allay jealousy and excitement in their minds. It appears, however, that the compliance of the Mormons with every requisition made upon them failed of that purpose. The pledge of security to the Smiths was not given upon my individual responsibility. Before I gave it I obtained a pledge of honor, by a unanimous vote from the officers and men under my command, to sustain me in performing it. If the assassination of the Smiths was committed by any portion of these, they have added treachery to murder, and have done all they could to disgrace the state and sully the public honor.

"On the morning of the day the deed was committed, we had proposed to march the army under my command into Nauvoo. I had, however, discovered the evening before that nothing but the utter destruction of the city would satisfy a portion of the troops, and that, if we marched into the city, pretexts would not be wanting for commencing hostilities. The Mormons had done every thing required, or which ought to have been required of them. Offensive operations, on our part, would have been as unjust and disgraceful as they would have been impolitic, in the present critical season of the year, the harvest and the crops.

"For these reasons I decided, in a council of officers, to disband the army, except three companies, two of which were reserved as a guard for the jail. With the other company I marched into Nauvoo to address the inhabitants there, and tell them what they might expect in case they designedly or imprudently provoked a war. I performed this duty, as I think, plainly and emphatically, and then set out to return to Carthage. When I had marched about three miles a messenger informed me of the occurrences at Carthage. I hastened on to that place. The guard, it is said, did their duty, but were overpowered."

The news of the prophet's death created the wildest excitement at Nauvoo. In their organization a man by the name of Brigham Young was president of a band called The Twelve Apostles. The Twelve chose Brigham as the successor of Joe Smith, to be the head of the church. Sidney Rigdon rebelled, demanding the position for himself. Brigham arrested him, declared him to be an emissary of the devil, excommunicated him, and "delivered him over to the buffetings of Satan in the name of the Lord."

For a short time the Mormons had a respite from trouble. A very imposing temple was reared at Nauvoo, one hundred and twenty-eight feet long by eighty-eight wide. It was very substantially built, and of pleasing architecture. The *Mormon Times and Seasons* says:

"Our temple, when finished, will show more wealth, more art, more science, more revelation, more splendor and more God, than all the rest of the world."

The calm in the outside community after the assassination of the Smiths was but a lull in the tempest. It was extensively believed that Nauvoo was a vast depository of stolen goods, and that in the seclusion of its harems every loathsome vice was perpetrated. A convention was held of delegates from the surrounding counties. The resolution was adopted that the Mormons must leave the state. Brigham Young saw that it was impossible to oppose the popular fury. Immediate preparations were made to emigrate beyond the boundaries of the United States into the territory of Mexico. Brigham Young displayed consummate skill in the arrangements to remove a community of fifteen thousand souls many hundred miles, over an almost pathless wilderness, to a new home which they were to hew out for themselves.

The first band of about two thousand crossed the Mississippi on the ice in February, 1846. The *Nauvoo Times and Seasons* says:

"To see such a large body of men, women and children compelled by the inefficiency of the law to leave a great city in the month of February, for the sake of the enjoyment of pure religion, fills the soul with astonishment, and gives the world a sample of fidelity and faith brilliant as the sun, forcible as a tempest, and enduring as eternity."

The journey before them, as their heavily-laden wagons were slowly drawn by mules and oxen, occupied nearly three months.

Colonel Thomas L. Kane, brother of Dr. Elisha Kane, who became so illustrious by his polar tour, witnessed this emigration. He writes :

"There were, along three hundred miles of the road, over two thousand emigrating wagons, besides a large number of non-descript turn-outs, the motley make-shifts of poverty, from the unsuitably heavy cart that lumbered along mysteriously, with its sick driver hidden under its counterpane cover, to the crazy two-wheeled trundle, such as our poor employ for the conveyance of their slop-barrels; this pulled along perhaps by a little dry, drugged heifer, and rigged up only to drag some such light weight as a baby, a sack of meal, or a pack of clothes and bedding."

It was necessary on this long journey over the prairies occasionally to go into camp for a few days to give rest to the women, the children and the sick, and to replenish the strength of the weary cattle. This advance-guard laid out for those who were to follow a road through the Indian Territory twelve hundred miles in length. Over all the small streams they constructed substantial bridges. At the larger rivers they established permanent ferries. Here and there on the route they erected what they called tabernacle camps, where all conveniences were held in store for the sick and the weary. Mr. Kane gives the following pleasing description of one of these temporary settlements :

"The summer camps of the Mormons formed an interesting spectacle. They were gay with bright white canvas and alive with the busy stir of swarming occupants. In the clear blue morning air the smoke streamed up from more than a thousand cooking fires. Countless roads and by-paths checkered all manner of geometric figures on the hill-sides. On the slope herd-boys were seen, lazily watching immense herds of cattle, sheep, horses, cows, and oxen. Along the creeks where the tents were sometimes pitched, women in great force would be washing and rinsing all manner of white muslins, red flannels, and parti-colored calicoes, and covering acres of grass-plot with their variously-hued garments. Groups of merry children were playing among the tents.

"The romantic devotional observances of the Mormons, and their admirable concert of purpose and action, met the eye at once. After these the stranger was most struck, perhaps, by the strict order of march, the unconfused closing up to meet attacks,



WILLIAM ALLEN
Governor 1874.

the skillful securing of the cattle upon the halt, the system with which the watches were set at night to guard them, with other similar circumstances, indicative of a high state of discipline.

"Every ten of their wagons was under the care of a captain. This captain of ten obeyed a captain of fifty, who, in turn, obeyed his captain of a hundred, or directly what they call a member of the High Council of the Church. All these were responsible and determined men, approved of by the people for their courage, discretion, and experience. So well recognized were the results of this organization, that bands of hostile Indians have passed by comparatively small parties of Mormons to attack much larger, but less compact, bodies of other emigrants.

"The most striking feature, however, of the Mormon emigration was undoubtedly their formation of the tabernacle camps and temporary stakes or settlements, which renewed in the sleeping solitudes everywhere along their road the cheering signs of intelligent and hopeful life.

"I will make this remark plainer by describing to you one of those camps, with the daily routine of its inhabitants. I select at random, for my purpose, a large camp on the delta between the Nebraska and Missouri. The camp remained pitched here for nearly two months, during which period I resided in it. It was situated upon some finely rounded hills, which encircled a favorite cool spring. On each of these a square was marked out. The wagons, as they arrived, took their positions along its four sides, in double rows, so as to leave a roomy street or passage-way between them. The tents were disposed also in rows at intervals between the wagons. The cattle were folded in high-fenced yards outside. The quadrangle inside was left vacant for the sake of ventilation; and the streets, covered in with leafy arbor work and kept scrupulously clean, formed a shaded cloister walk. This was the place of exercise for slowly-recovering invalids, the day-home of the infants, and the evening promenade of all.

"Every day closed as every day begun, with an invocation of the Divine favor, without which, indeed, no Mormon seemed to dare to lay him down to rest. With the first shining of the stars laughter and loud talking were hushed. The neighbor went his way. You heard the last hymn sung, and then the thousand-voice murmur of prayer was heard, like babbling water falling down the hills."

A few of the Mormons were left behind at Nauvoo. A Missouri mob, impatient at their delay, fiercely attacked them and drove them in penury into the wilderness. The question arises, were these Mormons thus cruelly persecuted simply on account of their religion? Joe Smith left Palmyra because his reputation was so bad there, where he was known, that he could get no foothold. At Kirtland, he was compelled to run away to escape arrest and imprisonment as a felon, for swindling operations. In Missouri, they bade defiance to the laws of the state, and all the lewd fellows of the baser sort, from far and wide, flocked to their town, for the license which their religion afforded. Nauvoo became a pest house, which no healthy community could endure. Colonel Kane, who regarded the Mormons with the most friendly feelings, gives the following very emphatic testimony respecting the character of the community collected at Nauvoo :

“ When the persecution triumphed there, and no alternative remained for the steadfast in the faith but flight out of Egypt into the wilderness, all their fair-weather friends forsook them. Priests and elders, scribes and preachers deserted by whole councils at a time; each talented knave, of whose craft they had been the victims, finding his own pretext for abandoning them without surrendering the money-bag of which he was the holder.

“ One of these, for instance, bore with him so considerable a congregation that he was able to found quite a thriving community in Northern Wisconsin, which I believe he afterwards transplanted entire to an island in one of the lakes. Other speculative heresiarchs folded for themselves credulous sheep all through the western country. One Rigdon held a cure of them in Pennsylvania.

“ Quite recently an abandoned clergyman who, shortly before the exode was excommunicated for improper conduct, has presented a memorial to Congress, in which he charges the Mormons with very much more than he himself appears to have been guilty of.”

The war with Mexico brought Utah, to which territory the Mormons had emigrated, within the enlarged boundaries of the United States. There were sincere and good men among the Mormons beyond all question. Brigham Young was a man of undoubted ability and great sagacity, but with an exceedingly coarse and vulgar mind. Upon the arrival of the Mormons to their place of designation, upon the borders of the Great Salt Lake, he issued a

proclamation to all the world, from which we make the following extract:

"The Kingdom of God consists in correct principles, and it mattereth not what a man's religious faith is, whether he be a Presbyterian, a Methodist, a Baptist, a Latter Day Saint, a Mormon, a Campbellite, a Catholic, an Episcopalian, a Mohammedan, or even a Pagan, or anything else. If he will bow the knee, and with the tongue confess that Jesus is the Christ, and will support good and wholesome laws for the regulation of society, we hail him as a brother, and will stand by him as he stands by us in these things; for every man's faith is a matter between his own soul and his God alone.

"But if he shall deny the Jesus, if he shall curse God, if he shall indulge in drunkenness, debauchery and crime, if he shall lie and swear, and steal, if he shall take the name of the great God in vain, and commit all manner of abominations, he shall have no place in our midst; for we have long sought to find a people that will work righteousness, that will distribute justice equally, that will acknowledge God in all their ways, that will regard those sacred laws and ordinances which are recorded in that sacred book called the Bible, which we verily believe, and which we proclaim to all the earth."

The Mormons, in their various settlements in Utah, have numbered perhaps thirty thousand. They have made the extravagant claim that they could count in this country and Europe more than two hundred thousand converts to the Mormon faith. But the extraordinary delusion is now manifestly on the wane. The community is fast crumbling. The flood of emigration now sweeping with ever-increasing flow across the plains will doubtless ere long obliterate every vestige of the Mormon faith.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS OF OHIO.

THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS.—EDWARD TIFFIN, SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS, OTHNIEL LOOKER, THOMAS WORTHINGTON.

In the course of this narrative, the action of several of the Governors of Ohio has been interwoven with the story. The lives of Governors St. Clair, Meigs, and General Harrison were inseparably blended with the heroic adventures which attended the organization of the state. But there were other governors, men of no less mark, but whose privilege it was to administer the government in more peaceful times, the memory of whom history should not permit to die.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the Western Reserve Historical Society, of Cleveland, for opening to us the historical treasures it has accumulated. Among those treasures there is a manuscript collection of a large number of the Governors of Ohio, by the late A. T. Goodman, Esq. Mr. Goodman was the corresponding secretary of that important society. With great labor, and at not a little expense, he collected all the attainable facts in reference to many of the past governors of the state. For this valuable record, the community owe him a debt of gratitude. To his labors we are indebted for many of the incidents in the following brief narrative. We have also availed ourselves of such other sources of information as we have been able to obtain, scattered through the many books of reference which we have had occasion to examine.

HON. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

[See page 153.]

Many of the details of the eventful life of this distinguished man are interwoven in the preceding pages. He was appointed by the National Government Governor of the Northwestern Territory from the year 1788 to 1802. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1735; received a University education there; studied medicine and became a surgeon in the British Army. Crossing the Atlantic, he served as lieutenant under General Wolf in his campaign against Quebec in 1759.

When peace was established between France and England, St. Clair was entrusted with the command of Fort Mifflin in Pennsylvania. Weary of garrison life, he entered into agricultural pursuits, and held several civil offices under the colonial government.

In the rising troubles with Great Britain, he cordially espoused the colonial cause. In 1776 he was created colonel in the Continental Army, and with wonderful energy, in six days he raised a regiment ready for the field to serve in Canada. In the Autumn of that year, promoted to the rank of brigadier general, he took part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton. The next year, as major general, he was entrusted with the command of Fort Mifflin.

Here he lost reputation; for with a garrison of two thousand men he was compelled to evacuate the fort, as Burgoyne took possession of Sugar Hill, which he had neglected to fortify. Afterwards he did good service in protecting Congress, and was with the army at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered.

In 1786, he was sent to the Continental Congress, and the next year was chosen President of that body. The following year he was appointed Governor of the Northwestern Territory. As governor, and with the military rank of major general he entered upon his disastrous campaign against the Miami Indians, which we have already described. This defeat, which was attributed to want of caution, greatly exasperated the country. He was removed from office by President Jefferson in 1802. The following reason has been assigned as the occasion of his removal:

General St. Clair was a strong Federalist. One evening, at Chillicothe, in conversation with Jeremiah Morrow, Judge Dunlevy, and Judge Foster, who were members of a constitutional convention then assembled at Chillicothe, he expressed himself as having no confidence in Republican institutions, and that we must adopt a stronger form of government or anarchy would be the consequence. A copy of these remarks, attested by the three gentlemen, was forwarded to President Jefferson; St. Clair was immediately removed.

Notwithstanding the deplorable lack of judgment displayed in his terrible defeat, St. Clair was a man of ability, of fine scholarship, and a true gentleman. His patriotism and integrity were unquestioned. He had neglected his private concerns, and, upon removal from office, was ruined in fortune. His last years were enveloped in gloom, and he died in the extreme of poverty.

NOTE.—Charles W. Byrd, of Hamilton County, was Secretary of the Territory at the time of the removal of General St. Clair in the latter part of 1802, and by virtue of his office became Acting Governor. He performed the duties of the office until the organization of the State of Ohio, and the inauguration of Gov. Edward Tiffin, March 3, 1803. There are no records in existence from which a sketch of his life can be obtained, neither has there been a picture of him preserved from which an engraving can be made.

HON. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.*

[See page 171.]

William Henry Harrison was born in Virginia at Berkeley, on the James River, the 9th of February, 1773. His father was a gentleman of wealth and distinction, an intimate friend of George Washington, and a member of the Continental Congress. He was a man of large stature, full of fun, and exceedingly popular with all classes. Twice he was chosen Governor of Virginia.

His son, William, enjoyed all the advantages which wealth and intellectual companionship could give. He graduated at Hampden Sidney College with honor, and studied medicine in Philadelphia under the celebrated Dr. Rush. The Indians were committing fearful ravages on our frontiers. St. Clair was stationed with a small military force in the solitudes of the far away waters of Ohio, where Cincinnati now stands. Young Harrison, then but nineteen years of age, joined the army, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends. He received a commission as ensign from President Washington, just before St. Clair's awful defeat which we have already described.

The youthful soldier crossed the Alleghanies on foot to Pittsburgh. There he embarked in a flat-bottomed boat and floated down the Ohio to Fort Washington. The heroic character he displayed caused him at once to be entrusted with duties of much responsibility. We hardly know how to account for the fact that even then he had adopted the principles of a thorough temperance man. He was rapidly promoted. As lieutenant, he accompanied General Wayne on his triumphant march. In Wayne's great battle, Lieutenant Harrison so signalized himself that his commanding officer wrote :

"Lieutenant Harrison was in the foremost front of the hottest battle. His person was exposed from the commencement to the close of the action. Wherever duty called he hastened, regardless of danger, and, by his efforts and example, contributed as much to secure the fortunes of the day as any other officer subordinate to the commander in chief."

Promoted to the rank of captain, Harrison was entrusted with the command of Fort Washington. Here he married a daughter of John Cleaves Symmes, a wealthy frontiersman. In 1797, he, being then twenty-four years of age, was appointed Secretary of the Northwestern Territory and *ex-officio* Lieutenant Governor. Gen. St. Clair was then Governor of the Territory. In the Spring of 1800, this almost boundless territory was divided by Congress into two por-

*There appears to be some doubt as to whether or not General Harrison was ever appointed Governor of the Northwestern Territory. In a paper prepared by A. H. Dunlevy, Esq., of Lebanon, Ohio, from the papers of his father, Judge Francis Dunlevy, and read before the Ohio Historical Society, of Cincinnati, by Robert Clarke, Esq., June 24, 1866, giving the reasons for the removal of Gen. St. Clair by President Jefferson, it is asserted that Gen. Harrison was immediately appointed to the office of Governor upon the removal of Gen. St. Clair. Judge Dunlevy above referred to was one of three persons who were instrumental in securing the removal of Gov. St. Clair (see life of St. Clair) and his papers would naturally be considered good authority. If Harrison was appointed, it is quite evident that he never entered upon the duties of the office. It may have been that the time from his appointment until the organization of the state was so brief that it did not admit of his acceptance of the office. The records of the State of Ohio show that he never filled the position, save as *ex-officio* Lieutenant Governor when Secretary of the territory before its division.



JOHN SHERMAN
U. S. Senator.

tions ; the eastern portion, comprehending the present State of Ohio, was called the territory northwest of the Ohio. The western portion, including the States of Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin, received the name of the Indiana Territory. William Henry Harrison was appointed by President John Adams Governor of the Indiana Territory. Soon after this, Upper Louisiana was added to his domain. In point of territory, his realms were now almost as extensive as those of any other ruler upon the globe. There were then in the Indiana Territory but three white settlements.

Land was purchased of the Indians. Emigration poured in. A territorial legislature was organized. The governor, a man of intelligence, kind-hearted, and of dignified bearing, occupied the gubernatorial chair for twelve years with dignity which commanded universal respect. There perhaps never was a man of more scrupulous sense of honor in all his business transactions.

Many of the hunting grounds of the Indians were sold by individual chiefs, who had no legitimate title to the lands, and who were drugged with whisky to induce them to enter into disastrous treaties. Tecumseh, one of the most intelligent and noble of the Indian chiefs, endeavored to unite the tribes in an agreement that no more of their hunting grounds should be sold without the consent of all the tribes.

It was then supposed that Tecumseh was endeavoring to ally the tribes, with the intention of exterminating the whites. Governor Harrison's anxieties were aroused. Anxious to ascertain the facts, he invited Tecumseh, and his brother, the prophet, to an interview at Vincennes. The proud chief came, with a retinue of four hundred warriors, in their most gorgeous barbaric array. The chief solemnly declared that he had no idea of making war, but that he was determined to prevent, if possible, any further disposal of their hunting grounds.

This led to mutual recriminations. A bloody conflict was narrowly escaped, in which each party would have accused the other of treachery. The militia of Vincennes were under arms, and could easily have overpowered the Indian warriors. But the governor had promised the chief protection coming and going. Not long after this, the governor visited Tecumseh, at his village on Tippecanoe River. The chief reiterated his declaration that he had no intention of making war ; but that if he could prevent it, no more of the Indian lands should be given up, without the consent of all the tribes.

The months rolled on. Rumors of an Indian outbreak filled the air. Governor Harrison placed himself at the head of a thousand troops ; marched to the valley of the Tippecanoe. A fierce battle ensued. Each party accused the other of being the assailant. Tecumseh was absent in the South. His brother, Olliwacheca, called the Prophet, led the Indians. The Indians, having lost nearly two hundred of their warriors, fled. Governor Harrison burned their town, trampled down their crops, and destroyed everything which could aid them in any future hostilities.

The second war with England came. The Indians, maddened by what they declared was a totally unjustifiable attack upon them, eagerly enlisted under the British standard. We have had occasion, in the foregoing narrative, minutely to recount all these scenes. Hull surrendered Detroit. Harrison was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Northwestern army. Through mid-

night marches, bloody conflicts; through storms of sleet and snow, encountering hunger and cold, sickness and toil, he marched to victory.

Urged by Governor Harrison, the government constructed a fleet on Lake Erie. Perry encountered the English ships and reported to the government, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Harrison recaptured Detroit; pursued the retreating British into Canada, and won the victory of the Thames. Peace ensued.

Governor Harrison's acquaintance with the Indian character rendered him eminently useful in treating with them. Though his energetic course, in arresting the fraudulent plans of unprincipled men, had raised up many enemies against him, the masses of the people appreciated his virtues. In 1816, he represented the District of Ohio in the National House of Representatives. In Congress he occupied a conspicuous position. His past achievements, his patriotic views and his powers of eloquence gave him much distinction. He condemned General Jackson's invasion of Florida. The general never forgave him.

In 1819, Governor Harrison was elected to the Senate of Ohio. In 1824, as one of the Presidential electors, he gave the vote of the state for Henry Clay. The same year he was chosen to the Senate of the United States. In 1828, John Quincy Adams appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Colombia. Andrew Jackson, upon his accession to the Presidency, peremptorily recalled him. He repaired to his farm at North Bend. At one time he owned a distillery. He abandoned the business and condemned it as sinful. At the age of eighteen he inherited slaves. His own reflections led him to denounce the institution, and he became a strong abolitionist. Dueling was fashionable with southern gentlemen. He declared the practice to be a sin against God.

In 1836 he was brought forward as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. He lost the election. The Hon. Martin Van Buren was chosen. Four years later he was renominated. His triumph was signal. He received two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes. Mr. Van Buren received sixty. His passage to the capital, through our cities and villages, presented a constant triumph. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1840. On the 4th of April he died, of a violent pleurisy fever, after a sickness of but a few days. His death was universally regretted. Not a stain has sullied his character. Through all time the name of William Henry Harrison will be pronounced with love and reverence.

HON. EDWARD TIFFIN.

[See page 211.]

Somewhere about the year 1798, Edward Tiffin, a young man but twenty years of age, emigrated from Philadelphia to the boundless wilderness west of the Alleghanies, then known only as the Northwestern Territory, and inhabited mainly by savages. He was born in England, in comfortable if not in affluent circumstances. Having there obtained a good English education, he came to the new world to seek his fortune. He entered a medical school at Phila-

delphia, and, graduating with honor, before he had attained his twenty-first year, turned his adventurous steps toward the setting sun.

Upon the banks of the Scioto there was a small hamlet of log houses beautifully situated, which was called Chillicothe. Edward Tiffin would have been an accession of value to any settlement in the West. Here he selected his residence. He was a man of well cultivated mind, gentlemanly manners, a friendly spirit, and his conduct was guided, not only by high morality, but by true Christian principle. He immediately identified himself with his new home and its enterprising people. He rapidly acquired reputation, not only for his skill as a physician, but also for his virtues as a man. Immediately he was introduced into political life in the legislature, and was chosen President of the Constitutional Convention in 1802.

His fame and popularity rapidly extended, and he was almost unanimously elected the first governor of the newly formed state. This important office he held for five consecutive years, with wise statesmanship, seeking in every way to develop the resources of the state. In the year 1809 he was chosen to the Senate of the United States. In this enlarged sphere of power he did very much to promote the interests of Ohio. Public lands were surveyed, new measures of transporting the mails organized, and the navigation of the Ohio River much improved.

His devotion to the public interests was so entire that he neglected his own private affairs. But for this he would unquestionably have accumulated a large property. Retiring from the Senate, he was in the year 1812 appointed by President Madison Commissioner of the General Land Office. In 1814 he was appointed, by the same President, Surveyor General of the Northwest. These duties he discharged with such ability that he retained the office through the four administrations of Madison, Monroe, Adams and Jackson. He died at Chillicothe, still holding several important offices, on the 9th of August, 1829.

The community mourned the loss of a great and a good man. Though not largely rich he had ample means, and refined taste embellished his beautiful home. His earnest piety was an important element in promoting the best interests of the town; and numerous guests, the most distinguished in the land, were lured to his hospitable board. A costly monument marks the spot where his body now rests.

HON. THOMAS KIRKER.

[See page 231.]

In the year 1807, there was, as we have mentioned, a hotly contested election for Governor of Ohio. Return Jonathan Meigs and Nathaniel Massie were rival candidates. Return Jonathan Meigs received the majority of votes. The General Assembly, however, declared him ineligible, pronouncing him to be a non-resident. Mr. Massie was also declared not elected, he not having received the necessary number of votes.

Hon. Thomas Kirker was then Acting Governor, by virtue of his office of Speaker of the State Senate, when Edward Tiffin resigned that office to take his seat in the United States Senate. He continued in office until another election in 1808, when Samuel Huntington received the suffrages of the people.

But little information can now be obtained respecting Governor Kirker. Nothing of interest occurred during his brief administration, and we know not where he was born or where he died.

HON. SAMUEL HUNTINGTON

[See page 255.]

In the year 1765, Samuel Huntington was born at Norwich, Connecticut. This town, now one of the most beautiful in this or any other land, was then a small, struggling village, hewn out of the wilderness on the banks of the Thames. He was of Puritan stock. His were noble Christian parents. Could the whole story of his eventful life be told, it would occupy a volume, and would constitute one of the most interesting and exciting of narratives, full of the elements of what is usually called a sensational story.

Samuel was born of an illustrious family. He graduated at Yale College in 1785, an accomplished scholar, and an unusually courteous gentleman. Studying law, he commenced practice in his native town. In 1793 he married an accomplished lady of his own name. Even then the mighty West was drawing its emigrants, and large companies were being formed to speculate in the public lands.

Samuel Huntington became interested in the "Western Reserve" lands. At the age of thirty-five, he started on an exploring tour to these regions. He set out on horseback for the long, circuitous and weary journey, across mountains and ravines, and through prairies and forests. He first visited Southern Ohio, and reached Youngstown the latter part of July, 1800. Thence he visited Marietta, where he was cordially received by Governor St. Clair and other distinguished men who were prominent in the organization of that colony. The young lawyer was so much pleased with the country and the hospitality of the people that he decided to emigrate with his family, and took immediate measures to be admitted to the bar of Ohio.

In the Fall he returned to Norwich, *via* Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. The following Spring he took his wife and children in what was then called an "Ohio wagon," canvas-covered, for their long and rough journey of many hundred miles. With their heavily laden wagon, drawn by two horses, they could seldom make more than thirty miles a day. The incidents he encountered upon this long journey, often through solitudes of indescribable gloom, must have been very eventful.

Mr. Huntington established his permanent residence at Cleveland, in the midst of its stumps and girdled forest. Many of the settlers had vacated the cabins which they had at first reared, and had erected new huts on the high land, back of the town, hoping to escape the sickness which had sorely afflicted them on the lower grounds. It must have been for some time a sad life for a lady so accomplished and so unaccustomed to privation as was Mrs. Huntington. It was necessary for her husband often to be absent, leaving her alone with her children in their solitary hut.

Often Mrs. Huntington was compelled to bar the door of the block-house, which was called their wooden castle, to shut out drunken and riotous Indians

who were striving to break in. Rapidly Mr. Huntington rose to distinction. General St. Clair appointed him lieutenant colonel in a regiment of Trumbull County militia. He was then elevated to the position of Presiding Judge in the Court of Quarter Sessions. In 1802 he became a member of the Constitutional Convention, and by that body was appointed State Senator for Trumbull County. For some time he was Speaker of the Senate, and was elected by the Legislature to a seat on the Supreme Court of Ohio.

Upon the organization of the Territory of Michigan, he was offered the position of Judge of the District Court of that Territory, but he declined the office. Other important offices were pressed upon him, which he declined. The prospects of Cleveland, in its early settlement were not encouraging, as very serious sickness prevailed there. Mr. Huntington, then Judge of the Supreme Court, removed to Newburg, where he took great interest in erecting a grist mill, which was a very important affair for that young community.

Not long after this, in the year 1809, he purchased a finely located farm, on the eastern shore of Grand River, between Painesville and Lake Erie. Here he erected a mansion, commodious, and, for those days, quite imposing in its architecture. The house still remains, attesting the good taste of the original proprietor. It stands in a position which commands a lovely view of the Grand River Valley, rich in fine scenery; of the distant summits of the mountains of Gauga County in the south; and, far away in the north, of the expanded waters of that inland ocean, Lake Erie. Many shade trees which his own hands planted still ornament the grounds.

It is worthy of note, that while Judge Huntington was on the bench, a severe conflict arose between the legislative and judicial departments of the state. The Legislature passed a law conferring certain rights upon justices of the peace, which the judges of the Supreme Court declared to be unconstitutional. The lower house filed articles of impeachment against the judges. But in the meantime the people of Ohio chose Judge Huntington governor of the state. He therefore resigned his judicial seat, and was not brought to trial. Not quite a two-thirds majority could be obtained against the other two judges, and they consequently escaped conviction.

After occupying the gubernatorial chair for one term, during which nothing of moment occurred, he retired to his pleasant home on Grand River. His prominence was such that he could not well keep out of public life. In 1812 he was a member of the Ohio House of Representatives, when the second war with Great Britain came upon us. England, in possession of the Canadas, endeavored to arm all the savage tribes, over which she could obtain control, to desolate our frontiers. Hull surrendered Detroit. Beneath the banners of England the howling savage marched with dripping tomahawk and scalping-knife. Cottages blazed in midnight conflagration. Women and children were butchered or carried into captivity worse than death. Universal consternation reigned throughout the whole extent of our northwestern border land.

Governor Huntington, with General Cass, visited Washington to represent to the National authorities the dreadful state of affairs in Northern Ohio. The Governor was appointed District Paymaster, with the rank of colonel, and returned to the camp of General Harrison, with a supply of funds, in the

shape of government drafts, and with the promise of additional aid. He remained for many months with the army, co-operating in all the ways in his power to its efficiency, until peace was declared, when he returned again to the blessed employments of a tranquil home and a peaceful life. In the year 1817 he died, after a lingering sickness, leaving the reputation of unusually accomplished scholarship, of great executive ability, and of integrity of the highest order.

HON. RETURN JONATHAN MEIGS.

[See page 273.]

Return Jonathan Meigs, who inherited the name of an illustrious father, was born in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1765. When twenty years of age he graduated at Yale College, with the highest honors of his class. Returning to his native town, on the banks of the Connecticut River, he studied law and entered upon its practice. When twenty-three years of age he married Miss Sophia Wright, and, with his young bride, set out for the boundless wilderness of the Northwestern Territory.

He had selected the infant settlement of Marrietta for his residence, and had purchased a large tract of land there. In the course of this history we have already had occasion to refer to many of the heroic enterprises in which he was called to act a part. When Mr. Meigs arrived at Marrietta, in the Autumn of the year 1788, the whole region was an almost unbroken wilderness. Still in the little cluster of log huts, which were gathered for protection around the Campus Martius, there were many families who, in intellectual culture, in social virtues and in refinement of manners would have been ornaments to any community.

Mr. Meigs commenced with great energy cultivating his spacious lands. Occasionally his professional services were required in settling the little difficulties which arose among the inhabitants scattered widely around. A man of true worth will soon become known and revered wherever he may be. Mr. Meigs rapidly gained the confidence of the community. Governor St. Clair became his warm friend.

England, after the war of the Revolution, continued, for a long time, very unfriendly to the United States. Her proud government could not forget the humiliation of defeat. In anticipation of another war, her officials in Canada, as we have mentioned, were assiduous in their endeavors to win the co-operation of the savages, and to feed the flame of their hostility against the United States. This could easily be done, for even the most unintelligent Indian could not fail to perceive the rapid encroachments of civilization upon their ancient hunting grounds.

In the year 1790, Governor St. Clair sent Mr. Meigs with dispatches to the British Commandant, at Detroit, remonstrating against the unfriendly measures which the authorities there were pursuing. The remonstrance was of no avail in arresting Indian depredations and incursions. Mr. Meigs, however, performed his mission to the entire acceptance of the government. A full record

of his adventures with the Indians, his perils and his hair-breadth escapes would occupy more space than could here be allotted to it. Many of the events are recorded in previous pages.

In the Winter of 1802 he was elected, by the Legislature, a judge of the Supreme Court. The associate judges were Samuel Huntington and George Tod, whose son David was subsequently governor of the state. In the year 1804 the United States Government having purchased of France the vast Territory then called Louisiana, President Jefferson appointed Mr. Meigs to the command of the upper portion of that district, with the title of brevet colonel in the United States Army. Here, with the additional dignity of a judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, he remained but little more than a year, when, in consequence of a failure of health, he returned to Ohio.

Soon after this President Jefferson, in appreciation of his high abilities, appointed him United States Judge for the District of Michigan. He had but just entered upon the duties of this office when he was nominated for the gubernatorial chair of Ohio. He was elected by a majority of votes over the rival candidate, General Nathaniel Massie. But the State Senate declared his election void, as it was said he had forfeited his citizenship by his residence in Louisiana and Michigan. Very gracefully Judge Meigs bowed acceptance to the decision of the Senate. He was immediately elected Judge of the Supreme Court, and soon after was sent to the United States Senate to fill out the unexpired term of the Hon. John Smith, who had resigned that post to avoid impeachment for alleged complication with the Aaron Burr conspiracy. At the same session of the Legislature Judge Meigs was chosen to a full term in the United States Senate from the 4th of March, 1809.

The next year he was chosen Governor of Ohio, after a very hotly contested election, by a majority of over two thousand. His reputation was greatly increased by the remarkable ability displayed in his inaugural address. Soon the cruel war with Great Britain and the savages broke out. Governor Meigs consecrated all his sleepless energies to the defense of the frontiers, and thus saved many lives and much property. His tireless devotion to this work and the military ability he displayed gave him national renown.

President Madison called Governor Meigs into his Cabinet to fill the very important office of Postmaster General. Here he proved to be the right man in the right place. For nine years he discharged these arduous duties with admirable skill, winning the highest commendation both of the government and of the nation. Declining health rendered it necessary for him to retire. His declining years he spent, revered and beloved by all, in his quiet home at Marietta. He died on the 29th of March, 1825. In the graveyard at Marietta his body now reposes, awaiting the judgment trump at whose summons the dead shall rise. In all the relations of social life his conduct was worthy of imitation. And all who knew him testified to the remarkable fidelity with which he discharged all the duties as a patriot and a Christian.

HON. OTHNIEL LOOKER.

[See page 291.]

Othniel Looker was born of humble parents in the State of New York on the 4th of October, 1757. With scarcely any advantages for education in early life, he enlisted as a private in the War of the Revolution, and immediately after peace, probably receiving land for his services, emigrated across the Alleghanies to the Northwestern Territory.

He built his cabin, with his own ax opened his clearing in the gigantic forests, and commenced his life labors as a hard-working farmer. Being a man of integrity, of sound judgment, and of constantly increasing intelligence, he gradually gained the respect and confidence of the community.

He was first sent to the Legislature. Availing himself of all the advantages of that practical school of political knowledge, he so rose in public esteem as to be sent to the Senate. The worthy character of the man is shown in the fact that he eventually became Speaker of the Senate.

While in that position, Mr. Meigs, who was then Governor, resigned his chair, to accept the office of Postmaster General under President Madison. Thus Mr. Looker, by virtue of his office, was promoted to the dignity of the Chief Executive. He served but eight months, when he was succeeded by Thomas Worthington.

There are no documents now remaining to give us the details of his uneventful life. The fact of his rising from so humble an origin to such a position, indicates that he was a worthy man, of good abilities, and of commendable industry. Having well performed his part in life, he passed peacefully away to the spirit land.

HON. THOMAS WORTHINGTON.

[See page 343.]

Thomas Worthington was born in what is now Jefferson County, Virginia, on the 10th of February, 1769. His parents, estimated by the standard of that time and region, were wealthy, and they gave their son an excellent education. But little is known of his early life. At the age of twenty-one he entered upon a large inheritance, consisting mainly of slaves and plantations.

A few years after this, when the United States had fought and won their battle of independence, beneath the banner of equal rights for all men, Thomas Worthington very nobly manumitted his slaves, sold his real estate, and removed to the free soil north of the Ohio. After visiting Marietta, Cincinnati, and several other infant settlements north of the Ohio River, he decided to take up his residence at Chillicothe, in the fertile valley of the Scioto. Here he purchased a large tract of land and erected the first frame house in that section.

This was in the Summer and Autumn of 1797. The next April he removed with his family to his new home. Several of his former slaves accompanied him as hired laborers. To each negro he assigned a portion of land, and all hands went vigorously to work to cut down the forest, to break up the soil, and to cause the desert to bud and blossom as the rose. This Summer he built,

on a little stream called the *Paint*, the first saw-mill which was erected in the Valley of the Scioto. This was an inestimable blessing to that rapidly growing community.

His wealth, his public spirit, his moral and social virtues rendered him very popular, and several offices of trust were urged upon him. He became Assistant Surveyor of the Public Lands, a member of the Convention to frame a Constitution for Ohio, and was elected to represent the new state in the United States Senate. The duties of all these offices he discharged with great fidelity and success. Mr. Worthington was an influential member of the Senate, and took an active part in the debates upon all important questions.

He gave his earnest support to the administration of President Jefferson. Though at first he was opposed to the war with England, hoping by diplomacy to induce that government to cease from its unendurable insults upon our flag, insults which, to-day, would rouse the whole nation to arms from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf. But when he found that England would pay no heed to our remonstrances, he gave his hearty coöperation to the war measures of the government. At the close of his senatorial career, Mr. Worthington returned to private life. He then erected for himself, about the year 1808, quite an elegant residence a few miles out from Chillicothe. The mansion occupied a fine site on the banks of the Scioto River, to which place he gave the name of Adena. It is said that the beautiful property still remains in the hands of one of the sons of this illustrious sire.

In the year 1810 he was again elected to the United States Senate, where he fully sustained his former reputation as an intrepid, conscientious and able statesman. In the 1814 he was elected Governor by a majority of over seven thousand votes. He discharged the duties of this office with such acceptance he was reelected by a still increased majority. It will be remembered that that Governor Worthington had nobly manumitted his slaves, and had made generous provision for many of them on the free soil of Ohio. During his last term as Governor, quite a serious difficulty arose between the States of Kentucky and Ohio; the former demanding the enforcement of the fugitive slave law, which law the consciences of the freemen of Ohio repudiated with indignation.

The situation of the Governor was very embarrassing. While he detested slavery, he still felt bound, by his oath, faithfully to administer the laws of the National Government. For many years this unhappy question became an element of discord throughout all the northern states. It led eventually to the most desolating civil war, and to woes over which angels might weep.

Governor Worthington, upon his retirement from the office of the chief magistracy, returned to the tranquility and the privacy of his beautiful home in the beautiful Valley of the Scioto. He still took a deep interest in all public improvements. His useful life was terminated in 1827, at the age of but fifty-five years. His social virtues won the affection of all who knew him, while his wise and energetic devotion to the public interests, secured for him the homage of the state and an enviable national reputation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS—CONTINUED.

ETHAN ALLEN BROWN, ALLEN TRIMBLE, JEREMIAH MORROW.

HON. ETHAN ALLEN BROWN.

[See page 363.]

On the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, about half way between New York and New Haven, there is now a beautiful region whose green-embowered and silent eminences are decorated with the summer mansions of New York merchants, and from whose fertile fields much produce is carried by the thrifty farmers to the great city. A hundred years ago this region was solitary in the extreme, there being but a few farm houses scattered over the wide expanse, which was mostly covered with forest.

Here Roger Brown lived, an intelligent farmer of ample means for that region and those times. On the 4th of July, 1766, a son was born to him, to whom he gave the name of Ethan Allen Brown. This boy early developed a mind of unusual activity and great eagerness for learning. But in that sparsely settled country there were no schools. Mr. Brown, anxious for the welfare of his children, employed a scholarly man to instruct them privately a few hours of each day, the same man probably assisting the remainder of the time in work upon the farm.

Young Ethan proved an apt scholar, and having an unusually retentive memory, became quite a proficient in the French, Latin and Greek languages. With his mind thus excited and his powers enlarged, he became weary of the manual labor of the farm, and, upon attaining his majority, decided to study law. He obtained some books and commenced the study in the farm house, by side of the winter's evening fire, still assisting his father in all those arduous labors which the tillage of New England soil demands. After a time, feeling deeply the need of some intellectual guide, he went to New York and entered the law office of Hon. Alexander Hamilton, who was then at the height of his celebrity as a lawyer, an orator and a statesman.

New York opened to the young and ambitious student a new world. The city then contained but about fifteen thousand inhabitants. But here Brown, fresh from the farm, was introduced to the most refined and cultivated families, and to the ablest men in our land. This intercourse roused to intensity his

ambition to excel. He soon won the esteem and warm friendship of Mr. Hamilton.

If our information is correct, Mr. Brown was not admitted to the bar until 1802, he being then thirty-six years of age. This indicates protracted studies, many interruptions, and probably the necessity of devoting much time to business matters, that he might raise funds to meet his expenses as a student. In some way Mr. Brown had, by this time, acquired considerable property. Taking quite a sum of money with him, he set out, in company with a cousin, Captain John Brown, to seek his fortune in the Far West. The two men mounted their horses for this long journey, and, through old Indian roads, traversed the vast solitudes of interior and western Pennsylvania until they reached Brownville, on the east bank of the Monongahela River. The little settlement there, where emigrants usually took boats to float down the river, was then called Sandstone. Here the adventurers purchased two large flat bottom barges which they loaded with flour for the New Orleans market. Having engaged a sufficient number of boatmen, they pushed out from the shore and embarked on their arduous and somewhat perilous enterprise. In that day, such a inland voyage of nearly two thousand five hundred miles must have been full of interest to any one possessed of poetic sensibilities. The barges floated sixty miles down the winding, forest-fringed edge of the Monongahela. Then entering *La Belle Riviere*, they were borne placidly along over those smooth waters, through enchanting scenery, with antlered deer upon the banks, and water fowl of varied plumage sporting upon the mirrored surface of the river, a distance of more than nine hundred and fifty miles, when their boats emerged from the mouth of the Ohio, upon the majestic Father of Waters. There was then still before them a voyage of about one thousand two hundred miles.

As they swept rapidly along they passed forests sublime in solitude and gloom, prairies, ocean-like in their expanse, enameled with the most gorgeous flowers and picturesque bluffs, whose pinnacles, cliffs and towers, seemed fashioned as by a divine hand in shapes of beauty. At one time the river would expand into an almost shoreless lake. Again, contracted between the bluffs, the mighty volume of water would rush on with accelerated velocity. The Indian's birch canoe, floating like a bubble, would be often seen skimming over the surface of some sheltered cove, while Indian children would be gamboling upon the beach, and a cluster of Indian wigwams would cheer the eye with those charms which distance ever lends to such a view.

About one hundred miles below Cincinnati they came to a rude hamlet of a few log huts, at a place which was called Rising Sun. It was in what is now the State of Indiana, but was then merely a portion of the boundless waste called the Northwestern Territory. Here the voyagers moored their boats for a few hours. They were much impressed with the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil, the grandeur of the forest, and with what is called *the lay of the land*.

Continuing their voyage for two or three weeks, they at length reached New Orleans in safety. Here they found, much to their disappointment, that so much flour had been brought down the river that they could not sell their cargo but at a loss. With enterprise characteristic of the men, they shipped their

flour for Liverpool, England; and took passage themselves, on board the same vessel, for that distant port. Here they sold their flour, we believe to advantage, and returned to the United States. They landed at Baltimore, Maryland, after a long and circuitous route, late in the Autumn of that year.

Mr. Roger Brown, of Darien, wrote to his son requesting him to go on an exploring tour down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to select a spot of several thousand acres, to which he wished to remove with his family. Ethan Brown at once embarked on this new enterprise. Having already traversed the whole region, and with a watchful eye, his thought at once reverted to the tract of country which had already so charmed him, around Rising Sun. Here the purchase was made, and Mr. Brown, for comparatively a small sum of money, became a large landholder. An elder brother of Ethan was sent out first to clear the land, prepare it for crops, and make those general arrangements essential for the reception of a family accustomed to all the comforts of life. Mr. Roger Brown did not remove to his new possessions until 1814 just as that portion of the Northwestern Territory was being incorporated into the State of Indiana.

Ten years before the removal of the family, in the year 1804, Ethan Allen Brown took up his residence in Cincinnati, and entered upon the practice of his profession. His energy was crowned with immediate prosperity, and he was soon in receipt of a large income. He at once took a high position among the leading members of the bar. In 1810, he was elected, by the Legislature, Judge of the Supreme Court, and for eight years he performed the duties of that important office with distinguished success.

In the year 1818, Judge Brown was chosen Governor of Ohio. His inaugural address honored the man and his constituents who had the intelligence to elect him. His administration gave a new impulse to internal improvements. In this respect it has been said that Ethan Allen Brown was to Ohio what De Witt Clinton was to New York. He took a very active and efficient interest in the construction of that great work, the Ohio Canal. It was called at the time, by the opponents of the measure, Brown's folly. But it proved, like the great Erie Canal, to be a work of consummate wisdom.

In 1821, Governor Brown was promoted to a seat in the United States Senate. Here again he won high commendation for his ability, and his untiring industry. In 1822, he was appointed Canal Commissioner. In 1830, President Jackson entrusted him with the responsible office of Minister to Brazil. At that time there were several important questions pending, which Mr. Brown caused to be settled, much to the satisfaction of both parties.

In 1834, Mr. Brown, then sixty-eight years old, retired from the Brazilian Court, and sought repose, after twenty years of unremitted public labor, in his bachelor home at Cincinnati. But a few months passed ere President Jackson again sought his services, and, inviting him to Washington, urged him to accept the position of Commissioner General of the Land Office. Retiring from these arduous labors two years after this, he repaired to Rising Sun, where was the grave of his father, and where many of his kindred still dwelt. Here, in the gentle employments of agriculture, and in literary pursuits, for which he had a decided taste, he passed the serene evening of his days. He died very suddenly,



MORRISON R. WAITE
Chief Justice of the U.S.

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after the brief sickness of half an hour, on the 24th of February, 1852. He was then attending a Democratic Convention at Indianapolis. He had been remarkably healthy throughout his life. It is said that all his sickness would not have amounted to one week of time. His remains were conveyed to the beautiful cemetery at Rising Sun. A fine marble shaft rises over his ashes, with this inscription :

"ETHAN ALLEN BROWN.

"A man distinguished during a long life, by devotion to the service of his country, in the office of Judge of the Supreme Court, Governor of the State of Ohio, Senator of the United States, Commissioner of the United States Land Office, Envoy to Brazil, etc., and more highly distinguished as one whose unblemished character, whose truthfulness, and purity of heart and life, reflected honor on offices which are supposed to confer honor on their incumbents.

"Was born in Connecticut

"In the year 1766.

"Died at Indianapolis, February 24, 1852."

HON. ALLEN TRIMBLE.

[See page 399.]

In the north of Ireland there is a community possessing remarkable characteristics from the blending in their characters of the peculiarities of the Scotch and Irish. Their ancestors emigrated from Scotland, and they are almost all staunch Protestants. In consequence of their origin they are called the Scotch-Irish. Many of the most valuable emigrants from the Old World to this, are these Scotch-Irish, from the north of Ireland.

Somewhere about the year 1750 a young man of this community named John Trimble crossed the Atlantic, seeking a new home in the wilds of America. We know but very little respecting him save that he was a man of Puritanic integrity and of indomitable energy. About one hundred and fifty miles from the sea-coast of Virginia, there is a range of the Alleghany Mountains called the Blue Ridge. Beyond this ridge there is one of the most beautiful valleys on this globe, bounded still farther west by other ridges of these gigantic mountains.

This magnificent Valley of Virginia had been, from time immemorial, one of the favorite abodes of the Indians. The climate was mild and delightful, the soil fertile, the forests and prairies magnificent in extent and luxuriance, and the game abundant. It was an Indian elysium.

To this remote yet attractive region, John Trimble, with his wife and one or two small children, boldly directed his steps. He reared his log cabin, planted his corn, ranged the streams with his fishing rod, and the fields with his rifle. The Indians were friendly. Other emigrants repaired to the valley, and settled not far from him. Summers and winters came and went with all the vicissitudes of joys and griefs which are the inevitable lot of humanity.

At length an awful storm of darkness and woe descended upon his dwelling.

The savages became hostile. One night the family was startled from its slumbers by the awful war whoop. A band of demoniac savages came rushing upon them. The fiend-like deed was soon perpetrated. Mr. Trimble, fighting valiantly, was killed and scalped. So far as we can learn, all the family perished excepting one son, James, a little boy who was taken captive. The torch was applied, and the cabin, with its murdered inmates, was reduced to ashes. The morning dawned, revealing one of the most cruel of those deeds which man's inhumanity has ever been inflicting upon his brother man.

The neighbors from many miles around rallied, and hotly pursued the retreating band which perpetrated this bloody deed. It was not difficult to follow their trail through meadow and forest. Colonel Maffit, who led this party of avengers, had married a daughter of John Trimble. With tireless energies he pursued them beyond the western ridge of the Alleghanies, struck them by surprise when they supposed that they were beyond the reach of danger, shot several of them, dispersed the rest terror-stricken, and recovered James Trimble and several other prisoners whom the Indians had taken.

James grew up to manhood. He never forgot that midnight scene of terror and of blood, in which his father and others of the family perished. The memory of that awful hour often nerved his arm in many a subsequent sanguinary battle with the Indians. In the year 1774, being then twenty-one years of age, he took part in the terrible battle of Point Pleasant, which has been described in previous pages of this work. It will be remembered that this battle was fought between troops from the Valley of Virginia and a coalition of several Indian tribes, under the renowned chief, Cornstalk.

In the Revolutionary War, when England was hurling the savages against our defenceless frontiers, James Trimble was in command of a company of border troops to range the wilderness, and beat back their fiend-like foes. Heroically he acted his part. At the close of the Revolutionary War, Mr. Trimble married Miss Jane Allen, and in 1784 removed to what is now Kentucky, settling upon lands which he received in payment for military services. A company of emigrants was organized to establish a colony in those vast wilds over which countless Indian tribes were roving.

As they were to go beyond the reach of organic laws, or of governmental protection, it was necessary for them to combine for mutual protection, and form themselves into somewhat of an independent community. Major General Henry Knox, who, during the war, had acquired much reputation, not only as a soldier but also as a statesman, was the chosen leader of this band.

This little band of adventurers pressed forward on their long journey through the almost trackless region, until they reached a spot called McConnell's Station, where the City of Lexington now stands. Mrs. Trimble made this arduous journey on horseback, carrying in her arms her little son Allen, then a babe eleven months old. It was late in the Autumn when they set out. The journey occupied several weeks. There were days of rain, when no shelter could be obtained. It was necessary to camp out every night. Their food had to be cooked on the way, and most of it to be taken by the fishing rod or the rifle. In the month of November they reached their distant home.

These men, of Scotch-Irish descent, were intelligent, energetic, upright, and

were endowed with that worldly wisdom which was pretty sure to secure for them pecuniary prosperity. Mr. Trimble, in the course of eighteen years, became a wealthy man for that region. He was a large landholder, and owned quite a number of slaves. As there were no schools, he employed a private teacher to instruct his children. Gradually he awoke to the consciousness, not only of the inexpediency, but of the enormous wrong of slavery. Often he wistfully cast his eyes across the Ohio River to the soil beyond, consecrated forever to freedom.

We know not how long or how intense the struggle, but it must have been both long and intense before he fully made up his mind to abandon so much of what the community around him regarded as legitimate property, and again, in his declining years, to seek for a new home. He might have sold his slaves for a large sum of money. But nobly he resolved not to do this, but to give them their freedom.

In the year 1802, he took his son Allen with him, who was then about nineteen years of age, and explored the Valley of the Scioto, then mostly an unbroken solitude. In this lovely region he purchased a large quantity of land, and following up the Paint River, one of the important tributaries of the Scioto, to its upper waters, he bought, on Clear River, in what is now Highland County, twelve hundred additional acres, in an admirable location. Upon this purchase, on the banks of Clear River, he decided to locate his family.

The next year, in 1803, this noble man presented his slaves with their deeds of manumission. They were handed in to the county court of Woolford County for record. So great was the reluctance of the authorities, at that time, to encourage emancipation, that the record would have been refused but for the powerful interposition of Henry Clay.

In the Autumn of this year, Mr. Trimble, still remaining in the old homestead, sent his son Allen and his brother in law, Mr. Lewis, to purchase, at the scattered farmhouses, four hundred swine, on speculation. Mr. Allen furnished the funds. This herd was to be driven six hundred miles to Central Virginia, two hundred of which were through an uninhabited mountain wilderness. It was a long and tedious journey, for the slow-paced animals could never travel more than fifteen or twenty miles a day. They lived upon such nuts and roots as they could pick up on the route.

This was the first speculation of the kind. It proved eminently successful. The hogs cost in Kentucky two dollars each, or eight hundred dollars for the whole. They were sold in Virginia for nine dollars per head, being three thousand six hundred dollars for the whole. That left a profit of two thousand four hundred dollars. From this was to be deducted only the wages of the drovers, who could be hired for a few dollars a month.

Young Allen Trimble, who went in charge of this herd, spent the Winter with his relatives in Virginia. Upon his return to Lexington, in the Spring, he found that his father had gone to his new purchase on Clear River, where he was erecting a house and planting an orchard. While engaged in these labors the good man died, in the year 1804, at the age of fifty.

Thus Allen, before he had attained his majority, became the responsible head of the family. Through the kind care of his father, he had received a good

English education, and a thorough knowledge of surveying. Both by nature and education he was a good business man. His Scotch-Irish blood gave him strong self-reliance, great decision of character, and unyielding integrity. He had an intelligent and noble mother, and the intelligent son well knew how to appreciate her virtues.

The success of the speculation with the swine induced young Trimble, in partnership with a Mr. Bell, to make another similar purchase. The enterprise occupied his time for nearly half a year. In the Spring of 1805, the family took possession of the estate in Ohio. Days of tumult, terror, and demoniac war soon came. The exasperated Indians rushed, in frenzies of despair, upon our frontier settlements. The British government supplied them with arms and ammunition, and the savage bands were often led to their most inhuman deeds by British officers.

Allen had two younger brothers, William and Cary. They accompanied General Hull on his disastrous campaign, and at his surrender became prisoners of war. When exchanged, they again joined the army, and proved brave and efficient soldiers. William subsequently became a member of the United States Senate, and also received from Ohio the important appointment of Indian Commissioner.

Allen Trimble rapidly gained reputation in the ever increasing community where he had found his new home. Several offices were conferred upon him, such as Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas and County Recorder. For seven years he occupied these positions, taking up his residence at Hillsborough, the county seat of Hillsborough County. He thus became familiar with the practice of the courts, and being a large landholder and an excellent surveyor, he soon became one of the most prominent men of that region.

General Hull's disastrous surrender had exposed the whole Northwestern frontier to the depredations of the Indians. With abundance of ammunition, and armed with the best of English rifles, the injury which these roving bands were able to inflict upon lonely cabins and scattered settlements was awful almost beyond conception. Tales of woe were circulated through the land which caused the ear which heard them to tingle.

Mr. Trimble, though a civilian, and having a small family now dependent upon him, volunteered his services to face these perils, and, if possible, to drive back the savages. In two campaigns he rendered efficient service. In 1812 he was appointed colonel of one of the regiments raised in southern Ohio. Valiantly leading this band, he marched to the relief of far distant Fort Wayne, with orders to attack and chastise with the utmost severity the hostile bands on the waters of the Upper Wabash and Eel Rivers. He executed this commission with so much military ability as to merit and receive the warm approval of General Harrison. Upon the expiration of his term of enlistment he returned to his home, to engage in the more congenial occupations of peace.

Again, in the year 1813, he promptly responded to a call from Governor Meigs to repair to the cruel fields of battle. A regiment was raised from his own county and the adjoining County of Adams, of which regiment Colonel Trimble was chosen Major. With these troops he marched a couple of hundred miles to the Upper Sandusky. Little does the reader appreciate the

significance of such a campaign. The hunger, the fatigue, the exposure; the dreary march through bogs and streams with ragged shoes and dripping clothes; the midnight bivouac on the wet soil swept by chill winds and deluged with rain; the hours of languor, sickness, pain, with no possibilities of relief; all these circumstances were combined to render this expedition through the wilderness one of extreme suffering. Such was the price which the fathers of Ohio paid for the beautiful domain which they have transmitted as a legacy to their children.

Upon the conclusion of this direful war, Colonel Trimble returned to his home, his agricultural pursuits, and to the varied duties of an influential civilian.

In 1816 he represented Highland County in the Legislature of the State. The next year he was promoted to a seat in the State Senate. His popularity was great and he was returned to this position by large majorities for four successive terms. In the year 1818 he was chosen Speaker of the Senate, and occupied that chair of honor for eight years by almost unanimous consent.

In the year 1826, Allen Trimble was chosen Governor of Ohio. It is said that he retired from the Senate with the reputation of having been the most able presiding officer who had ever occupied the Speaker's chair. His popularity was so great that seventy-one thousand four hundred and seventy-five votes were cast in his favor at the gubernatorial election. This gave him a majority of over sixty-two thousand above three other candidates.

The United States Government, interested in the promotion of all those internal improvements which were deemed of national importance, had granted to Ohio five hundred thousand acres of the national domain within the state, to aid in the construction of the great canal. Governor Trimble, aided by Mr. Lewis Davis, of Cincinnati, was commissioned to the performance of the difficult and delicate task of selecting these lands. They spent several weeks in the careful exploration of the Valleys of the Maumee and the Sandusky. The choice they made received the hearty approval of the Legislature.

In the year 1828 the State of Ohio was greatly agitated, as was also our whole nation, by one of the most stormy political conflicts our country has ever experienced. The two great parties were arrayed against each other in the most vehement strife. Andrew Jackson led the Democrats; Henry Clay the Whigs. In this exciting canvass, Governor Trimble was re-elected as the representative of the Whig party. His administration was conducted with wisdom and impartiality which secured the approbation of all candid men.

Just before this last election there occurred infinitely the most important event in the earthly life of Governor Trimble. There is no thinking man who can reflect without awe upon that *eternal* existence which reaches out so sublimely beyond the grave. Compared with it this life, with all its joys and griefs, is indeed but a dream; an empty show.

Governor Trimble was always a man of the strictest integrity, and of the highest sense of honor. He valued his good name above all price. But for many years he lived without any distinct recognition of his accountability to God. Like many other men, whose consciences will not allow them to do a mean or dishonorable thing, he was living *without God* in the world.

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From that time, Governor Trimble, having become "a new creature in Christ Jesus," entered upon the life of a consistent, uniform, and exemplary Christian. Openly and energetically he engaged in the service of his Redeemer. Fully convinced that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the wisdom of God and the power of God for the salvation of this lost world, he did everything in his power by his words and his example to win others to the Saviour. He took a lively interest in every thing which related to the progress and purity of the church. For many years he was a trustee of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and a Vice President of the American Bible Society.

Governor Trimble's first wife was Miss Margaret McDowell, to whom he was married in the year 1806. The happy union lasted but three years, when death separated them. Soon after he married Miss Rachel Woodrow. For sixty years they shared together the joys and griefs of this momentuous life. Amidst all the cares and agitations of time's stormy battle-field, Governor Trimble ever found refuge in his peaceful home, and in the love of his gentle, intelligent and congenial wife.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged above the common walks of virtuous life,
Quite in the verge of heaven."

The dying hour came; that hour of indescribable sublimity, when the "chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof" are in attendance, to transport the redeemed soul, through the constellations, to its Father's home, where it is received as a son and an heir. The patriarchal saint had attained the age of eighty-seven years. It was the third of February, 1870. As he reposed upon that peaceful pillow of death, which Jesus can make "soft as downy pillows are," he turned his eyes to the weeping group standing around and said:

"The Lord has been my God. It is my earnest prayer that he may be the God of my children, and my children's children to the latest generation. Bless the Lord! O, my soul. How thankful I am for the victory."

Soon after he sweetly fell asleep.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

Eight months after the death of Governor Trimble his beloved wife followed him to the paradise of God. A very beautiful sketch of Governor Trimble's life and character appeared, soon after his death, in the Ladies Repository, of Cincinnati. It was from the pen of Rev. J. Marley, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Hillsborough, at the time of Governor Trimble's death. He was intimately acquainted with the governor. To this sketch we are indebted

In the year 1821 he buried three brothers within twelve months. This led him to reflect very seriously upon his own departure to the spirit land and his preparation to stand before God's bar in judgment. One of his sons had become a Christian and entered the ministry. The father went to hear his son preach when the young man was still a member of the Ohio University. The proclaiming by his son of salvation, through faith in our atoning Saviour, moved the father's heart as it had never been moved before. This sermon was preached in Hillsborough in the Spring of 1828.

The Governor did not make his feelings known at the time. He was then a candidate for the governorship, and the election was near at hand. He feared that his open espousal at that time of the cause of religion might be attributed to a wrong motive. He, however, wrote to his son, referring to the sermon which had roused him to so keen a sense of his own unworthiness in the sight of God, and declaring his earnest desire to become a Christian and to consecrate his energies for the remainder of his days to the promotion of the cause of Christ.

After his re-election he, as required by law, repaired to Columbus, to be present at the counting of votes for the President and Vice President of the United States. It so happened that at that time there was a very powerful revival of religion in connection with the Methodist Church. Governor Trimble, in a letter to his son, dated November 19, 1828, gives an account of what followed. The reader will be interested in receiving the narrative in the Governor's own words:

"Though I was exhausted with the ride and not very well, I determined to go immediately to the church. The house was full to overflowing. Fathers Collins and Elliot were there. The latter was preaching, and half through his sermon, which was animated and powerful. Father Collins gave an exhortation and invited mourners to the altar. I had to pass through a long and narrow way, but resolved to go. When I kneeled I found myself beside my son C., who had no knowledge of my being in the house, for none of the family at church knew of my arrival home.

"After a prayer, we were requested to occupy a seat. Not until he arose did C. discover me; and then his surprise and joy were equally great. He threw his arms around my neck, and when the invitation was given to unite with the society on probation, he proposed to me to go with him and to join the church. I advised him to wait until the next day, and that his mother would probably then go with us. The next morning your sister E. insisted upon being permitted to join with us. After the first sermon, an invitation was given by Father Collins. C. led the way, and we all, your mother, sister, and myself followed. In the evening, after another sermon, mourners were again invited to the altar. No tongue can describe the deep solemnity which pervaded the congregation.

"My own feelings I shall never forget. A darkness hung over my mind which produced unutterable anguish. Before the meeting closed I felt a partial gleam of light, and my mind became more calm. But in the night my fears returned, and I thought I was deceiving myself. Sleep left my eyes and I was in great distress until morning, when Father Collins came in and prayed for us, collect-

ively and separately, in a most tender and effecting manner. I told him the state of my mind, and he said that it was no doubt a device of the Devil to throw me back into despair, and that I ought not to indulge in such thoughts, but think only of God's goodness, in providing a Saviour, and by faith lay hold of the promises, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ; that if I did so God would pardon all my sins. I have felt very much relieved since then, and ready, I trust, to take up my cross and follow Christ through evil and through good report."

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for several of the most interesting incidents in the above narrative. Very appropriately he closes his article with the verse,

"O, may we all like him believe,
And keep the faith and win the prize ;
Father, prepare, and then receive
Our hallowed spirits to the skies,
To chant, with all our friends above,
Thy glorious, everlasting love."

HON. JEREMIAH MORROW.

[See page 437.]

Gettysburg, Orleans County, Pennsylvania, will in all future time be renowned, for one of the most terrific battles whose thunders ever reverberated upon this war-cursed globe. Neither Marengo nor Austerlitz nor Waterloo has witnessed a more direful and sanguinary conflict. One hundred years ago, upon these then silent fields, a very worthy man of Scotch descent and Scottish intelligence, energy and virtue reared his humble dwelling, and cultivated his silent and lonely yet fertile fields. His son, Jeremiah Morrow, was born on the 6th of October, 1771.

The early days of the boy were passed on his father's farm. He worked diligently through the Summer months in the fields, and in the Winter attended a private school which the inhabitants of the little hamlet had established. He was a bright boy and made rapid progress, particularly in his favorite branches of mathematics and surveying.

In the year 1795, young Morrow, then twenty-four years of age, left the paternal roof for the boundless field of enterprise for energetic young men, the *far West*. He first directed his steps to a cluster of a few log cabins at the mouth of the Little Miami River. Only six years before a few emigrants had reared their huts upon that spot and called the place Columbia. It was six miles east from Cincinnati, and was the second place settled in the state. Here the new emigrant, with nothing to depend upon but hand and brain, picked up such jobs as he could find. He taught school. He surveyed land. He worked on farms.

At length, having saved a little money, and those wild lands over which the savages were roaming being very cheap, he ascended the Little Miami River about twenty miles, into what is now Warren County, where he purchased a large farm. In this profound seclusion he reared a log cabin, and was so fortunate as to persuade Miss Mary Packhill, a young lady of piety, intelligence and amiability, to share his lonely cabin with him. The buds of the Spring of 1799 were swelling when he led his bride into their humble home.

Ere long quite a flood of emigration commenced, and the increasing community rapidly appreciated the intelligence and moral worth of Jeremiah Morrow. In 1801 he was elected to the Territorial Legislature, which held its session at Chillicothe. During this session arrangements were made to call a Constitutional Convention to organize the State of Ohio. Mr. Morrow was chosen a delegate to this convention. He was then thirty years of age.

Nearly half a century after this, in the year 1850, another convention was

assembled, in the opulent City of Columbus, the capital of the majestic state, Mr. Morrow, a venerable man of three score years and ten, was then visiting the capital. The convention passed the following resolution :

"Resolved, That the President of this Convention be requested to extend to the Hon. Jeremiah Morrow, of the County of Warren, one of the surviving members of the convention which framed the present Constitution, an invitation to a seat within the bar of this convention during his stay in the city."

In 1803 Mr. Morrow was elected to the Senate of Ohio. In June, of the same year, he was chosen the first representative, in the United States Congress, of the new state. Ohio then, and for the ten subsequent years, was entitled to but one member in the lower house of Congress. During that period of five terms, Mr. Morrow worthily represented the state of his adoption. Though making not the slightest claim to oratorical display, his sound common sense ever secured the attention of the House to his remarks.

As chairman of the Committee on Public Lands he rendered signal service to Ohio, and to the country at large. The insolent encroachments of the British Government, in arresting and imprisoning on board their men-of-war, without trial, citizens of the United States, upon the simple declaration of a naval officer that such citizens were subjects of Great Britain, roused his indignation. Cordially he sustained the United States Government in the War of 1812, into which it was driven by these outrages.

In 1813 the Legislature of Ohio conferred upon Mr. Morrow the honor of a seat in the Senate of the United States. In this august body he was also appointed Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. With so much wisdom did he discharge these duties that he acquired the reputation of knowing more about the public lands than any other man in the country. He drew up most of the laws for the survey of the public domain. Henry Clay, in one of his most eloquent speeches in the Senate, alluding to Jeremiah Morrow, said :

"A few artless but sensible words, pronounced in his plain Scotch-Irish dialect, were always sufficient to insure the passage of any bill or resolution he reported."

In 1814 Mr. Morrow, while a member of the United States Senate, was appointed Indian Commissioner, to treat with the Indian tribes west of the Miami. These tribes, having received great provocations from vagabond white men, were very restless. Mr. Morrow, eminently a fair-minded man, did every thing in his power to conciliate the deeply-wronged savages. He discharged his difficult duties to the perfect satisfaction of the government.

Upon leaving the Senate, Mr. Morrow retired to his farm, which had far more charms for him than the agitating scenes of public life. He was an earnest Christian. In his early youth he had become a member of the United Presbyterian Church, and throughout his whole life he continued to take an active interest in its welfare. He was ever ready to contribute of his time and money to promote the religious and intellectual interests of the community. He had no ambition to accumulate property, or to seek posts of honor. In his old age he has been known to walk to church over dusty roads and beneath a blazing sun for a distance of four miles. He is now doubtless reaping the reward which follows the sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The community will not leave such a man undisturbed in his retreat. In 1822, the almost unanimous voice of the people called him to the Chief Magistracy of Ohio. In 1824 he was reelected. So popular was he, where best known, that, at his first election, but a single vote, in his own township, was cast against him.

During his administration the distinguished Governor of New York, De Witt Clinton, by special invitation, visited Ohio. The New York Central Canal, the great achievement of De Witt Clinton's life, was just completed. He was invited to be present at the commencement of the work upon the Ohio Canal, and to deliver an address upon the occasion.

During the same year, General La Fayette, the nation's guest, visited Ohio. The enthusiasm of the whole Northwest was roused on this occasion, to confer honor upon the distinguished Frenchman who had so signally aided us in obtaining liberation from the thralldom of Great Britain. He descended, in a flat-bottomed boat, the beautiful river — *La Belle Riviere*, which his own enterprising countryman had first discovered. At Cincinnati the whole population of the thriving town, with thousands from the surrounding region, flocked to welcome their great benefactor.

Governor Morrow met La Fayette at the wharf, and, in a few touching, unaffected words, assured him that a nation's heart greeted him with its love and homage. Upon Governor Morrow's retirement from the executive chair, he was still so earnestly solicited to fill several responsible public offices, that he could not well decline, though his inclinations urged him to enjoy the tranquillity of an unambitious home.

On the 4th of July, 1839, he, being then in the sixty-eighth year of his age, was selected as the most appropriate person to lay the corner stone of the new State Capitol, at Columbus, and to deliver an address on the occasion. In 1840 he was again found in the National House of Representatives; first, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Hon. Thomas Corwin, and, soon after, he was chosen for the whole of the succeeding term.

The good old patriarch, revered and beloved by all, full of years and honors, then again sought the retreat of the acres which his own hand had hewn from the wilderness. Here the sun of his earthly life gently sank in cloudless serenity and splendor. A plain marble tombstone marks the spot where his body reposes. It bears the simple inscription which, probably, he himself, with characteristic modesty, had directed should be placed upon it :

"JEREMIAH MORROW,

"Died March 22, 1853.

"Aged 80 years, 5 months and 16 days."

Governor Morrow's treasures were not in this world. He left but little property. His energy was indomitable. No obstacle, not absolutely insurmountable, could swerve him from his purpose. He was of medium stature, compactly built, and with a boundless kindness of heart, was endowed with much vivacity and cheerfulness of spirit. He was a delightful companion, a deep thinker, and was blessed with a memory which was well stored with anecdotes and with reminiscences of distinguished men. He was proverbially generous and hospitable. Of a family of seven children, his eldest son only survived him.

CHAPTER XL.

LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS—CONTINUED.

DUNCAN MCARTHUR, ROBERT LUCAS, JOSEPH VANCE, WILSON SHANNON, THOMAS CORWIN.

HON. DUNCAN MCARTHUR.

[See page 459.]

Duncan McArthur, who was Governor of Ohio from 1830 to 1832, was like many others of our most successful men of Scottish descent. He was born of poor parents in the year 1772, in Dutchess County, New York. When eight years of age, his parents moved to an humble log cabin in the solemn wilderness of Western Pennsylvania. Duncan was a stout lad and was hired out at day's work and month's work on the adjacent clearings. Nothing can be more cheerless in aspect than the commencement of clearings in the gloomy forest. The dead, girdled trees, with their leafless, skeleton branches deforming the sky; the blackened stumps; the decaying trunks of gigantic trees, uprooted by the wind; the rough and broken soil; the rank weeds, and the comfortless looking, windowless hut of logs, all combine to present a picture which to the eye of taste is revolting.

Amid such scenes, a day laborer, coarsely clad and coarsely fed, Duncan McArthur was reared. Little could he then have supposed that he was to become one of the most wealthy men in the nation, that he was to occupy the highest posts of honor, and take his stand as the acknowledged equal of the most distinguished men. He contrived, by occasionally spending a few weeks in school, to pick up a little learning, so that he could read and write. Having naturally a strong and inquisitive mind, he was ever gaining additional education and rising in mental culture.

Like most of the young men of his day, who had energy of character and their fortunes to make, he decided to emigrate to the West. With that object in view, and having no money, when about eighteen years of age he enlisted under General Harmar, for his campaign against the Indians north of the Ohio River. In a previous part of this volume we have given an account of that disastrous expedition. Barely surviving the perils and hardships of this terrible campaign, in 1792 he again enlisted as a private in that terrible war with the

savages, which for so many years desolated our western frontiers with smouldering ruins and blood.

At the battle of Captina, which was fought in May, 1792, young McArthur took a conspicuous part. The conflict took place in May, 1792, in what is now Belmont County, Ohio. The American troops, a small band, were attacked by an overwhelming force of savages. We find the following statement in reference to this event :

"The commanding officer was shot early in the action. McArthur, although the youngest man in the company, was chosen to its command. His conduct on this occasion was such as to elicit the hearty applause of his associates. Young McArthur showed the best of judgment, and fought in such a manner as to protect his men from the fire of their enemies as much as possible. When the order for retreat was finally given, Captain McArthur, with a gallant little band of troops, covered the retreat and ordered the wounded to be sent in advance. This fight made him the general favorite of the frontiersmen."

Returning from this campaign, Captain McArthur, still a young man, but twenty years of age, hired himself out for a few months to work at some salt springs in Maysville, Kentucky. Looking for jobs wherever he could find them, he ere long engaged as chain-bearer to assist General Massey in surveying the Scioto Valley. There again he was employed as a scout to watch the proceedings of the Indians and to give warning of their approach. This was one of the most difficult and perilous of enterprises. It required the greatest sagacity, coolness and bravery. The scouts, two only together, had to paddle up the lonely river and penetrate the forests to great distances. They were ever in danger of encountering bands of hundreds of Indian warriors. If captured, death, by the most awful torture, was their inevitable doom. Several of his adventures we have already described.

In the Spring of the year 1793, four of these heroic scouts were employed continually to explore the Kentucky bank of the river, a distance of about 150 miles from Maysville east, to the mouth of the Big Sandy. Bands of Indian warriors, more ferocious than wolves, were continually crossing the river from the northern wilds, carrying woe and death to the humble homes of Kentucky. The object of these scouts was to keep a vigilant eye upon the river, and give the immediate alarm when the savages appeared.

The names of the four young men who quite signalized themselves in this service were Duncan McArthur, Samuel Davis, Nathaniel Beasley and Samuel McDowell. These heroes went in pairs, through the pathless, uninhabited wilderness, two leaving each extremity of the route each week, and meeting nearly opposite the mouth of the Scioto. The vigilance of the howling savages was such that it was dangerous to fire a gun at game, or to build a fire, lest the smoke by day or the gleam by night should bring the moccasined foe, with his soft tread, upon them. Occasionally the four would unite in exploring some solitary stream. Two would, as noiselessly as possible, screening themselves beneath the overhanging foliage, paddle the birch canoe, while the other two would advance on foot, through the dense forest, about a mile in advance, keeping a sharp lookout.

After spending several months in these perilous labors, Captain McArthur

again engaged in the service of General Massey, as assistant surveyor. In this employment he was occupied for several years. He assisted in laying out several towns, and among others, Chillicothe, where finally he took up his residence. It was in this service that he laid the foundation of his large fortune, for thus he became acquainted with the richest lands in Ohio, and was enabled to make investments which afterwards brought him in perhaps an hundred fold.

With increasing wealth and reputation, and ever growing confidence in his own abilities, he began to feel ambitious of political distinction. There were, however, other men in his county of equal ambition, and men of far higher intellectual acquirements. Captain McArthur had formidable rivals to contend against. In the year 1805 he was elected to the State Legislature. His round-about common sense and his industry enabled him to take, from the beginning, a very respectable position in that body.

His services as a soldier influenced him to take a deep interest in the military organization of the state, and he rose in office until he attained the rank of major general. In the war of 1812, he marched, as colonel of one of the Ohio regiments, to Detroit with General Hull. In this unfortunate expedition Colonel McArthur was second in command. Upon the surrender he became a prisoner of war to the English, and being released on his parole, returned to Ohio, deeply mortified and exasperated. Much as General Hull's military character suffered from this expedition, the reputation of Colonel McArthur remained unblemished.

Soon after this he was elected a member of the Congressional Legislature on the Jeffersonian, or Democratic, ticket. He succeeded Hon. Jeremiah Morrow, and was elected by an unprecedented majority. Being released from his parole by exchange, he immediately resigned his seat in Congress and re-entered the army as brigadier general, under General Harrison. In 1814 he succeeded General Harrison in command of the Northwestern army. He proved an able and a gallant officer. At the battle of Malcolm's Mills he defeated the British with great loss on their side.

Upon the declaration of peace, General McArthur again retired to his farm. But he was immediately sent to the Legislature, and soon after was appointed Commissioner to the Indians at Detroit, Fort Meigs and St. Marys. For three years he was employed in these arduous duties, by appointment of the President of the United States. After filling several state offices, he was again, in 1822, sent a representative to Congress from the Chillicothe district. Having served one term very acceptably, he declined a re-election, and devoted his energies to his long neglected private affairs. He was now a man of large wealth, and his business was widely extended, in furnaces, mills, and real estate.

In 1830 he was chosen Governor of Ohio. The two years of his administration passed tranquilly in the ordinary routine of business. Weary of public life, he retired to his beautiful residence, called "Fruit Hill," near Chillicothe. Here he spent the evening of his days until his death, which occurred in 1840, in the 68th year of his age. About ten years before an accident befel him at Columbus by which he was dreadfully mangled, and which caused him the most excruciating pain. This accident was the ultimate cause of his death.

Governor McArthur was emphatically the architect of his own fortune. He died, leaving to his children the legacy of a good name and a large estate.

HON. ROBERT LUCAS.

[See page 489.]

The romance of frontier life, with all its hardships, has peculiar charms for the imagination. The log house in the primitive forest, crowded with game of every variety; the crystal stream flowing by the door; the boundless prairie, at one time a perfect wilderness of bloom, with its flowers of gorgeous hues, again blazing in sublime conflagration, and again covered with deer and buffaloes, whose numbers are to be counted by thousands; the Indian canoe, floating like a bubble upon the sea; the bands of savage hunters and warriors in their picturesque costume, all these combine to give attractions to men of imaginative mood.

Amid essentially such scenes Governor Lucas passed his early days. He was born at Shepherdstown, Jefferson County, Virginia, on the 1st of April, 1781. His father was a descendant of William Penn. His mother was of Scotch extraction. Dissatisfied with slavery, Mr. Lucas freed every one of his adult slaves and made humane provision for all. He then removed to the soil of the North-western Territory, north of the Ohio, which was consecrated to freedom.

He took up his abode in the beautiful but solitary village of the Scioto at the commencement of the present century. Ohio had not then been admitted into the Union, and there were but few settlers scattered over its vast expanse. Robert was then about nineteen years of age. We infer that his father was a man of considerable means, since he was able to give his son a good practical education. A Scotch schoolmaster taught him mathematics and surveying. As a skillful surveyor he found remunerative employment immediately in the new and unexplored territory. In 1810 he married Miss Elizabeth Brown, who died two years after, leaving an infant daughter. In 1816 he married Miss Sumner, a young lady from Vermont, who had accompanied her parents in their emigration from the rugged hills of New England to the fertile prairies of the West. When young Lucas was but twenty-three years of age he was appointed County Surveyor of Scioto County. The standing of the family is evidenced by the fact that his elder brother, Joseph, was at that time associate judge of the Court of Common Pleas. When twenty-five years of age he received a commission as justice of the peace for Union Township, Scioto County. In those days every able-bodied man was bound to be a soldier. Robert Lucas passed through all the military grades to that of major general of the Ohio militia.

In the war of 1812, when the military science of Great Britain was united with the ferocity of savage warriors, all the energies of Mr. Lucas were called into requisition. He sent twelve hundred of his brigade to march to Detroit. Placing himself at the head of a small company of picked men he advanced through the forest to Greenville to watch the movements of the Indians. Then volunteering his services in the dangerous capacity of a scout, he passed through adventures of peril, of hardships, of hair-breadth escapes, the detail of which would fill a volume.

Governor Lucas accompanied Hull's army in crossing the Detroit River and invading Canada. He took so active a part in all the movements there that

many, dissatisfied with General Hull, and inspired with confidence in the military ability of young Lucas, indiscreetly urged him to take the command, which, of course, he refused to do. Hull's army, defeated and humiliated, retreated across the river, and Detroit was surrendered to the enemy. From this surrender Mr. Lucas made his escape by putting his sword into his brother's trunk, exchanging his uniform for a citizen's dress, and walking into the town before the British. After taking notes of all that was transpiring, he embarked on board a small vessel and reached Cleveland in safety. He was this year commissioned as captain in the regular army, and rose to the rank of colonel in that service, when other duties called for his resignation. In 1816 he became a member of the Ohio Legislature, and for nineteen consecutive years served either in the House or the Senate. In 1820, and again in 1828, he was chosen as one of the Presidential Electors of Ohio. In 1832 he was elevated to the distinguished honor of chairman of the Democratic National Convention, in Baltimore, which nominated General Jackson for his second term of service.

Robert Lucas had thus become one of the most prominent men in Ohio. His name was known throughout the state. In 1832 he was elected governor of Ohio, and re-elected in 1834. He declined a third nomination. It was during his administration that the perplexing question rose respecting the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan. We have already described the nature of this controversy and its results.

Governor Lucas removed from Portsmouth, in Scioto County, to Piketon, in Pike County. Here he resided twenty-two years. He was then appointed by President Van Buren Governor of the Territory of Iowa. To this office was joined the great responsibilities of Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

A journey from the interior of Ohio through the pathless wilderness to the banks of the Upper Mississippi was then a great undertaking. It occupied weeks, and exposed one to great hardships and not a few perils. We have not access to any record of the incidents of this journey. The governor set out from home, leaving his family behind him, on the 25th of July, and did not reach Burlington, then the temporary seat of the territorial government, until the middle of August. He was accompanied by Mr. Jessie Williams, as clerk of the Indian Department, and by Mr. Theodore S. Parvin, as his private secretary. It was not until the next year that his family joined him.

His subsequent history was troubled and eventful, as he was called to encounter many very serious political difficulties, and to struggle against the most formidable opposition. But this portion of his career is connected with the annals of Iowa rather than with those of Ohio.

God preserved his life through more than the allotted three-score years and ten. He died on the 7th of February, 1853, at the age of seventy-two. It is said that all the members of the family save one were gathered around the dying bed of the affectionate husband and the tender father. His remains now repose in the cemetery adjoining Iowa City.

Iowa is much indebted for her prosperity to the impulse given by her first governor. He zealously advocated the common school system, now one of the crowning glories of the state. No gambler or drunkard could receive an appointment from him. Through his influence probably Iowa was, it is said,

the first of the states to enact by the popular voice a prohibitory liquor law. The marble shaft which marks his grave bears the inscription,

ROBERT LUCAS,

Died February 7th, 1853.

Aged 71 years, 19 months and 6 days.

He served his country in the war of 1812; was elected twice Governor of Ohio, and was the organic Governor of Iowa Territory.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

HON. JOSEPH VANCE.

[See page 503.]

Joseph Vance was Governor of Ohio from 1836 to 1838. He was born on the 21st of March, 1786, in Washington County, Pennsylvania. The blood of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians circulated in his veins. In 1788 his father, a poor man, with his small family, emigrated to the Northwestern Territory. Joseph was a toddling babe two years old. The family floated down the river on a raft, and for a time resided in the solitude and silence of the wilderness of the southern or Kentucky shore of the river. These were the dreadful days on Indian warfare, of war-whoops and tomahawks and scalping-knives. The savages were numerous, and were led at that time by a renowned Indian called Captain Pipe, and by the renegade white man, Simon Girty.

Mr. Vance built him a strong block-house, where his neighbors could join him for defense, in case of alarm. Their home was in the region to which we have alluded as traversed by McArthur's scouts. Here young Joseph became acquainted with McArthur, and a friendship was formed which lasted through life.

In the year 1801, when Joseph was fifteen years of age, his father crossed the river into Ohio. After moving from place to place he reared the first cabin erected in what is now Urbana, Ohio, and became a permanent resident there. Under these circumstances the educational advantages of Joseph Vance were very limited. He had no instruction save the little teaching which his father could give him, and six months' schooling from an itinerant Irish schoolmaster.

Young Joe, as he was familiarly called, commenced life as a plow-boy and a wood-chopper, ready to turn his hand to any job which might present itself. He was a stout, energetic boy, never afraid of hard work, and remarkably skillful in swinging the ax. After working very industriously one season he laid up sufficient money to purchase a yoke of oxen. With this team, having purchased several barrels of salt, he traveled through all the distant and scattered settlements of Kentucky, peddling out his load at the log cabins.

This shows certainly very remarkable force of character in a boy of fifteen. The cattle moved at a snail's pace. The roads were often horrible, with bogs to wade through and rivers to ford. The gloomy forest was to be traversed, the path being often obstructed by gigantic trees blown down by the wind. Often

for weary leagues he would find no cabin. At night, all alone, he would camp out, building a large fire to keep off the howling wolves and panthers, and standing guard through the night, rifle in hand, to protect his oxen from these ferocious beasts of prey.

The chivalry of this world is not all to be found on the field of battle. The arduous enterprises of peaceful life often call into requisition all the noblest and most heroic traits of human character. Young Vance continued this business for several years, finding it very profitable. He often suffered severely from hunger, thirst and exposure. Not unfrequently he would find a stream so swollen by the rain that it was necessary for him to wait several days in the tangled forest on its banks for the water to subside so that he could cross the ford. Sometimes he would find a swamp so wet and soft that it became necessary to unload the team and drive the cattle over first, and then roll each barrel over by strength of hand.

At twenty-one years of age Joseph Vance married Miss Mary Lemen, of Urbana. Two years after this he was elected captain of a rifle company, which was several times called out to fight the Indians in the murderous excursions upon which the savages entered just before the war of 1812. As a rendezvous for his company on its expeditions, he built a strong block-house on the edge of a prairie, a few miles north of Urbana, which the wary savages could not approach unseen. With his brother John, in 1812, he piloted Hull's army through the pathless forest to Fort Meigs, on the Maumee.

In 1817 he contracted with two others, Samuel McCulloch and Henry Van Metre, to furnish the northern army with provisions. On foot they drove cattle and swine several hundred miles through the forest, while flour, whisky and other necessities were transported on sleds and wagons. With versatility characteristic of these western emigrants, he entered into mercantile business for three years at Urbana and Fort Meigs, now Perrysburg.

It was extremely difficult at that day to transport goods to those distant wilds. They were carted through the dark and dense forest, across the country to Fort Findlay, on the upper waters of Blanchard's Fork. There they were paddled or poled in canoes down the shallow and winding stream to the Auglaise. Thence they pushed down that stream, full of whirling eddies and shallows, upon which their boat not unfrequently grounded. Upon reaching the Maumee they had good boat navigation to Fort Meigs. The remarkable fact is stated that on one occasion, when hopelessly stranded on the Auglaise, having unavailingly used every effort again to get afloat, a friendly Indian chief appeared upon the bank and shouted out to them in broken English :

"Get heap brush ; make big fire ; heap smoke : make cloud ; get rain."

This indicates, it has been said, that the theory of M. Espy, the Storm King, was not original with him. The industry of Joseph Vance was untiring. Whatever he undertook prospered. In the midst of all these accumulated labors he was in 1812 elected to the State Legislature, and continued a member of that body for four successive years. Increasing in wealth, he, with two others, in 1820, purchased a large tract of land upon the upper waters of Blanchard's Fork and founded the town of Findlay. At the same time he was elected Representative in Congress, and for fifteen years, until 1836, continued

a member of that body. He was always at his post, and though seldom attempting to speak, was highly regarded for his sound judgment.

Politically, he was a Whig, and a warm admirer of Henry Clay. In the year 1836 he was elected Governor of Ohio. Nothing of interest occurred during his term of office. From the gubernatorial chair he retired to his farm near Urbana, intending to spend the remainder of his days free from the agitations of office. But the voice of the people soon called him again to the State Senate; and in 1842 he was re-elected to Congress. In 1850, while attending a constitutional convention, he was struck with paralysis, and died at Urbana on the 24th of August, 1852.

Governor Vance has left behind him a high reputation for industry, ability and enlightened patriotism. To his tireless energies the state is much indebted for its prosperity.

HON. WILSON SHANNON.

[See page 513.]

In the year 1802 Mr. Shannon, father of Wilson Shannon, emigrated from Pennsylvania, and took up his residence in Belmont County, Ohio. One year after Mr. Shannon had reared his humble home in these solitudes, through which Indian bands were ever roving, his son Wilson was born, on the 24th of February, 1803. In this deep seclusion and silence of the wilderness Wilson remained, assisting his father in the varied duties of the farm, until he was fifteen years of age. His opportunities of getting an education were of course very limited.

In 1818 he was sent to school, for one year, at what was called the Ohio University, at Athens. With such preparation, at the close of the year he entered Transylvania University, at Lexington, Kentucky. In this school he remained two years, and then returned to his native county, to commence the study of law. Having completed these studies, he opened an office in the little struggling village of St. Clairsville, which had become the shire town of Belmont County.

Here, for eight years, Mr. Shannon continued engaged in the various pursuits of a country lawyer, ever rising in reputation as a man of ability and integrity. In the year 1832 his neighbors indicated their estimate of his worth by nominating him as the Democratic candidate for a seat in Congress. But Whig principles then ruled the state, and Mr. Shannon, as was expected, lost the election.

Two years after this, in 1834, he was nominated for the office of district attorney of the county. His appreciation by his neighbors is evidenced in the fact that he was chosen by a majority of twelve hundred votes. The duties of this office he discharged with such ability that his reputation was greatly extended. In 1838, the Democrats of Ohio, in looking over the state in search of the most popular man they could find as their candidate for the gubernatorial chair, selected Wilson Shannon. He was nominated by the convention, and after a very closely contested election was chosen by about thirty-six hundred majority.

At the close of the term he was re-nominated by acclamation. Hon. Thomas Corwin, one of the most popular and eloquent of men, was the Whig candidate.

Party politics then ran very high throughout the whole nation. The slavery question was becoming one of absorbing interest. Martin Van Buren and William Henry Harrison were rival candidates for the Presidency.

Governor Shannon addressed the people in nearly every county in the state. Mr. Corwin did the same. In this conflict "Greek met Greek." "Tom Corwin," as he was familiarly called, possessed unrivaled powers to move the masses. The day of election came. "Tom" was chosen by a majority of fifteen thousand votes. The personal popularity of Governor Shannon was manifest from the fact that the state went against Van Buren, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, by a majority of twenty-five thousand.

Governor Shannon, retiring from office, returned to the practice of law in Belmont County. Two years after this, in 1842, the Democratic Convention again, with entire unanimity, nominated Governor Shannon for the chair of the chief executive. Governor Corwin was again the Whig candidate. Both men canvassed the state. Governor Shannon won by about four thousand majority.

In the Spring of 1843, the National Government tendered to Governor Shannon the office of Minister to Mexico. In June he repaired to the "Halls of the Montezumas," and discharged the then exceedingly difficult and delicate duties of ambassador at the Mexican Court for two years.

Upon the annexation of Texas, when the Mexican authorities renounced all diplomatic intercourse with the United States, Governor Shannon returned home and again resumed the practice of law. In the discharge of these peaceful labors he continued for seven years. In 1852 he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Congress from the Belmont district, and was chosen by a majority of thirteen hundred votes. His action in Congress gave such satisfaction to his party, then in power, that he was appointed by the President Governor of the Territory of Kansas.

The direful conflict which soon culminated in civil war was even then beginning to develop its energies upon those far-distant plains. It was the great struggle between freedom and slavery which soon deluged our land in one of the most sanguinary wars this war-scathed globe has ever witnessed. Of Governor Shannon's administration in Kansas we know but little. No mortal man could then satisfy the antagonistic parties. After holding the office about fourteen months, in 1856 he was superseded by John W. Geary.

In 1857 Governor Shannon removed his family to Kansas, and opened a law office in Leocompton, then the capital of the territory. His reputation was such that he immediately entered upon a very extensive practice. An immense amount of litigation grew out of contested land claims, under the preëmption laws of the United States. Upon the admission of Kansas as a state of the Union the capital was removed to Topeka. Governor Shannon then removed to the City of Lawrence, where he still resides, in the year 1874, revered and beloved by all who know him. He has already passed his three-score years and ten. May a kind Providence lead him serenely through the evening of his days, till his laborious and useful earthly life shall terminate in translation to a better land.

LEBANON. THOMAS CORWIN.

[See page 535.]

In the year 1798, when the present State of Ohio was an almost unbroken wilderness, Matthias Corwin—a man of some note in his day—took up his residence in what is now called Warren County, Ohio. Though one of the most respectable and honored men in the state, his children in their wide seclusion and log cabin could enjoy but few advantages of education. His son Thomas was a bright boy, who was sure to triumph over all adverse circumstances.

The first school the child entered was held in a log shed which his father and some neighbors, who were anxious for the education of their children, had constructed by the labor of a few hours. It stood upon the right bank of a little stream called Turtle Creek, about a mile from the thriving town of Lebanon. A young man by the name of Dunlevy, who subsequently attained some distinction, taught the school. It was however in operation only one or two months in the year.

In 1803, eight years after Mr. Corwin's removal to that region, the growing settlement numbered about fifty families, mostly dwelling in log houses and quite scattered in the cultivation of their farms. A continuous school was established. Still Thomas could attend only during the winter months. His services during the summer were required in the labors of the farm. He was, however, an earnest student, eager to learn, and endowed with unusual natural abilities. His leisure hours he improved, and thus laid the foundation of his future fame and fortune.

Thomas was about fifteen years of age when, in 1812, our country became involved in the second war with Great Britain. Our unnatural enemies were stimulating the savages all along our northern frontier to kill, burn and destroy. General Hull had made his disastrous surrender of Detroit. All the plans of the War Department in the Northwest were thus deranged. Our soldiers, unsupplied with food, were in danger of starvation.

In this emergency Judge Corwin, the father of Thomas, determined to send a team to the extreme frontier loaded with supplies for the suffering troops. Young Thomas drove the team. This is almost the only exciting adventure during his life. He was a politician, a statesman, an orator. His great efforts and his great triumphs were in addressing popular assemblies and in legislative halls. And yet this apparently trivial incident probably exerted a powerful influence in promoting his future success in life.

The backwoodsmen in former years were very fond of striking titles. Strange as it may seem, there were thousands who in those days of comparative ignorance deemed a man better qualified to fill the highest office in the state because when a boy he had driven a wagon through an almost pathless wilderness. And it can not be denied that, as "the boy is father of the man," the energies displayed in youthful years will doubtless be developed in mature life.

When in 1840 Thomas Corwin was candidate for Governor of Ohio, the rallying cry of the campaign was "Tom Corwin, the Wagoner Boy." A vast assemblage of his supporters was congregated at Columbus. One of the speakers roused the enthusiasm of the masses by the following words:

"When the brave Harrison and his gallant army were exposed to the dangers

and hardships of the Northwestern frontier, separated from the interior, on which they were dependent for their supplies, by the brushwood and swamps of St. Mary's country, through which there was no road, where each wagoner had to make his way wherever he could find a passable place, leaving traces and routes which are still visible for a space of several days' journey in length, there was one team managed by a little, dark-complexioned, hardy-looking lad, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years old, who was familiarly called Tom Corwin. Through all of that service he proved himself a good whip and an excellent reinsman. And in the situation in which we are about to place him he will be found equally skillful."

A popular song aided in exciting the enthusiasm of the masses during this successful canvass. The first verse, which we give, will show the character of the whole:

"Success to you, Tom Corwin!
Tom Corwin, our true hearts love you!
Ohio has no nobler son,
In worth there's none above you,
And she will soon bestow
On you her highest honor;
And then our state will proudly show
Without a stain upon her."

In this mysterious life of ours we seldom know what are blessings and what are calamities. Thomas returning from the frontier, resumed his labor upon the farm. One day he seriously injured his knee, which so crippled him that for some time he was incapable of performing any physical labor. During tedious months of confinement his only resource and his delightful resource, was books. He thus enlarged and disciplined his mind, laid up valuable stores of knowledge, and acquired that command of language which made him one of the most effective extempore speakers our country has ever known.

The scholarly tastes and habits he thus acquired led him to engage in the study of the law. He was a hard student, and acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar. In 1817 he was admitted to the bar, and at once took a commanding position. He was not only a well-read lawyer, but he was a sound reasoner and an eloquent speaker. The reputation of the young lawyer rapidly increased. In 1822 he was elected to the General Assembly of Ohio. He served but a short time, and very wisely retiring from the Assembly, devoted all his energies to his profession. His practice became very extensive and lucrative.

In 1829 partisan politics ran very high, to the disgust of all sober men. Mr. Corwin, much against his will consented to be the candidate of the intelligent portion of the community, who wished to rebuke the demagogism of the times. The popularity of Mr. Corwin was such that he was elected by a large majority of votes. In 1830 he represented his district in the Congress of the United States, where he continued, by successive elections, for ten years.

In 1840, as we have mentioned, he was nominated for governor at a great mass convention, held at Columbus. He was quite triumphantly elected. He served but one term, from 1840 to 1842. The fluctuation of politics gave a rival candidate a plurality of votes. The office of governor, with the limited powers which, under the constitution, he then possessed, had few attractions for Mr. Corwin. Facetiously he remarked:

"The principal duties of the governor are to appoint notaries public and pardon convicts in the penitentiary."

A generous and humane spirit characterized the administration of Governor Corwin. He made special inquiry into the conduct of those in the state's prison. If there was anyone whose deportment had been good during his confinement, and who gave promise of reformation, the governor would sign a pardon a few days before the expiration of his term, that he might be saved the disgrace of lifelong exclusion from all political franchises.

His two annual messages were greatly admired for the sound doctrine advocated, and for the eloquence with which his ideas were expressed.

In 1845 Mr. Corwin was elected to the honorable and responsible post of United States Senator. He discharged the duties of this office with distinction, until 1850, when President Fillmore appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. In 1852 he returned from public life to his home among his old neighbors and friends in Lebanon. He had now a national reputation, and though regarding Lebanon as his home, he opened a law office in Cincinnati.

But it is seldom that one who has occupied a responsible position amidst the excitements of Washington, can long be contented with the tranquil scenes of private life. He consented again to stand as a candidate for the Thirty-sixth Congress, and was triumphantly elected. He never rose to speak unless he had something important to say. The consequence was that whenever he appeared upon the floor he commanded the undivided attention of the house.

There were occasions when he exhibited powers of eloquence which were rarely excelled. No man was more quick to discern the weakness of an adversary's position. In wielding the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule he was almost unrivaled. These dangerous powers were so under the control of his amiable and gentle disposition, that he rarely excited the animosity of his opponents. The unquestioned sincerity which pervaded every word he uttered, gave great persuasive power to all he said.

In March, 1861, President Lincoln appointed Governor Corwin Minister to Mexico, for which post he sailed the following month. He remained in Mexico until May, 1864, when he returned to the United States, and opened a law office in the City of Washington.

Mr. Corwin continued here in the practice of his profession until his death on the 18th of December, 1865.

While in attendance at a party given to members of Congress and other prominent persons from Ohio, at the residence of Mr. Wetmore, on the evening of December 16, he was suddenly stricken down by an attack of apoplexy. In two hours he became unconscious, and remained in this condition till death relieved him. His remains were conducted to his old home in Lebanon, Ohio, by a committee of Congressmen and other prominent citizens of Ohio.

Governor Corwin, in his conversational eloquence, ever drew social groups around him. Though not a man of collegiate culture, he was a highly educated man, far surpassing in his mental furniture thousands of those who have spent listless years in collegiate halls. From boyhood he had exhibited, in private life, the utmost integrity and purity of character. In his professional career, a high sense of honor distinguished him. He was a diligent student through his whole life, ever enlarging and strengthening his mental faculties. And when, at a good old age, he was summoned from the scenes of his useful and active earthly career the whole nation mourned the loss of one of the most illustrious of her sons.

CHAPTER XLI.

LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS—CONTINUED.

MORDECAI BARTLEY, WILLIAM BEBB, SEABURY FORD, REUBEN
WOOD, WILLIAM MEDILL.

HON. MORDECAI BARTLEY.

[See page 551.]

Mordecai Bartley came from an old English family, engaged in agricultural pursuits. The grandfather of Mordecai came to this country as early as the year 1724, and landed at Jamestown, Virginia. In those early colonial days life with every family was spent in toil and privation. The father of Mordecai married an English woman, and commenced his family life on a farm which he had purchased in Fayette County, Pennsylvania.

Mordecai was born the 16th of December, 1783. His early years, until he attained maturity, were spent in hard work on his father's farm. During this time he attended school sufficiently to obtain a good English education. In 1804 he married Miss Wells, and five years afterwards moved to Jefferson County, Ohio. Here, upon the banks of the beautiful river, and near the mouth of Cross Creek, he purchased a farm.

Three years after this his peaceful labors were interrupted by the breaking out of the war with Great Britain. Vigorously he raised a company of volunteers, of which he was captain, and he rendered good service under General Harrison. At the close of the war he removed to the almost unbroken wilderness of Richland County, in the interior of the state. There was then a small settlement at Mansfield. But west of that there was a region the white man's foot had seldom traversed, and which civilization had never penetrated.

Here, with his ax, he opened a clearing in the forest and reared his home. Upon this farm he worked diligently and successfully for twenty uneventful years. In 1834 he removed to Mansfield, the county seat, and with the savings of his long years of labor entered into mercantile business.

He must have early developed a character which won the confidence of the community, for, while on the farm, in 1817, he was elected a member of the State Senate. At the same time he was appointed by the Legislature to an important position called Register of the Land Office. This gave him charge of the Virginia Military District School Lands.

In 1823, when forty years of age, he was elected a member of Congress, and continued to fill that office for eight years. At the end of his fourth term he declined a re-election. Though while in Congress he rarely entered into the debates, he was very faithful in the performance of his duties. He was the first to propose the converting of the land grants of Ohio into a permanent fund for the support of common schools. He secured an appropriation for the improvement of the harbors of Cleveland, Sandusky City, Huron and Vermillion. He was a warm friend of Henry Clay, and supported the administration of John Quincy Adams.

In 1844, Mr. Bartley, having retired from Congress, and being engaged in mercantile and agricultural pursuits, was nominated for Governor. He was elected by a small majority over David Tod, the Democratic candidate. Both parties testify to the ability of his administration and to his unselfish devotion to the public interests. A serious difficulty arose at this time between the States of Ohio and Virginia.

A band of armed men from Virginia crossed the river, seized and bound three citizens of Ohio, and carried them back into Virginia, accusing them of having aided in the escape of a slave. The grand jury of Washington County, Ohio, indicted the perpetrators of this violation of law, and Governor Bartley made a requisition on the Governor of Virginia for their persons. He refused to surrender them. This led to a long and very able correspondence. The question was finally carried to the Court of Appeals in Virginia.

In 1846 the war with Mexico broke out. Many were strongly opposed to the war, regarding it as a measure of the pro-slavery party to wrest land from Mexico to be cut up into slave states. The party which elected Mr. Bartley almost universally entertained this view. When the President of the United States issued his call for troops, Mr. Bartley's friends were not in favor of Ohio filling her quota. But the governor took the ground that Ohio was constitutionally bound to respect the requisitions of the National Government. He adopted prompt measures to raise the necessary volunteers. They were organized under his personal supervision, and delivered to the United States authorities.

The executive messages of the governor prove him to have been a man of real ability. He thoroughly comprehended the somewhat complex principles of our noble institutions, recognizing the sovereignty of the National Government in all those questions surrendered to its jurisdiction, while with equal clearness he recognized those local rights which each state had reserved to itself. He declined a second nomination, though strongly urged to permit it.

Governor Bartley was an earnest Christian. He adorned his profession by his life, and did what he could by example and active influence to lead neighbors and friends to embrace that religion of Jesus, whose fundamental principles are, "God is our common father, man is our brother." His comprehensive mind could not be shackled by narrow sectarianism. In his early years he united with the Baptist Church. As at Mansfield there was no church of his own denomination, he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and engaged actively in the promotion of its interests.

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For the six years previous to his death he was severely afflicted with paralytic strokes, from the effects of which his sight and hearing became injured, and from which he died at his home in Mansfield, on the 10th of October, 1870.

Governor Mordecai Bartley has three children still living — Ex-Governor Thomas W. Bartley, practicing law in Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Arnold, wife of G. B. Arnold, a merchant in Mansfield, Ohio, and Mrs. Susan B. Steele, the wife of Colonel Steele, of New Orleans, Louisiana. Three of his children have deceased, two of them leaving families to mourn their departure. They were Mrs. Bishop E. Thompson, of the M. E. Church; Dr. David Bartley, and John P. Bartley. The latter died while a cadet at the West Point Military Academy.

HON. WILLIAM BEBB.

[See page 565.]

William Bebb was Governor of Ohio from 1846 to 1848. His father, Edward Bebb, emigrated to this country from Wales, in the year 1795. Crossing the mountains on foot, with a companion, to explore the Far West, he visited Cincinnati; and thence the fertile valley of the Miami. He was delighted with the climate, and foreseeing the future wealth of the valley, though it was then but a wilderness, purchased an extensive tract of land, and on foot retraced his steps on the long journey back to Pennsylvania. Here he met a lady, Miss Roberts, to whom he had been engaged in Wales, and, marrying her, with his bride returned to his wilderness home in Ohio.

Mr. Bebb was a superior man, of sound judgment, joyous and ever hopeful disposition, and one who made himself agreeable to all who approached him. Mrs. Bebb was a lady of refinement and culture. It must have been a strange home, amidst the solitudes of the forests, to which Mrs. Bebb was introduced. Their neighbors were scattered, in log huts, at distances of several miles. Many of them were vagabonds, fugitives from justice. Wild looking, unshorn, half naked savages were continually entering her door. Under these circumstances her son William was born, in the year 1804.

There were no schools there. But both father and mother took the deepest interest in the instruction of their children. They saw and deplored the fact that many children were growing up around them mere white savages. William learned to read at home. His father took a weekly paper, published at Cincinnati, called the *Western Spy*. It was distributed by a private post-rider. At that time all the world was watching, with eager interest, the achievements of Napoleon I. William Bebb read with the greatest avidity the brief narrative of his campaigns which was contained in the small provincial sheet. At length, as the country advanced, a very eccentric man came along who established a school. Under him William studied diligently English, Latin and

Mathematics, working in the meantime, and especially in the vacations, on his father's farm.

When twenty years of age he opened a school at North Bend, and resided in the home, very moderate in its appointments, of General Harrison. In this employment he remained a year, and in 1824 married Miss Shuck, a very estimable lady, who was the daughter of a wealthy German. Soon after marriage he commenced the study of law, continuing his school and boarding many of his pupils. This double labor rendered it necessary for him to rise very early. He was eminently successful as a teacher, and his school attracted pupils from the most distinguished families of Cincinnati.

Mr. Bebb was a strong Whig, in favor of Henry Clay. Most of his neighbors were equally strong Democrats, supporters of General Jackson. Still he was very popular with his neighbors. He was invited to deliver an address before the Butler County Agricultural Society. He wrote it with great care, and delivered it from memory. It added greatly to his reputation. In 1831 he rode on horseback to Columbus, where the Supreme Court was in session, and was admitted to the bar of the state. He removed to Hamilton, on the Miami, about twenty-five miles north from Cincinnati, and opened a law office. Here he continued, in quiet, successful practice, fourteen years.

During all this time he took an active interest in political affairs. During what was called the "Mard Cider Campaign," he *stumped* the state in favor of General Harrison. In 1846 he was elected Governor. The conflict between the Democrats and Whigs was intense and angry. William Bebb was *born* in Ohio. Never before had a native-born citizen been a candidate for the Governor's chair. This added to his popularity, and he received the campaign name of the "Buckeye Boy."

When he was inaugurated the Mexican war was in progress. Though strongly opposed to it, as originating in a desire to perpetuate slavery, yet he felt bound to give his energetic support to all the measures ordered by the General Government. Party feeling ran so high that there was not a little danger of civil war. The moderation of the governor aided in averting the terrible calamity. Governor Bebb, a humane man, was much interested in prison reform. He did much to ameliorate the condition of the prisoners. They were provided with books, and their gloomy cells were so lighted, until nine at night, that they could read.

There was great activity in constructing railroads and turnpikes. The currency was sound. Free schools were established; all the arts of industry were amply rewarded, and the whole state was in a condition of high prosperity. In the year 1847 Governor Bebb purchased five thousand acres of land in Rock River County, Illinois. The location was delightful, and the soil rich. Five hundred acres of the pristine forest constituted a magnificent natural park. Other portions consisted of a beautiful prairie, flower-enameled, waiting for the plow. A stream of crystal water ran through the lands fed by perpetual springs.

In July, 1850, Governor Bebb removed to his attractive and valuable purchase. He took with him five horses and quite a number of cattle of the choicest breeds. They would find the best of pasturage on the rich prairies. He continued to take an active interest in politics as an earnest Whig.

In 1855 he visited Great Britain and the Continent of Europe. Finding many in Wales inclined to emigrate to America, he took an active interest in the enterprise. A company was formed, and a tract of one hundred thousand acres of land was purchased in East Tennessee.

Just before the arrival of this party, Charles Sumner was struck down in the Senate, by the bludgeon of Brooks. Secession and civil war were threatened. The whole country was in intense agitation. There was no safety for any one, in a southern state, who was not an advocate for slavery. The few of the colonists who had arrived were in great consternation. Governor Bebb deemed it his duty to go to them, lend them his countenance and aid, and share their peril. Civil war broke out. Governor Bebb and his family fled. Parson Brownlow warned him that he could not return but at the peril of his life. The discouraged emigrants were scattered, and they settled in different parts of the Union.

Horrid war, with its devastation, swept the region. Governor Bebb lost his house, furniture, library, and everything which the rebels could take or destroy. Thus plundered and outraged by his own countrymen, he returned to his home in Illinois, where he remained until the inauguration of President Lincoln. He then received the appointment of Examiner in the Pension Department. In 1866 he resigned this position, and returned to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture. The scale upon which he carried on farming may be inferred from the fact that in 1868 he broke up with the plow, for crops, one thousand acres of fertile prairie, and enclosed another thousand to pasture his numerous herd.

In the Fall of 1868 he took a warm interest in the success of the Republican ticket, and entered the campaign for Grant and Colfax. One cold, cloudy night in October, after addressing a meeting in Pecatonica, he rode home, nine miles, in an open wagon. This exposure immediately following the exhaustion of the speech, brought on a severe attack of pneumonia, and for several days his life was despaired of; but an iron constitution that had never known a strain severe enough to bend it, together with careful attendance, carried him through, and he was able, by election day, to be taken in a carriage to the polls to cast his vote, and thence to the depot, where he took the cars and returned to Washington, where he spent the Winter of 1868-9. Most of his time was occupied listening to the debates in the Senate upon the important measures for civil rights and personal liberty of that winter.

In March, 1869, he returned with his wife and daughter to Illinois. From the effect of this attack of pneumonia he never entirely recovered. It was the beginning of the descent, and from that time he very slowly, but none the less surely and steadily failed from a general breaking down of the vital forces rather than from any functional disease.

Feeling that he was no longer able to superintend his farming land, he purchased a residence in Rockford, where he could quietly spend the remaining few years of his life. Shortly after his return to Rockford, Dr. Kerr, a man of marked ability and advanced liberal views of Christianity, withdrew from the Baptist Church, of which he was the pastor, and organized the Church of the Christian Union. In this movement he took an active part, became a member of the church and of its executive board. A warm personal friendship

HON. THOMAS CORWIN.

[See page 535.]

In the year 1793, when the present State of Ohio was an almost unbroken wilderness, Matthias Corwin—a man of some note in his day—took up his residence in what is now called Warren County, Ohio. Though one of the most respectable and honored men in the state, his children in their wide seclusion and log cabin could enjoy but few advantages of education. His son Thomas was a bright boy, who was sure to triumph over all adverse circumstances.

The first school the child entered was held in a log shed which his father and some neighbors, who were anxious for the education of their children, had constructed by the labor of a few hours. It stood upon the right bank of a little stream called Turtle Creek, about a mile from the thriving town of Lebanon. A young man by the name of Dunlevy, who subsequently attained some distinction, taught the school. It was however in operation only one or two months in the year.

In 1803, eight years after Mr. Corwin's removal to that region, the growing settlement numbered about fifty families, mostly dwelling in log houses and quite scattered in the cultivation of their farms. A continuous school was established. Still Thomas could attend only during the winter months. His services during the summer were required in the labors of the farm. He was, however, an earnest student, eager to learn, and endowed with unusual natural abilities. His leisure hours he improved, and thus laid the foundation of his future fame and fortune.

Thomas was about fifteen years of age when, in 1812, our country became involved in the second war with Great Britain. Our unnatural enemies were stimulating the savages all along our northern frontier to kill, burn and destroy. General Hull had made his disastrous surrender of Detroit. All the plans of the War Department in the Northwest were thus deranged. Our soldiers, unsupplied with food, were in danger of starvation.

In this emergency Judge Corwin, the father of Thomas, determined to send a team to the extreme frontier loaded with supplies for the suffering troops. Young Thomas drove the team. This is almost the only exciting adventure during his life. He was a politician, a statesman, an orator. His great efforts and his great triumphs were in addressing popular assemblies and in legislative halls. And yet this apparently trivial incident probably exerted a powerful influence in promoting his future success in life.

The backwoodsmen in former years were very fond of striking titles. Strange as it may seem, there were thousands who in those days of comparative ignorance deemed a man better qualified to fill the highest office in the state because when a boy he had driven a wagon through an almost pathless wilderness. And it can not be denied that, as "the boy is father of the man," the energies displayed in youthful years will doubtless be developed in mature life.

When in 1840 Thomas Corwin was candidate for Governor of Ohio, the rallying cry of the campaign was "Tom Corwin, the Wagoner Boy." A vast assemblage of his supporters was congregated at Columbus. One of the speakers roused the enthusiasm of the masses by the following words:

"When the brave Harrison and his gallant army were exposed to the dangers

and hardships of the Northwestern frontier, separated from the interior, on which they were dependent for their supplies, by the brushwood and swamps of St. Mary's country, through which there was no road, where each wagoner had to make his way wherever he could find a passable place, leaving traces and routes which are still visible for a space of several days' journey in length, there was one team managed by a little, dark-complexioned, hardy-looking lad, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years old, who was familiarly called Tom Corwin. Through all of that service he proved himself a good whip and an excellent reinsman. And in the situation in which we are about to place him he will be found equally skillful."

A popular song aided in exciting the enthusiasm of the masses during this successful canvass. The first verse, which we give, will show the character of the whole:

"Success to you, Tom Corwin!
 Tom Corwin, our true hearts love you!
 Ohio has no nobler son,
 In worth there's none above you.
 And she will soon bestow
 On you her highest honor;
 And then our state will proudly show
 Without a stain upon her."

In this mysterious life of ours we seldom know what are blessings and what are calamities. Thomas returning from the frontier, resumed his labor upon the farm. One day he seriously injured his knee, which so crippled him that for some time he was incapable of performing any physical labor. During tedious months of confinement his only resource and his delightful resource, was books. He thus enlarged and disciplined his mind, laid up valuable stores of knowledge, and acquired that command of language which made him one of the most effective extempore speakers our country has ever known.

The scholarly tastes and habits he thus acquired led him to engage in the study of the law. He was a hard student, and acquired the reputation of an accomplished scholar. In 1817 he was admitted to the bar, and at once took a commanding position. He was not only a well-read lawyer, but he was a sound reasoner and an eloquent speaker. The reputation of the young lawyer rapidly increased. In 1822 he was elected to the General Assembly of Ohio. He served but a short time, and very wisely retiring from the Assembly, devoted all his energies to his profession. His practice became very extensive and lucrative.

In 1829 partisan politics ran very high, to the disgust of all sober men. Mr. Corwin, much against his will consented to be the candidate of the intelligent portion of the community, who wished to rebuke the demagogism of the times. The popularity of Mr. Corwin was such that he was elected by a large majority of votes. In 1830 he represented his district in the Congress of the United States, where he continued, by successive elections, for ten years.

In 1840, as we have mentioned, he was nominated for governor at a great mass convention, held at Columbus. He was quite triumphantly elected. He served but one term, from 1840 to 1842. The fluctuation of politics gave a rival candidate a plurality of votes. The office of governor, with the limited powers which, under the constitution, he then possessed, had few attractions for Mr. Corwin. Facetiously he remarked:

"The principal duties of the governor are to appoint notaries public and pardon convicts in the penitentiary."

A generous and humane spirit characterized the administration of Governor Corwin. He made special inquiry into the conduct of those in the state's prison. If there was anyone whose deportment had been good during his confinement, and who gave promise of reformation, the governor would sign a pardon a few days before the expiration of his term, that he might be saved the disgrace of lifelong exclusion from all political franchises.

His two annual messages were greatly admired for the sound doctrine advocated, and for the eloquence with which his ideas were expressed.

In 1845 Mr. Corwin was elected to the honorable and responsible post of United States Senator. He discharged the duties of this office with distinction, until 1850, when President Fillmore appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. In 1852 he returned from public life to his home among his old neighbors and friends in Lebanon. He had now a national reputation, and though regarding Lebanon as his home, he opened a law office in Cincinnati.

But it is seldom that one who has occupied a responsible position amidst the excitements of Washington, can long be contented with the tranquil scenes of private life. He consented again to stand as a candidate for the Thirty-sixth Congress, and was triumphantly elected. He never rose to speak unless he had something important to say. The consequence was that whenever he appeared upon the floor he commanded the undivided attention of the house.

There were occasions when he exhibited powers of eloquence which were rarely excelled. No man was more quick to discern the weakness of an adversary's position. In wielding the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule he was almost unrivaled. These dangerous powers were so under the control of his amiable and gentle disposition, that he rarely excited the animosity of his opponents. The unquestioned sincerity which pervaded every word he uttered, gave great persuasive power to all he said.

In March, 1861, President Lincoln appointed Governor Corwin Minister to Mexico, for which post he sailed the following month. He remained in Mexico until May, 1864, when he returned to the United States, and opened a law office in the City of Washington.

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CHAPTER XLI.

LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS—CONTINUED.

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CHAPTER XLII.

LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS — CONTINUED.

SALMON P. CHASE, WILLIAM DENNISON, DAVID TOD, JOHN BROUGH, CHARLES ANDERSON.

HON. SALMON P. CHASE.

[See page 589.]

Salmon P. Chase was born among the rough granite hills of New Hampshire, at Cornish, on the 13th of January, 1808. His father was a respectable farmer, and both of his parents were ennobled by superior intelligence and by devout Christian principle. They trained their child, who, unknown to them, was destined to so illustrious a career, to revere the Bible, the Sabbath, and all those institutions of religion upon which the welfare of every community so signally depends.

When Salmon was seven years of age, his father removed to Keene, New Hampshire, where his son enjoyed the advantages of a good common school. Two years after this his father died, leaving the widowed mother and her orphan children in very humble circumstances. Salmon had five uncles, who were men of liberal education and of considerable eminence. One of these, Philander Chase, was Episcopal Bishop of the diocese of Ohio. The bishop was at that time President of the Cincinnati College. He kindly offered to take his orphan nephew and educate him. Salmon was at that time fourteen years old. He went to Cincinnati and spent two years with his uncle. He then, at the age of sixteen, returned to New England and entered the junior class in Dartmouth College, where he graduated in the year 1826.

One of young Salmon's uncles was Senator in the National Congress. This probably led him to the City of Washington, where he opened a private classical school. But the school did not prove a success. Having spent all his money, and being quite discouraged, he applied to his uncle to get for him a clerkship in some one of the departments. The senator was somewhat of a stern man. He had that characteristic want of courtesy which so many New Englanders have inherited from their British forefathers. To this application he replied :

"Salmon, I will give you half a dollar with which you can buy a spade, for then you may come to something at last. But let a young man once settle down in a government office, and he never does anything more. It is the last

you hear of him. I have ruined one or two young men in that way, and I am not going to ruin you."

Thus goaded, the energetic young man redoubled his exertions, and obtaining the patronage of Henry Clay, William Wirt, and Samuel L. Southard, whose sons were entrusted to his care, became moderately successful as a teacher. At the same time he studied law under William Wirt, whose forensic abilities had given him a national reputation.

In 1829, Mr. Chase having completed his legal studies, resigned his school, and was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia. Crowded with the labors of the school he had not been able to devote much time to his legal studies. It would seem that his examination was not very satisfactory to the judges, for he was told at its close that he had better read for another year. But he replied that he could not do that as he had already made arrangements to commence practice immediately in Cincinnati. The presiding judge seemed to think that any law was good enough for that wild region, for he promptly replied :

"In Cincinnati? Oh, very well; in that case, Mr. Clerk, you may swear in Mr. Chase."

The great West was crowded with young lawyers in all its thriving settlements. Mr. Chase had before him weary months of waiting. At length one client came. A poor man wanted an agreement drawn up, for which he paid half a dollar. It is surprising that that half dollar could have remained a week in Mr. Chase's pocket. But it seems that it did so, for in a week his client came and borrowed it back again.

But real ability, combined with energy and industry, will force its way in this tumultuous world. Gradually Mr. Chase gained reputation and practice. In the year 1834, being then twenty-six years of age, he was called to argue a case before the United States Court at Columbus, Ohio. It was an important case, and it was an august tribunal before which the young lawyer was to appear. No man can ever become an eloquent orator who has not intense sensibilities. The sensitive nature of young Chase was so aroused upon this occasion, that when he arose, his agitation quite overcame him. Though he had made the most careful preparation he could scarcely utter a word. He actually had to sit down, and greatly embarrassed, wait some time to collect his thoughts. He then rose again and made his plea, but not at all to his satisfaction.

As he closed, one of the judges came forward, and shaking him by the hand, said, with rare good sense :

"Mr. Chase, I congratulate you most sincerely. A person of ordinary temperament and abilities would have gone through his part without any such symptoms of nervousness. But when I see a young man break down in that way, I conceive the highest hopes of him."

Cincinnati had gathered, in its busy and thriving streets, many families from the most cultivated classes in the older states. Mr. Chase was an unusually fine looking man, of courtly bearing. He was scrupulously neat in his dress. These advantages, combined with his talents and his reputation for scholarship, at once opened to him the doors of the best society and introduced him gradually to its patronage.

He was indefatigable in his industry, finding time, in addition to the increasing labors of his office, to prepare a history of the State of Ohio, with a digest of its statutes. This important work, in three large octavo volumes, is still a standard authority in the Ohio courts. The slavery question was at this time beginning to assume the most portentous aspect. Mr. Chase was not a man of vivid and transient feelings, but of profound principles, which were not to be warped by either menaces or bribes. With all the imperturbable intensity of his nature he espoused the cause of freedom.

A young girl was arrested on the free soil of Ohio, whom a man, crossing the river from Kentucky, claimed as his slave. The girl, friendless, penniless, seemed to have none but God to whom she could look for protection. Mr. Chase, with great moral courage, undertook her defense. By so doing, in that day, he arrayed against him all the most powerful influences of politics and commerce. The trade of the South was deemed of great importance to the North, and both political parties were willing to make every concession by which Southern votes could be obtained.

The Hon. James G. Birney emancipated his slaves, moved across the Ohio River to Cincinnati, and established there a paper in advocacy of freedom. A Kentucky mob followed him, stirred up all the loose fellows of the baser sort, sacked the printing office, smashed the press, threw the types into the river, burned the houses of the colored people, mobbed women and children, and then, frenzied with rum and rage, rushed, yelling like savages, towards the residence of Mr. Birney to tar and feather him and hang him upon a gibbet.

Mr. Chase, who had thrown himself among the mob to watch their proceedings, hurried to Mr. Birney's house to warn him of his danger. Boldly he took his stand in the doorway to face the mob. His commanding person, the perfect courage he displayed, and the earnest words with which he remonstrated against their acts of lawless violence, held the mob in check until Mr. Birney effected his escape.

The course he was pursuing, in thus allying himself with the opponents of slavery, then a peculiarly obnoxious party, was declared by most of his friends to be suicidal. Not long after this he eloquently but unavailingly defended a slave girl, Matilda, who, weeping in despair, was dragged back to bondage. As he was leaving the court-room, a looker on, who had been impressed by his abilities, said :

"There goes a fine young fellow who has just ruined himself."

Another man, however, who was prominent in public life, was so influenced by the integrity, the moral courage, and the intellectual power displayed, that he became an efficient co-operator in placing Mr. Chase in the Senate of the United States. In this plea, Mr. Chase took the ground that the magistrates of the slave states could not constitutionally call upon the magistrates of the free states to capture and return those flying from bondage.

Mr. Birney was arrested and brought to trial, charged with having sheltered a fugitive slave. Mr. Chase defended him. Here he took the ground which Hon. Charles Sumner subsequently took so effectually in Congress, that slavery was only sectional, while freedom was national, but the court, as usual then, went against him.

John VanZandt was one of nature's noblemen. He figures in Uncle Tom's Cabin as VanTromp. Loathing slavery, with whose horrors he was well acquainted, he liberated his slaves and moved into Ohio. Never could the trembling, hungry fugitive stop at his door and be driven empty away. The good old man was prosecuted for harboring fugitive slaves. He was defended by Salmon P. Chase and William H. Seward. Notwithstanding their unanswerable argument, the decision of the United States Supreme Court was against VanZandt, and he was fined so heavily that he was utterly ruined, and died of a broken heart.

But the friends of freedom were rapidly increasing in numbers and in power. Uttered truth, like God's word, never returns void. The State of Ohio and the nation were awakening to the consciousness of the "irrepressible conflict" between freedom and slavery. In 1841 a "Liberty Party" was organized in Columbus, Ohio. The Democracy of Ohio at that time pronounced in favor of freedom.

In 1849 Mr. Chase was chosen United States Senator, receiving the entire vote of the Democratic members of the Legislature, as well as that of a large number of the Free Soilers. Modest, unobtrusive, yet fearless, he immediately occupied a commanding position among those distinguished men. In a debate upon the compromise resolutions of 1850, Senator Mason, of Virginia, alluded to a granite obelisk erected in that state in honor of Thomas Jefferson, which bore the inscription :

" Here is buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
Author of the
Declaration of American Independence,
of the
Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom
and
Father of the University of Virginia."

" It is," said Senator Chase, "an appropriate inscription, and worthily commemorates distinguished services. But if a stranger from some foreign land should ask me for the monument of Jefferson, I would not take him to Virginia and bid him look on a granite obelisk, however admirable in its proportions or inscriptions. I would ask him to accompany me beyond the Alleghanies, into the midst of the broad Northwest, and would say to him :

" ' Si monumentum queris, circumspecte.'

" Behold on every side his monument ! These thronged cities, these flourishing villages, these cultivated fields, these million happy homes of prosperous freemen, these churches, these schools, these asylums for the unfortunate and the helpless, these institutions of education, religion and humanity, these great states — great in their present resources, but greater far in the mighty energies by which the resources of the future are to be developed — these, these are the monuments of Jefferson. His memorial is all over our Western land :

" ' Our meanest rill, our mightiest river
Rolls mingling with his fame forever ! ' "

Valiantly Chase fought the terrible battle which was waged between freedom and slavery. In the year 1855 Mr. Chase was elected Governor of Ohio. His

inaugural address was a document of marked ability, and his fame was so national that he was now widely talked of as a candidate for the Presidency. At his own request, his name was at that time withdrawn. He was re-elected to his high office by the largest vote ever given for governor in Ohio. Upon the election of President Lincoln, and when the most direful war was desolating our country and exhausting our finances, Governor Chase was placed in the responsible post of Secretary of the Treasury. But for the financial skill which he manifested, it may be doubted whether the country could have been successfully carried through the terrible struggle. There were thousands of miles of frontier to be guarded. We were without an army and without a navy. Treason in the government had for years been busy in depriving the nation of all means of defense, that it might be presented helpless before its foes. Millions upon millions of money were to be raised, when all the ordinary transactions of business were broken up, when the European monarchies, rejoicing in our prospective overthrow, refused to aid us by loans, when more than half of our territorial expanse was in rebellion, and when nearly every young man was compelled to abandon the pursuits of industry for fields of distinction and carnage. The financial abilities of Secretary Chase carried the nation grandly through the gigantic contest.

* He resigned the Secretaryship to accept the office of Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, to which position he had been appointed by President Lincoln upon the death of Chief Justice Roger B. Taney. His decisions in this position are marked for their clearness and soundness, and are accepted as the best of authority the world over. In this position he died.

There is not perhaps another man in our land to whom our government is more indebted for its signal victory than to Governor Chase. Christian principle guided him through life and sustained him in the hour of death. He left this stormy world for the spirit land in the year 1873, and a nation of forty million people mourned its loss. As a devout Christian, and as an able and a conscientious statesman, his name will ever occupy one of the most prominent positions in the annals of our land. He died in the communion of the Episcopal Church.

HON. WILLIAM DENNISON.

[See page 607.]

We regret exceedingly that we have not been able to obtain a more full record of one of Ohio's best governors, William Dennison. This man by his abilities and patriotism has won national gratitude.

We are first introduced to him in the year 1847, as a lawyer in successful practice at Columbus, the capitol of the state. He was elected by the Whig party, to a seat in the State Senate in the year 1859, where he served one term. His abilities attracted the attention of the government at Washington and he was called to the responsible and difficult station of Postmaster General of the United States.

In January 1860, when forty-five years of age he was placed in the gubernatorial chair of Ohio. He has been favored with a collegiate education, graduating at Miami University in the year 1815. Being a man of large wealth

he has exerted a powerful influence in the construction of railroads and other internal improvements in Ohio. At the close of the civil War he returned to his residence in Columbus where he resided, ever actively engaged in useful labors, until called by President Grant to fill the important post of Commissioner in the District of Columbia where at the time of this writing he resides.

HON. DAVID TOD.*

[See page 633.]

David Tod was one of nature's noblemen; one of the many men of whom our nation may be justly proud. George Tod, the father of David, emigrated from Connecticut to Ohio in the year 1800. Ohio was then but a wilderness of the Northwestern Territory, spreading far and wide its sublime solitude. Bears, wolves, panthers, and savages, more to be dreaded than any wild beasts, roamed its almost unbroken forests.

Mr. Tod was not a man of property. He had but little to depend upon but his ax and his energies. His wife was a very superior woman, noted for her beauty and her rich intellectual and social endowments. Her sister was the wife of Governor Ingersoll, of Connecticut. With sinewy arms the young emigrant felled the trees, opened his clearings, and reared his humble log hut amidst the stumps on the lonely banks of the Mahoning River, in the extreme north of the present State of Ohio.

George Tod was a man of mark. His intelligence and virtues speedily raised him to conspicuous positions of trust and honor. The very year in which he first took up his residence in his log cabin he was applied to by Governor St. Clair to accept the office of Secretary of the Territory. Two years after, when the State of Ohio was organized, he was elected one of the judges of the Supreme Court. When the war which England provoked in 1812 broke out, Judge Tod resigned his seat upon the bench and entered the army as major and then colonel, to protect the frontiers from the allied Indians and British.

At the close of the war, in which, by his heroism, he won many laurels, he returned to his mansion, still of logs, in Trumbull County, and was soon elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. He passed the remainder of his peaceful and useful life in the faithful discharge of all his duties as a neighbor and a citizen until 1841. He then died, universally beloved as well as respected.

David Tod, the subject of this memoir, was born in the log house in what is now the City of Youngstown, Mahoning County, in February, 1805, but soon after he removed to the old log house at Briar Hill where his youth was spent. David was reared as a farmer's boy, hard at work, remote from companionship, cutting down the forest, digging up the stumps, burning the brush, smoothing the rugged ground, and creating a farm. He had no access to the school, the church, or the library. And yet this noble boy, in the career of life, far outstripped thousands who have enjoyed every advantage earth can give.

Availing himself of every opportunity for mental improvement, he found his thirst for knowledge increasing with every acquisition he made. As the

* For most of the incidents in this narrative, I am indebted to an admirable sketch of the Life of Governor Tod, from the pen of B. F. Hoffman, Esq., who has enjoyed the best opportunities for truthfully portraying his character.

population increased he entered the common school, which afforded but very meagre instruction. He then entered Burton Academy, paying his own expenses, as his father could furnish him with no pecuniary aid.

A young man, thus struggling for an education, not only improves every moment, but consecrates his most intense energies to his work. David Tod was by nature endowed with strong powers of mind. They needed but cultivation to enable him to stand among the foremost of his generation. In his career there was a beautiful exemplification of the familiar words of Longfellow :

" The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Finishing his academic course, and with no assistance but from his own energies, he entered the law office of Colonel Roswell Stone, at Warren, Trumbull County, and was admitted to the bar in 1827, at the age of twenty-two. He was then in debt for his education about one thousand dollars. His father and mother still lived, with quite limited means, in the log house at Briar Hill. The farm was heavily mortgaged. Mr. Tod opened a law office in partnership with Hon. Matthew Birchard.

There is probably not one of the Western States to which so many men of intellectual eminence and moral worth emigrated from the East as to Ohio. The courts of Trumbull County were attended, in those days, by lawyers of great distinction. Some of them, as Joshua R. Giddings and B. F. Wade, have attained national celebrity. Trumbull bar was then regarded as the ablest in Ohio.

David Tod soon acquired eminence as a jury lawyer. His commanding person, genial manners and musical voice always secured for him a favorable hearing. His practice became large and profitable. He was not only able to pay the expenses of his education, but enjoyed the great happiness of lifting the mortgage from his father's farm. Thus he conferred an unencumbered farm upon his beloved parents.

He was a man of warm heart, and his noble mother had won his enthusiastic devotion. He ever spoke of her as his "precious mother." After her death she was his "sainted mother." To her influence he ascribed all that was good in his character, and all his success in life. He could not doubt that in her heavenly home she was still his guardian angel. Through life he was cheered by the hope that he should be reunited with her in the mansions of the blessed. In a beautiful tribute to the memory of Governor Tod, written by Hon. Samuel Galloway, we find the following interesting statement. Speaking of his mother, he says :

"To her influence and example he ascribed the elements of his prosperity and successful career. He loved to dwell upon the fact that kindness to his mother was the key which unlocked the treasures which became the source of his wealth. At the beginning of his professional career, when he was without pecuniary resources, owing about one thousand dollars to friends who had advanced him the means of procuring an academic and professional education, he was painfully assured that his father's creditors were about to sell the old family mansion, and that forbearance so long shown could no longer be extended.

The thought that his aged father and good old mother, tottering with the infirmities of age, should become homeless wanderers, stirred his soul to its utmost depths, and inspired him with the resolve that such a calamity must not and should not occur. Kind friends, admiring and sympathizing with such rare filial devotion, came to the rescue of the young but courageous and affectionate son. With this kind interposition he was enabled to assume all the responsibilities of the debt, and to become the owner of the farm. This act of manhood and of love was afterwards crowned with a rich compensation in the discovery of the coal mine imbedded in the Briar Hill premises, which afterwards became an abundant source of his prosperity and wealth."

This same spirit of self-sacrificing affection was extended to all the family, and to all whom he knew. Never was there a better neighbor or a better friend. There was a poor widow living in his vicinity. He sent some workmen to repair her humble, dilapidated home. "Governor," the grateful woman exclaimed, "how can I ever repay you for your kindness."

The governor, with his accustomed playfulness, replied, "All I ask of you is that you will attend my funeral."

A young man who followed him to his grave, exclaimed, with gushing tears, "I have lost my best earthly friend. He cheered me in my days of poverty, and aided me more than all others to my present condition and competence."

Upon the same occasion another said: "He has been to me not only a tutor, but a father, a brother, a friend, a happiness for thirty-five years."

Blessed is the man who can leave such memories behind him.

Mr. Tod continued the practice of the law with great success until the year 1844. He was a great admirer of Andrew Jackson, and became an active member of the Democratic party, though his father was a Whig. To this party he adhered until the defeat of Stephen A. Douglas in 1860, and the breaking out of the civil war seemed to obliterate all former party lines.

In the year 1844 he removed to the home of his childhood at Briar Hill. Here he entered upon the project of developing the coal fields which had been discovered in that region. His integrity, abilities, and social qualities had rendered him very popular with both parties.

In the Spring of 1847 President Polk appointed him Minister to Brazil, to succeed Henry A. Wise. The Brazilian Court had requested of our government the withdrawal of Mr. Wise, as his course threatened to embroil us in a war with that Empire. Mr. Tod, entirely unacquainted with the intrigues of diplomacy, and a stranger to court etiquette, accepted the appointment with no little solicitude.

It soon became so evident to others that he could not but admit himself that he was the right man in the right place. He remained four years in Rio Janiero, leaving home in June, 1847, with his wife and children, and returning in December, 1851. His intelligence, sound judgment, spirit of fairness, and genial nature, all aided him in unraveling entanglements, and in creating the most friendly feelings where before there was distrust and animosity. He succeeded in concluding a convention by which the Brazilian Government paid the United States three hundred thousand dollars. This claim had been under negotiations for more than thirty years. Mr. Tod conducted the affair in so

frank and friendly and honest a spirit as to secure the warm commendation of the Emperor of Brazil.

At the same time he rendered such signal service to his countrymen residing at Rio Janiero that, upon his retirement, he was presented by them with a very elegant piece of silver plate. His important mission was recognized by the government as a complete success. Upon his return to the home of his childhood, his youth and his manhood, his neighbors and fellow-citizens, without distinction of party, gave him one of those cordial greetings which remind one of an ancient Roman triumph.

During his long absence his private affairs had necessarily suffered from want of his attention. He now devoted all his energies to the development of his coal mine, and to opening routes to market by railroads and canals. But for his energetic action, it is not probable that the Mahoning Valley Railroad would have been constructed. He embarked in the undertaking with his whole soul, and his high reputation for integrity and administrative ability enabled the company to secure those loans which were essential to the project. His enterprise gave a new impetus to the beautiful City of Youngstown, adding greatly to its wealth and its attractions.

David Tod was sent, by his Democratic friends, as a delegate to the Charleston Convention of 1860. He was then a warm advocate of Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency of the United States. Caleb Cushing was chosen President of the Convention; David Tod, Vice-President. The arrogant, dictatorial air assumed by the pro-slavery party of the South disgusted Mr. Tod. He bade defiance to their threats of secession. The Convention adjourned to Baltimore. The ultra pro-slavery party withdrew, with Caleb Cushing at their head. Mr. Tod was recognized as President of the Baltimore Convention, and Douglas was its nominee for the National Presidency.

One of the most exciting political campaigns our country ever knew ensued. Mr. Tod "stumped" the state for Douglas. Upon the defeat of Douglas and the election of Lincoln, like a true patriot, he declared his resolve to support the administration of Mr. Lincoln. When our national flag was treasonably assaulted at Fort Sumter, Mr. Tod cast aside all party trammels in entire devotion to the integrity of the Union.

Again his eloquent voice was raised as he traveled far and wide, advocating the vigorous prosecution of the war till every rebel should be subdued. From that eventful hour he did everything he could do, with both voice and purse, to maintain the supremacy of that dear old flag, in whose folds the interests of all humanity seem to be enshrined. He fully recognized the fact that there was not, upon this globe, another flag which so fully symbolized the brotherhood of man. He subscribed largely to the war fund of his township. He provided Company B, of the Nineteenth Regiment, with their first uniform. And thus till the war ended, he consecrated himself to the salvation of his country.

When President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation reached Youngstown, Mr. Tod, having perused it, sent for two of his friends, and, with a countenance beaming with animation, inquired:

"Have you read the President's Proclamation, and are you ready to sustain it."

"Yes," they replied, "and whatever else President Lincoln may do to maintain the cause of freedom."

"That is right," Mr. Tod replied; "Lincoln knows better than you or I what is the best policy for our dear country. We must have a public meeting to-night, and we must all address the people."

The meeting was called and Mr. Tod made the opening speech. He avowed it as his conviction that we could not expect that God would crown our arms with victory until we did justice by the emancipation of the enslaved.

In the darkest hour, and when our country seemed to be in the most deadly peril, the patriots of Ohio met, without distinction of party, and nominated David Tod for Governor. He was elected by a majority of fifty-five thousand. During the years 1862 and 1863 great discouragement prevailed. In Ohio, as in all the other states, there were many who did everything in their power to embarrass the actions of the government. Ohio was threatened with invasion from the South. Being quite unaccustomed to war, our military affairs were in a very chaotic state. We needed more troops, better organization, immense sums of money, means of transportation, surgeons, nurses.

Governor Tod was then found to be the right man in the right place. He was unwearied in his devotion to the sick and the wounded. The widows and orphans of those who fell in this cruel war received his constant care. His sound judgment enabled him to appoint officers of great efficiency. His first inquiry was, in reference to any candidate for office:

"Does the applicant ever indulge to excess in intoxicating drinks?"

If this question could not be answered in the negative, he would not even look at any other qualifications. It can not be doubted that, during the war, thousands of precious lives were sacrificed to the orders of drunken officers.

Governor Tod made but few requests of President Lincoln, or of Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War. This drew from the President the remark: "David Tod aids me more and troubles me less than any other governor."

Upon his retirement from the Executive office, the Legislature of Ohio, passed a series of resolutions complimentary, in the highest degree, of his rule. These resolutions were entered on the journals and published in the volume of Ohio laws for 1864. The war was still raging. The following extract from this important document demands insertion here:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, are hereby tendered to Governor Tod, for the able self-sacrificing and devoted manner, in which he has discharged all the duties of chief magistrate of the state; for his devotion in ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers; for his kindness, courtesy, and assistance to the friends and families of the soldiers, in their anxious inquiries for those exposed in camp, upon the battle-field, and in hospitals; for his pecuniary sacrifices for the soldiers' encouragement and comfort; for his patriotic addresses made to the regiments, from time to time, when going into service; for his well-arranged system of half-fare tickets, by which the relatives of the soldiers were enabled to visit the hospitals and battle-fields, to convey relief, or bring to their resting place amid the homes of the loyal North, the remains of those who had given their lives for their country's protection; for the enduring memorials to the dead of the rank and file, in the

cemeteries of Spring Grove and Gettysburg ; for the preservation of the peace and order of the state ; for the speedy suppression of disloyalty and resistance to the laws ; for untiring industry in the business of the state ; for deep-toned loyalty ; for the full and faithful discharge of the trust which two years ago was intrusted to him by a loyal people.

"For all this he takes with him in his retirement our thanks, our approval, and our desire for his future welfare and happiness. And when the terrible drama of this infamous rebellion shall have closed, his official discharge of duty will remain, a proud monument to his memory, and a rich legacy to his children.

(Signed,) " JAMES R. HUBBEL, Speaker of the House.

" CHARLES ANDERSON, President of the Senate.

January 19, 1864.

From these all-engrossing cares, Governor Tod, much worn down, retired to his peaceful and delightful home at Briar Hill. Here in the society of his beloved wife and children his wearied spirit found repose. When the Hon. Salmon P. Chase resigned his office of Secretary of the Treasury, President Lincoln tendered the important position to Governor Tod. But the governor needed rest ; and his private affairs, long neglected, demanded attention. He therefore felt constrained to decline the honor thus urged upon him.

In 1868, he was chosen by the Republicans, for the state at large, as one of the Electors of President of the United States. But on the 14th of November, a fortnight before the meeting of the Electoral College, he was seized with sudden sickness and died. The Electoral College, at its meeting, adopted a series of resolutions very similar to the joint resolutions of the Legislature of the state. The Hon. Samuel Galloway was appointed to pronounce an eulogy upon the life and character of the deceased.

The remains of this great and good man now repose in the family vault on the banks of the Mahoning, awaiting the summons of the Resurrection Trump.

HON. JOHN BROUGH.

[See page 643.]

In the year 1806 a ship crossed the Atlantic, bringing to our shores two young men whose subsequent careers were very different. One of these was Blennerhassett. The tragedy of his life caused his name to be widely spread throughout England and America. The other young man was John Brough. He was the intimate friend of Blennerhassett, and for years remained in the most friendly relations with him. He had, however, sufficient sagacity to avoid being involved in the entanglements which Aaron Burr threw around his victim.

Mr. Brough married a lady of Pennsylvania, who was distinguished for her intelligence and force of character. A family of five children, consisting of three sons and two daughters, was eventually gathered around their fireside. John Brough, the subject of this memoir, was the second child. He was born in Marietta, Ohio, on the 17th of September, 1811. When he was but eleven years of age his father died. Mrs. Brough was left with a group of little children, and was mainly dependent upon her own exertions for support.

John went into a printing office in Marietta. But anxious for an education, after the lapse of a few months, he entered the Ohio University, at Athens. Here he supported himself by working nights and mornings at his trade. And yet his mental energies were such, it is said, that he was at the head of his classes in every department of study. He was also distinguished for his skill in athletic games.

From the University he passed to the law office. Before completing his studies and entering upon the practice of the law, he went to Petersburg, Virginia, and edited a newspaper in that place. Thence he moved to Marietta, Ohio. Here he published and edited a Democratic paper called the *Washington County Republican*. Again he removed to Lancaster, where he edited the *Ohio Eagle*. In each of these papers, warmly espousing the principles of the Democratic party, he wrote spirited leaders, and acquired considerable local reputation. During much of this time he spent his winters in Columbus, acting as Clerk to the Upper House of the General Assembly.

His stern, uncompromising sense of justice won for him the respect of the best men of both parties. In 1839 he was chosen to the responsible post of Auditor. It was by a union of the most upright men of both Whigs and Democrats that he was elected. Bitter partisanship says, "Our party, right or wrong." John Brough adopted the far nobler sentiment, "Our party; if right to be kept right; if wrong, to be set right." Political expediency taught him that

"Right is right, as God is God,
And right shall surely win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

For six years Mr. Brough filled the office of Auditor. His annual reports were esteemed very valuable. Great mismanagement, perhaps it is not too severe to say, great corruption, had crept into the administration of the finances. Mr. Brough searched out all the labyrinthine windings of fraud, and dragged all secret transactions into the light. We have not space here to enter into the detail of those reformatory measures which rendered his administration of the office conspicuous. It is sufficient to say that there was no wrong, affecting the interests of the people, which he did not seek to have redressed.

The whole financial system of the state was in a condition of apparently inextricable confusion. It had been quite impossible, from the records and reports, to obtain any correct idea of the receipts and disbursements of the treasury. Time alone could bring order from this chaos. Mr. Brough, regardless of menaces and abuse, persevered, year after year, until the management of the finances was thoroughly changed. He secured the passage of new revenue laws, and established an admirable system of accountability between the several departments of government. More than a million acres of land were added to the taxable list. The state was gradually relieved from all its pecuniary embarrassments, and its credit became stable.

Very vigorously Mr. Brough assailed the doctrine that "a national debt is a national blessing." Admitting this sentiment to be true in monarchies, where the government needed this safeguard against the revolt of the people, he

declared it to be emphatically false, under a government where all power and sovereignty were in the hands of the people themselves.

In the year 1840 our country owed British money-lenders two hundred million dollars. The revenue of the General Government and of the several states did not exceed seventy millions. Of this sum twelve millions were paid to capitalists upon the other side of the ocean. The revenue of Ohio, from taxation and her public works, was but little over one million dollars. More than half of this was sent across the Atlantic to pay interest upon loans.

Such a mania for public improvements had risen, that between the years 1835 and 1843 the debt of Ohio had increased from a little over five millions to nineteen millions. And still new schemes of public expenditure were continually urged upon the people. Earnestly and successfully Mr. Brough, in the Legislature, remonstrated against this extravagance. While auditor he bought the *Phoenix* newspaper, in Cincinnati, changed its name to the *Enquirer*, and entrusted its editorship to his brother Charles. He opened a law office in Cincinnati, occasionally writing editorials for the paper.

Some of the leaders of the Democratic party, at that time, manifested strong pro-slavery inclinations. This utterly anti-democratic spirit disgusted Mr. Brough's stern sense of justice. He withdrew from the organization, resolving to have but little more to do with politics. He sold out one-half of the *Enquirer*, was chosen President of the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad Company, and removed to Madison as his place of residence. Here he remained until 1853. He was remarkably successful in the management of the affairs of this company. He then administered, with great ability, the affairs of the Bellefontaine line.

When the horrors of civil war were ravaging our country, Mr. Brough was called from his retirement to be the standard-bearer of the State of Ohio. This call he could not refuse to hear. Placed in the gubernatorial chair, he administered the affairs of the state in such a way as to render Ohio one of the firmest supporters of the General Government during the dreadful conflict. For three years the war raged with unabated fury. In 1864 both parties gathered all their strength for a decisive campaign. By day and by night Governor Brough consecrated all his tireless energies to the maintenance of the national flag. General Grant took command on the Potomac, and the strength of the nation was placed in his hand to bring the conflict to a close.

Governor Brough proposed to several of the western governors that they should send to General Grant an extra force of one hundred thousand men. This was agreed to. On Saturday, April 23, Governor Brough telegraphed to the Adjutant General of Ohio to call thirty thousand militia into the field, to serve for one hundred days. They were to report at their several places of rendezvous on the 2d of May. The day came with dismal gloom and storm. At half-past eight o'clock that evening thirty-eight thousand of the citizens of Ohio were in camp, eager to be led forward to aid their brethren against the foe.

They were scattered along the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Some garrisoned the posts in Baltimore. Many were sent forward to meet the brunt of the battle on the bloody field. This energetic action was of unspeakable benefit to the country, and won loud expressions of gratitude from President Lincoln

and General Grant. Governor Brough and President Lincoln cherished very warm respect for each other. The President often conferred with the governor in hours of embarrassment. The energetic Secretary of War, Stanton, and Governor Brough were truly congenial friends. In many respects they resembled each other.

I am indebted to an admirable sketch of the character of Governor Brough, from the pen of William Henry Smith, Esq., Secretary of State, for the most of the facts in the above account. In one of Mr. Smith's concluding paragraphs he says :

"Brough was a statesman. His views of public policy were broad and catholic, and his course was governed by what seemed to be the best interests of the people, without regard to party expediency or personal advancement. He was perfectly honest and incorruptible, rigidly just, and plain even to bluntness. People thought him ill-natured, rude. He was not. He was simply a plain, honest, straightforward man, devoted to business."

As a public speaker he had few equals in this country. His style was clear, fluent and logical, while at times he was impassioned and eloquent. His influence on the stump has scarcely ever been excelled. Twice he was married. His first wife was Miss Achsah P. Pruden, of Athens, Ohio. She died at the age of twenty-five, in September, 1838. After the lapse of five years he married Miss Caroline A. Nelson, of Columbus, Ohio.

"During his last sickness," writes Mr. Smith, "Governor Brough exhibited extraordinary patience and fortitude while suffering under intense pain. The first day he reached home he said to his wife that he had come home to die. Upon greeting his daughter, the wife of the Rev. T. M. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, he said to her: 'You have come to see your old father die.'

"It seems that through his entire sickness, while he exhibited a strong determination to conquer the disease, if possible, he nevertheless was impressed with the presentiment that he should never recover.

"Though not a member of a church, nor during the last ten years an active attendant at any place of public worship, he was nevertheless a Christian. The evidence of this he repeatedly exhibited during his illness. He espoused no particular sect, but believed in the fundamental principles of Christianity. He has expressed himself freely on this subject to his family during his recent affliction, and there can be no doubt of his sincerity.

"He stated very calmly, yet with deep feeling, that he was, and had always been, a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity; that he had full faith and hope in Jesus Christ, and through Him he hoped for eternal life. He remarked that he had never been a demonstrative man, but his faith had nevertheless been firmly and deeply grounded. John Brough breathed his last at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of August 29, 1865."

HON. CHARLES ANDERSON.

[See page 663.]

Colonel Richard Clough Anderson, a gentleman of intelligence, property, and commanding character, emigrated from Virginia in the year 1783, to the wilds beyond the Alleghanies and south of the Ohio. He went in the capacity of surveyor general of the lands which Virginia had reserved to pay her revolutionary soldiers. Some of these lands were in the vast untrodden wilderness north of the Ohio, between the Scioto and the Little Miami Rivers. Others were south of the Ohio, in the then almost unexplored domain now called Kentucky, between the Cumberland and Green Rivers. Three years after this the Territory of Kentucky was recognized, and seven years after the state.

Colonel Anderson took up his residence at Fort Nelson, at the Falls of the Ohio, near where the flourishing City of Louisville now stands. That place, about midway between the lands, he was to survey. Around the fort there was a small hamlet of between twenty and thirty log-huts. At that time there was not a single white settler in Ohio. It is said that Colonel Anderson built the first house in Louisville which was not of logs.

The Anderson family was one of note. Mrs. Anderson was second cousin of Chief Justice Marshall. Mr. Anderson's eldest son, Richard C., attained distinction for his mental ability and his social virtues. He represented his district in Congress; was our first minister to Columbia, and commissioner to the Congress at Panama. General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, was another of the sons. It must be admitted that there is something in blood.

Charles Anderson, the subject of this sketch, was born at his father's residence, called Soldiers' Retreat, on the first of June, 1814. In his early days he enjoyed unusual advantages of education and of culture. Under the best of teachers he prosecuted his studies both in the English branches and in the ancient classics, and in 1829 entered Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio. Here he graduated in 1833, under the presidency of the venerable Doctor Bishop. Even at this early period he was distinguished among his fellow-students for his broad national patriotism.

His brother Robert was then in command of the arsenal at St. Louis, Missouri. With very strong predilections for a farmer's life, Charles Anderson, still but nineteen years of age, visited his brother, and entering into partnership with him, purchased a farm of nearly a thousand acres. This farm, called Herdsdale, was on a small stream near the barracks. For these rich acres, with buildings, stock, and farming utensils, they paid seven thousand five hundred dollars. St. Louis then had a population of but seven thousand. He then and there made the acquaintance of Jefferson Davis, whom, he has often been heard to say, he then admired as much as he has since abhorred.

Soon after this, Major Robert Anderson was ordered far away to the command of the arsenal at Augusta, Maine. Thus this enthusiastic lad, still in his teens, a young man of gentle culture, scholarly tastes and habits, totally unacquainted with farming, was left alone to the management of this large estate. This summoned his guardian, an elder brother, to look into the state of affairs. After taking counsel of the most intelligent citizens of St. Louis, he became

satisfied that Charles had made a very unwise purchase. One thousand dollars were paid to the former proprietor, Frederick Dent, to rescind the contract. The estate now belongs to President Grant.

Charles, thus thwarted in his favorite pursuit, and being of enthusiastic and restless turn of mind, was anxious to enter the army. But his friends so strenuously remonstrated against this course, that he relinquished the plan. He then resolved to turn trapper. His imagination was captivated by the thought of exploring the sublime solitudes of the Rocky Mountains, of paddling in the birch canoe over the crystal waters of rivers hitherto unexplored and nameless, of sharing the hospitality of the Indians in their wigwams, and of gaining wealth by the rich furs he should take, and which ever found a ready sale in the St. Louis market. But in opposition to these wild dreams of youth his judicious friends again so vigorously interposed, that he felt constrained to abandon this enterprise also.

Thus bitterly disappointed, there seemed to be no resource left for him but to study law. Eight of the sons and sons-in-law of Colonel Richard Clough Anderson were lawyers. Charles returned to Louisville and entered himself as a student in the distinguished firm of Pirtle & Anderson. He was a young man of genius, of brilliant parts, with a great command of language, and an intuitive power of disentangling intricacies. We infer, from the whole of his career, that patient, plodding industry was not the most prominent of his virtues.

In the year 1835, having completed his law studies, he went to Dayton, and on the 16th of September was married to Miss Eliza Jane Brown, a young lady whom he met three years before, at his college commencement, and for whom he had formed a strong attachment.

Dayton was a pleasant, growing place, and Mr. Anderson decided to remain and open an office there. He had but little zeal in his profession, and was inspired with no glowing desire to become distinguished. For ten years he remained in Dayton, half lawyer and half farmer, but ever displaying a strength of moral principle, a magnanimity and calm independence of character which won for him the increasing respect of the community.

What was called the township of Dayton then comprehended not only the present Dayton, but Van Buren, Harrison and Mud River Townships. Mr. Anderson, in consequence of his earnest advocacy of popular education, was elected Town Clerk and Superintendent of the Common Schools. To carry into vigorous effect the new school law of 1836, he traversed the whole of this wide region on foot, taking a census of the entire population. Soon after he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of his county. In 1844 he became a member of the State Senate. Here the moral courage which conspicuously marked his life was displayed, in being the first man in Ohio who dared to propose and vote for the repeal of the cruel law which disqualified colored men for appearing as witnesses in legal trials.

The pro-slavery spirit was then so rampant in our land that for this act Mr. Anderson was bitterly denounced as an abolitionist and a fool. It is said that but a single one of his constituents ever expressed to him any commendation for this legislative act. Being a man of exquisite taste, by nature endowed with a remarkable love of the fine arts, especially of architecture, he was heartily

ashamed of the old state house, and gave the grand jury no peace until they presented it as a nuisance, and it was replaced by the present beautiful and classical edifice. His influence undoubtedly also originated the park between Second and Third Streets, which now embellishes the city. For his distinguished services, in these respects, the citizens of Columbus presented him with two beautiful canes.

During his senatorial term Mr. Anderson's health failed from very severe attacks of asthma. As the disease baffled the efforts of our ablest physicians, he undertook a voyage to Europe, to place himself under the care of the renowned Dr. Priessnitz, the discoverer of the water-cure treatment, in Gräfenberg, Austria-Silesia. This led him to an unusually extensive European tour.

He descended the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans. Thence he took a sail vessel to Havana. At that port he embarked for Barcelona, Spain, by the way of the Azores. Fortunately he entered this interesting and beautiful city as the populace were in a state of great excitement in receiving their young Queen, Isabella, with her splendid court. The Queen and her younger sister, the Duchess of Montpensier, were then in their teens. The queen-mother was also present. It was a very brilliant display of royalty; far different from any thing to which American eyes have been accustomed.

But Mr. Anderson was far too severe a republican to be dazzled by this display which was mainly, to his mind, indicative of the ignorance and impoverishment of the people. But he was intensely interested in the architectural splendor of this magnificent city. The old palace of the Kings of Aragon rose before him, a majestic pile of grandeur. The great cathedral, with its windows of gorgeously stained glass, presented one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture. And the celebrated promenade, the Rambla, which the wealth of ages had embellished, opened to his view scenes which must have been surpassingly attractive to one born and bred beyond the Alleghanies. As by a step, he had passed from all the freshness of the wilderness of the new world, to all the sublimity of the time-worn memorials of the most ancient days.

We have not space here to describe the incidents of his continued tour, every hour of which was replete with intensest interest. He passed through the beautiful province of Catalonia, whose early history is lost in the maze of the past. In imagination the conquering legions of Rome passed before him; then the shaggy wolfish hordes of the Goths. They were followed by the agile Moors, with blood-dripping cimiers, as war's most horrid billows swept over the doomed land.

He crossed the Pyrenees; visited Montpellier, Nismes, Narbonne, and Avignon. Every city and almost every mile of the way were crowded with the most exciting historic events to a mind familiar with the past.

At Avignon he took a steamboat and descended the rapid Rhone to Marseilles. The boats then upon the river were very different from the floating palaces which now adorn our great streams. They were about one hundred feet long and twenty-five feet wide. In their general appointments they were scarcely equal to our canal packets. The pilot stood at the helm with the tiller in his hand. These boats could make but four miles an hour against the stream, and fourteen with its aid.

But the scenery was enchanting, unsurpassed perhaps in picturesque beauty

by that of any other river on the globe. The stream wound its way through continued vineyards, sheltered by mountains rising from five hundred to two thousand feet. Every variety of landscape charms was presented. The eminences assumed every imaginable form; now rugged, now smooth. Again a space most gloomily sterile, would be succeeded by Eden-like luxuriance and bloom, as the terraced eminences were cultivated to their summits. Through the breaks in the mountains the snow-clad summits of the Alps could be seen in the distance, rising majestically to the skies. Often the river would be so enclosed by hills that one could not imagine where it escaped. There was almost an unbroken line of large towns, villages, hamlets, cottages, beautiful villas, and baronial castles, with their battlemented walls and massive towers, reaching back from the river's bank to the mountains. The valley, sometimes contracted to a mile in width, would again expand into a plain of marvelous luxuriance ten or or twelve miles broad.

We describe these scenes thus minutely, since they afford so striking a contrast to anything which could then or even now can be seen on the Ohio, the Scioto, or the Miami. After spending ten days at Marseilles, he passed on to Genoa, the Superb, by the famous route of the Riviera; thence on to Leghorn, Florence, Rome, Naples, Syracuse, Ætna, Malta, Corfu, the Gulf of Lepanto, Athens, the Isles of Greece, Smyrna and Constantinople.

From this most wonderful city he passed through perhaps the most attractive sheet of water on the globe to the Black Sea. Then he ascended the whole course of the Danube, touching at every place of interest, until he reached Vienna. At all these places he devoted the most eager attention to the study of the fine arts. He particularly enjoyed the rich music of the highly cultivated bands and choirs of those regions.

From Vienna he explored the battle-fields of Wagram and Austerlitz; visited Olmutz, renowned as the seat of La Fayette's five years of captivity; and thence to Gräfenberg. Here he soon found his health materially improved. After spending six weeks, subject to the water-cure treatment, he passed through Saxon-Switzerland to Prague. While descending the River Elbe in a canal-boat he made the acquaintance of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

The duke had traveled in this country. Though doubtless glad that an ocean three thousand miles in breadth rolled between republican America and his baronial halls, he was exceedingly interested in what he saw here, so totally different from anything he had ever witnessed, or even conceived of, in his own land. He said that he called upon Governor Jeremiah Morrow, of Ohio. He found the governor, in the coarse garb of a common laborer, wearing a red flannel shirt, at work burning the brush in a clearing. His hands and his face were besmeared with charcoal.

The duke, from his ancestral halls, ever clothed in regal purple, surrounded with the splendors and almost idolatrous obsequiousness of feudal homage, must have gazed upon such a spectacle with the greatest astonishment. He expressed much admiration for Ohio's model governor; but it is very certain that he had no wish to imitate his example.

From Dresden Mr. Anderson passed through Leipsic, Weimar, Frankfort, to Weisbaden, and thence down that beautiful river where

" The castled crags of Drachenfels,
From o'er the wide and winding Rhine."

Tarrying a short time at innumerable places of interest, he spent a week in Paris, and, crossing over to Liverpool, took passage in a Cunard steamer for his native land. As he returned to his home, from this instructive tour, with health greatly renovated, he removed to Cincinnati and entered into partnership, for the practice of his profession, with Rufus King, Esq. For eleven years he continued in the busy offices of the bar. His health again failing, he decided to seek a milder climate.

His original farming propensities still clung to him. He went to Texas, there to imitate the lives of the patriarchs, amidst his herds, in raising horses and mules. He had ever been an earnest Henry Clay Whig, and was much opposed to the action of the Democratic party in its attempt to annex Texas as a measure of slavery propagandism. When he reached Texas he soon found that all the prominent men there, and the masses of the people, were fanatically excited in favor of a dissolution of the Union, and the establishment of a new government for the Southern States, with monarchical forms, and based on slavery. They would seek the protectorate of England; send their cotton to England, and receive goods of English manufacture in return.

This was in 1859. His discerning mind soon perceived that there was a widely-organized and treasonable conspiracy to accomplish this end. Rapidly the treason made headway among the ignorant masses of the South. The plan adopted was very cunning. The South, while seemingly opposed to the election of any northern candidate opposed to slavery to the Presidency, was to lend its secret aid for such a result. There was no term which could be uttered to the southern mind more full of opprobrium than that of *Abolitionist*. Having elected one not friendly to the extension of slavery, they could then declare it to have been a northern measure, and, appealing to southern fanaticism, would call loudly for a dissolution of the Union, on the ground that as an Abolitionist was in the Presidential chair, the safety of the South demanded the dissolution of the Union.

Mr. Anderson, with moral courage rarely surpassed, and with integrity worthy of all praise, opposed these suicidal measures, when he stood alone exposed to the fury of pro-slavery fanaticism. Revolutions bring the dregs of society to its surface. Mr. Anderson received anonymous letters threatening him with assassination and every conceivable indignity. There was a large gathering of the secessionists at San Antonio, Texas, on the 20th of November, 1860. Many inflammatory speeches were made. Mr. Anderson then addressed the excited multitude in a strain of patriotic eloquence rarely surpassed. We have room but for one short extract:

" We have truly fallen upon evil times. A meeting of American citizens is here solemnly convened, seriously to discuss and decide the further existence of our blessed Union. And has it indeed come to this? Has the madness of faction, the virulence of fanaticism, at last reached this point? Have sectional partisans finally *dared* to make or devise an assault upon this beloved and most glorious Union which our fathers of the South and the North shed their united blood to cement and establish; which our mothers blessed in the earliest prayers

of our infancy; which nurtured and protected our first and best years, and which, under God's providence, is, I trust destined to be to our children's children, to the latest generation of mankind, the very greatest boon and blessing which human minds and hands ever planned and executed, or which the Divine will has ever permitted.

"Oh, may it stand, my friends, as deep in the earth and as high in the air as the grandest mountain; as wide and glorious as old ocean, and as enclosing and vitalizing to its generations as the circumambient air. Whilst ever these fair, blue and bended skies, with their kindling lights of day and night, shall surround our earth, may this dear Union of our native land continue to encompass us and ours forever."

There was, perhaps, not another man in Texas who would have had the moral courage to make such a speech on this occasion. There were many noble Union men there, but they could not express their sentiments but at the peril of their lives. Such men were continually visited by a vigilance committee, tarred and feathered, and hung. The most prominent man in these murders was one of the wealthiest citizens of San Antonio, and a prominent member of the Methodist Church.

Notwithstanding this bold denunciation of treason and traitors, Mr. Anderson's dignity of character and high reputation for integrity and honor, were such that even the most fanatic secessionists did not venture immediately to assail him. But ere long the Confederate Congress, at Richmond, passed a law allowing forty days for any citizen of the United States, and who still adhered to the United States, to leave the Southern Confederacy, or else to be thereafter subject to the pains and penalties of treason.

Mr. Anderson was compelled to abandon his property, disposing of it at whatever sacrifice. He could not with any safety run the gauntlet of the Confederate States. He therefore started for home by the way of Mexico. He was pursued by an armed force, captured and brought back to Antonio. Here he was imprisoned, and his life was in great peril. There was in San Antonio an aged and friendless widow, Mrs. Ann C. Ludlum, who loved "the dear old flag," and who revered the man who so nobly defended it. Her heart was moved with the most tender sympathy for the imperiled stranger.

This heroic woman enlisted the services of an equally heroic and noble German, Mr. T. Z. Houzeau, and actually accomplished Mr. Anderson's escape. And this they did while fully conscious that if they should be detected in this, their deed of heavenly mercy, they would surely die upon the gibbet. Ere long Mrs. Ludlum's undisguised love for the Union caused her to be driven from her home into Mexico. The names of Ludlum and Houzeau, Americans should ever remember and honor.

Mr. Anderson, through many perils, succeeded in reaching the Northern states. England, not unwilling to see our Union broken up, was in sympathy with the rebels. Mr. Anderson was urged to go to England, and by lectures there to endeavor to turn the tide of British public opinion and feeling in regard to the whole question. The special necessity for this service seemed to be the impending crisis caused by the seizing by Commodore Wilkes of Mason and Slidell. To this end he was furnished with the best possible testimonials to the

Hon. Charles Francis Adams, then our very able Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, as also to Messrs. Cobden and Hope, Miss Martineau, and many other influential personages of England. The result we give in the language of another. We give it without comment, simply as a very clear explanation of his failure in England.

"But he soon found that the American affairs had already been superabundantly discussed by Mr. Train and others; and moreover that the particular class who, in that stage of the question, were at all amenable to influence in favor of the Union party, was far more alive to the black philanthropy than to the white civilization of the case. Whereas, of course, with much sympathy for the slaves, and a decided opinion that slaveholders should lose, and would forever lose that property, he could not honestly put himself in accord with the current ideas of that class, that slavery could qualify its victims, the slaves, to equal rights of suffrage in the new and stupendous issues then imminent in the great trial of Republican institutions.

"For the rest, he frankly advised his friends over the water, that between these sentiments, in so far as they were separable, patriotism was with him a very far stronger passion than philanthropy. As between the two classes, if forced to make an election, he was compelled to prefer his own color and race to the African or any other. For these reasons he gave up all ideas of delivering his course of lectures upon the rebellion to the British people. Treating this loss of time and money, therefore, as another vain sacrifice to that cause of his country which had ever been his religion, he again returned to the United States."

It was not to have been expected that Mr. Anderson, born in Kentucky, and from infancy surrounded by slaves and breathing the atmosphere of slavery, could have regarded that subject as it was looked upon in the North by millions who had never seen a slave. Returning to America, Mr. Anderson was appointed colonel of the 93d Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, as gallant a band as patriotism ever sent to the battle-field.

But we have not space to enter into the details of his military service, of his chivalric courage, his wounds, and his almost miraculous escape from death at the battle of Stone River. Wounds, and the exhaustion of this terrible campaigning, so impaired his health that he was compelled to resign his commission. But he now stood so high in the esteem of his fellow citizens that he was soon chosen Lieutenant Governor of Ohio. Governor Brough was the Chief Executive. His sudden death transferred Colonel Anderson to the gubernatorial chair, and he became Governor of Ohio. Thus he took his position in the ranks of that long line of noble men whose administrative ability has raised Ohio to the proud position which the imperial state now occupies.

At the close of the war Governor Anderson advocated immediate and general amnesty. He was strongly opposed to that impartial ballot which disclaimed all tests of color. This led him to pass into the ranks of the Democratic party. Upon retiring from the office of governor, with fortune much diminished by the war, he removed to Kentucky, and settled upon a large iron estate upon the Cumberland River, in Lyon County. Here he now lives, in 1874, in the seclusion of private life, revered and beloved by all who know him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LIVES OF THE GOVERNORS—CONTINUED.

JACOB D. COX, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, EDWARD F. NOYES,
WILLIAM ALLEN.

HON. JACOB D. COX.

[See page 679.]

In January, 1866, Jacob D. Cox was inaugurated Governor of Ohio. He was born in Montreal, Canada, on the 27th of October, 1828. His parents were residents of New York, but his father had been called temporarily to Montreal, to superintend the carpenter work upon the magnificent Cathedral of Notre Dame, in that city.

In 1829 the family returned to New York, where the son passed his childhood and youth. Here he received the rudiments of a good education. In 1846, when but eighteen years of age, he entered the renowned college at Oberlin, Ohio, whose fame had then begun to extend through all the states. Here he remained for about three years, prosecuting his studies with great diligence and great success.

Graduating, he married in 1849 a daughter of President Finney, and in 1852 was admitted to the bar in Warren, Trumbull County, Ohio. As was to have been expected of a young man who had distinguished himself at Oberlin, Mr. Cox early espoused and earnestly and untiringly advocated the cause of universal freedom. He believed, and under all circumstances announced his belief, in the brotherhood of man, and that all men should be equally protected by the law.

In 1859 he was elected by those who held similar views with himself to represent the Trumbull and Mahoning District in the State Senate. He had then a high reputation for integrity, native talent, and accomplished scholarship. He was especially distinguished for the thoroughness with which he pursued any studies or prosecuted any enterprise in which he might engage. He was alike capable of forming the most comprehensive plans, and of attending to the minutest details essential for the accomplishment of those plans. This combination of powers is one of the highest attributes of successful genius.

Mr. Cox was a fine classical scholar, and also a proficient in both the French and German languages. Some one made the very true remark that a person

might have a special aptitude for the acquisition of languages, and yet might be very deficient in other mental operations.

"For instance," said he, "I doubt very much whether Mr. Cox could master the difficulties of short-hand writing, or phonography." But it afterwards appeared that Mr. Cox, as one of the amusements of his leisure hours, had become such a proficient in that difficult art that he could rival the most skillful reporters.

From an impartial and admirable sketch of the life of Governor Cox, by William H. Busbey, Esq., who was apparently personally acquainted with his career, I make the following valuable extract :

"This same quality of mind carried him forward in scientific investigation, in political discussion and inquiry, in the walks of literature, and in the work of his profession. He possessed the rare quality of comprehending great measures without losing sight of necessary details. He had his mental powers so well in hand that they accomplished results always without loss of time.

"Mr. Cox took his seat in the Ohio Senate on the first Monday in January, 1860. This session of the Legislature was a notable one. One of the most noteworthy of the legislative struggles was over the effort to repeal the kidnapping law, so-called.

"Senator Cox was on the judiciary committee. The other Republicans on the committee were conservatives, and united with the Democrats in a report favoring repeal. Mr. Cox made a minority report, defending the law, and carried the Republicans of the Senate with him against the majority report of the committee.

"This law provided for penalties against those who should attempt to carry free blacks out of the state without legal proceedings. It was, like personal liberty bills, a counterbalance to the fugitive slave act. In many other important struggles of the session the personal influence of Senator Cox was felt, and he was extremely popular with the radical wing of his party.

"The tremendous questions sprung upon the people by the threatening indications of civil war, found Senator Cox ready to grapple with them. Convinced that the country was in imminent danger, he held that while no unnecessary provocation should be given, there should be no further yielding to slavery ; and that if the advocates of slavery made war we should fight it out. He comprehended the necessity for preparation, and assisted in the organization of the state militia. His knowledge of military systems and duties was already very great, and he was made brigadier general."

When treason opened its fire upon our national flag at Sumter, and sought the demolition of this Republic, founded upon equal rights for all men, that there might be reared upon its ruins another government whose corner-stone should be slavery, Mr. Cox espoused, with all the inflexible enthusiasm of his nature, the cause of human rights and of the integrity of the Union. Immediately, relinquishing all other engagements, he consecrated his tireless energies day and night to patriotic labors. Very efficiently he aided Governor Dennison and General George B. McClellan in organizing troops.

So entire was his consecration to this work that he found time to enter the Senate chamber only to vote upon the most important questions. At this early

period he was associated with all the military measures adopted by the state to rescue our country from impending perils.

A large number of troops in the service of the general government were rendezvoused at Columbus, Ohio. General Cox was placed in command of them, at what was called Camp Jackson, on the 23d of April, 1861. Immediately after this he was commissioned by President Lincoln Brigadier General of United States Volunteers. With the assistance of General Rosecrans, as engineer, he laid out Camp Dennison, and remained in command of the gathering forces there until the 6th of July, when, by orders of General McClellan, he took position with his troops at the mouth of the Grand Kanawha, in Virginia.

The upper portion of this valley was held by the rebels, under General Henry A. Wise. With prompt and vigorous movements, the details of which we have not space here to give, General Cox drove his opponents from the valley. He sounded no trumpet to proclaim his achievements, but those best qualified to judge declare that much military ability was displayed in his strategy and his tactics.

Marching triumphantly into the interior, he took possession of the city of Charleston, from which the rebels had fled, and ascended the valley some forty miles farther, established a fortified camp at the mouth of the Ganley River. From this point he successfully carried on operations against the foe during the whole Summer. Though the rebel troops outnumbered the patriots three or four to one, and though General Cox was in the very heart of the enemy's country, they were unable to obtain any foothold in the valley, or to cut off his communications with the Ohio.

We must glide over many adventures in which he took part, while participating in movements against Wise, Floyd and Lee. When General Reno fell at the battle of South Mountain, General Cox succeeded him in command of the Ninth Corps. In this battle and in the subsequent bloody conflict at Antietam, the troops he led so distinguished themselves that he was promoted to the rank of Major General, to date from October 7, 1862.

The District of West Virginia, and soon after the District of Ohio, were entrusted to his protection. In December, 1863, he was placed in command of the Twenty-third Corps, with his headquarters at Knoxville, Tennessee.

In the Atlanta campaign General Cox led the third division of that corps. But he commanded the entire corps in the engagement at Columbia, and in the sanguinary battle of Franklin, on the 30th of November, 1864. In this engagement he signalized himself for coolness and courage. In the desperate engagement at Nashville, General Cox took a prominent part.

In 1865 there was an important movement of the patriot army against the rebels at Wilmington. General Cox took part in this movement. His entire force was engaged in the battle of Kingston, on the 5th of March of that year. Being placed permanently in command of the Twenty-third Army Corps, he advanced with his well-trained band upon Raleigh. Then he was entrusted with the protection of the western half of North Carolina, and superintended the parole of Johnston's troops at Greensboro.

In July, 1865, he was again placed in command of the District of Ohio, and superintended the mustering out and discharge of the Ohio soldiers. Mr. Buxbey writes, in his interesting biographical sketch :

"While still in active service, he was brought forward as the soldiers' candidate for governor of the state. In June, 1865, he was nominated by acclamation as the candidate of the Union Republican party. The political campaign which succeeded was peculiar on account of the after-war issues involved, and the sensitiveness of the different factions of the Republican party. Conscious that he was entering the political field at a critical period, General Cox defined himself, both in letters and speeches, with great distinctness. He did not hesitate to express his views on any subject presented by the people. Having carried the state by a handsome majority, he was inaugurated in January, 1866.

"In his first message, and in subsequent ones he discussed the state financial system, the common school system, and questions bearing on reform in charitable and reformatory institutions. In all departments he made recommendations which formed the basis of subsequent legislative action. His discussion of the proposed constitutional amendments attracted very general attention, and had much influence. His culture, his dignified bearing, his strong individuality, his freedom from any feeling of petty partisanship, his ability to grapple with questions as soon as presented, and his good judgment in settling them, made his administration very popular."

At the close of his term of two years he declined a re-nomination and resumed the practice of law in Cincinnati. In 1869, President Grant chose him as Secretary of the Interior. The appointment was received with universal approval. The position was envired with difficulties. The reforms he urged met with opposition. He was unwilling to surrender points which seemed to him important, and, after a few months, tendered his resignation, and retiring from the Cabinet, returned to his law office in Cincinnati.

Since that time, he has vigorously engaged in all those civil duties which can promote the welfare of his fellow men. In 1873, being intrusted with the responsible office of President of the Toledo, Wabash and Western Railway, he removed to the city of Toledo, where at the present writing, he resides. I cannot close this brief sketch more satisfactorily than in the words of Mr. William H. Busbey, who, from his personal acquaintance with the governor, is entitled to speak upon his moral, social, and intellectual traits:

"Ex-Governor Cox is a man of fine culture and great strength of character. In person he is tall and commanding; in manner the personification of gentlemanly dignity. As has been intimated, he is a genius in mastering details and in concentrating his powers of mind for immediate and determined action. He is thorough in everything he undertakes, and however brilliant or worthy any special act of his may appear at first glance, it is sure to be more brilliant or worthy on investigation. The power to meet emergencies, to master things, and the disposition to grapple with questions of all kinds, are distinguishing characteristics. He examines carefully, decides quickly, acts unhesitatingly. He entered the Ohio Senate without legislative experience, and yet his qualifications were those of a leader. He entered the army with complete knowledge as to a soldier's duties—as far as the opportunities of civil life would allow. He could excel any of his subordinates in executing all the minutiae of the manual and drill, and surprised old officers by the fact that he fenced well. He planned a campaign or conducted a battle with a full sense of the emergency to

be met, and a full knowledge of plans to meet it. As a soldier, he was without parade or flourish, a man of unfailing resources, and in all his career there is the record of no blunder in the management of a department or the conduct of a battle. Where others learned by mistakes, he avoided mistakes by the application of principles.

"He plunged into the first complications of the war, ready to meet the difficulties and competent to act. At the close of the war, he entered a critical political campaign, as ready to meet the issues presented, and more fearless than his party cared to have him, in grappling with vital questions over which the people were puzzling.

"Imperious and earnest in carrying out measures which meet his approval, he is frank and determined in opposing measures that he cannot approve. But he always leaves with his opponents a clear conviction of his honesty of purpose, a respect for his integrity, and a consciousness of his ability."

HON. RUTHERFORD B. HAYES.

[See page 689.]

The parents of Rutherford Birchard Hayes emigrated from Windham County, Vermont, to Delaware, Ohio, in the year 1817. Delaware then, half a century ago, in the center of the state, was a small but unusually pleasant village of four or five hundred inhabitants. Here Gen. Hayes was born, Oct. 4, 1822.

At the age of twenty he graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, and commenced the study of law at Columbus. After three years of study, having attended a course of lectures at the celebrated law school of Harvard University, Mass., he was admitted to the bar, and commenced the practice of his profession at Fremont. After remaining here four years, he removed in 1849 to Cincinnati. In 1852 he married Miss Lucy Ware Webb, of Chillicothe, and was thus fairly embarked upon that ocean of life which is ever swept by storms.

A few years passed peacefully away when the bugle blasts of civil war called him to the horrid scenes of the battle-field. Heroically he performed his part on many a bloody field. Mr. Reid, in his excellent history of Ohio during the war, writes:

"In October, 1864, Colonel Hayes was appointed Brigadier General 'for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek.' In the Spring of 1865, he was given command of an expedition against Lynchburg, by way of the mountains of West Virginia, and was engaged in preparations for that campaign when the war closed." He was then in honor of his distinguished services breveted Major General.

The following incident is related by General Comly, in his account of Sheridan's victory of Winchester: "After the usual amount of marching and counter-marching, from the 4th to the 18th of September, the battle of Winchester was fought on the 19th. General Crook's command was in reserve, but was very soon brought into action and sent to the extreme right of the line to make a flank attack. Hayes' brigade had the extreme right of the infantry. The position was reached under cover of an almost impenetrable growth of cedar

crossing a swampy stream. Here the division was halted and formed : First brigade (Hayes) in front, and the second (Johnson's) in the rear. Throwing out a light line of skirmishers, the brigade advanced rapidly to the front, driving the enemy's cavalry. The national cavalry at the same time advanced out of the woods on the right. After advancing in this way across two or three open fields, under a scattering fire, the crest of a slight elevation was reached, when the enemy's infantry line came into view, off diagonally to the left front, and he opened a brisk artillery fire. Moving forward double-quick under this fire, the brigade reached a thick fringe of underbrush, dashing through which it came upon a deep slough, forty or fifty yards wide and nearly waist deep, with soft mud at the bottom, overgrown with a thick bed of moss, nearly strong enough to bear the weight of a man.

"It seemed impossible to get through it, and the whole line was staggered for a moment. Just then Colonel Hayes plunged in with his horse, and under a shower of bullets and shells, crossed over. When he was about half the way over, his horse mired down. He dismounted and waded, and pushed his way through—the first man over. The Twenty-third was immediately ordered by the right flank and crossed over the slough at the same place. In floundering through this morass men were suffocated and drowned ; still the regiment plunged through, and, after a pause long enough partially to reform the line, charged forward again, yelling and driving the enemy. Sheridan's old cavalry kept close upon the right, having passed around the slough, and every time the enemy was driven from cover, charged and captured a large number of prisoners. This plan was followed throughout the battle ; by which the cavalry was rendered very effective. In one of these charges, Colonel Duvall, the division commander, was wounded and carried from the field, leaving Colonel Hayes in command. He was everywhere exposing himself recklessly as usual. He was the first over the slough, and he was in advance of the line half the time afterward. His adjutant general was severely wounded, and men were dropping all around him, but he rode through it all as if he had a charmed life." He was wounded four times, once very severely.

Just before the termination of this dreadful strife, he was elected to Congress from the Second Cincinnati District, and re-elected in 1866. He was ever an able and highly valued supporter of the principles of the Republican party. In 1867, this party, in Ohio, by general acclaim, nominated him for the governorship of the state. There were many complications in this election ; the community being greatly agitated and divided by the "negro suffrage" question. General Hayes, who had won much esteem by his dignified bearing during the conflict, was elected by about three thousand majority, and in 1869 he was re-elected by an increased majority.

Governor Hayes' administration was illustrious in the benefits it conferred upon the state. A home for the orphan children of soldiers was provided. A reform school was established. Great improvements were introduced in the treatment of the insane. The penitentiary was enlarged, and vigorous measures of improved prison discipline adopted. Additional authority was given to the Board of State Charities to investigate and bring to light all abuses in the penal and charitable legislation of the state. An Agricultural College was founded.

- A geological survey of the state was undertaken. New efforts were adopted to protect all important historical documents. Portraits of the governors and other distinguished citizens were secured. Casts of the pottery of the mound-builders were obtained and carefully preserved. A Lincoln and soldiers' monument was erected in the rotunda of the State House. And last, but by no means least, the true democratic doctrine of extending the right of suffrage to colored citizens was adopted.

Governor Hayes still lives. One who knows him well has paid the following fine tribute to his character:

"General Hayes is one of the few men capable of accomplishing much without any egotistical assertion of self. As a soldier in the army, an advocate at the bar, or an earnest supporter of radical measures he has been content to do his duty with an unpretending, noiseless energy that makes him a marked man. The people will find his utterances full of sound thought, and his deportment modest, dignified and unassuming. He proved himself not only a gallant soldier, but a model officer. We had opportunities of close observation while serving with him in Virginia, and found him cool, self-possessed, and as thorough in the discharge of his duties as he was gallant in action."

It is also pleasant to give the following still more decisive testimony to the merits of Governor Hayes from one of the leading papers of the state. This testimony was repeated by many other public journals, without, so far as we know, any dissentient voices:

"That the gubernatorial chair of Ohio has never been filled by a man more personally and specially esteemed by the people than Governor Hayes, is a fact admitted by everybody of all parties. He is recognized as a most efficient, discreet, practical executive officer. His messages, proclamations, etc., have been universally complimented by the press for their brevity, directness and good common sense. Editors and reporters have never been obliged to trouble themselves about condensing any state paper he issued—it was always couched in the fewest words possible, clear and forcible. He retires with a splendid record, high in the confidence of the people of our noble state."

HON. EDWARD F. NOYES.

[See page 723.]

Edward Follensbee Noyes was born at Haverhill, Mass., October 3, 1832. His parents were Theodore and Hannah Noyes, both of whom died before he was three years of age, leaving the little orphan child with the world before him, in which his battle was to be fought single-handed and alone. He was taken in charge by maternal grandparents, Edward and Hannah Stevens, who resided at East Kingston, Rockingham County, New Hampshire. At twelve years of age, his grandfather having died, he went to live with his guardian, Joseph Hoyt, of Newton, New Hampshire.

To New Hampshire boys life is not altogether playtime. At thirteen the youth took care of twenty head of cattle, worked on the farm in Summer, and in Winter made a daily pilgrimage of four miles and cut and piled his half cord of swamp maples—certainly a fair day's work for a youngster in the beginning

of his teens. But here was laid the foundation of robust, vigorous health, that stood him well in hand in times of after trial, when less hearty strength would have succumbed. At forty-two years of age Governor Noyes is of a hale, cheery temperament. His good nature is infectious. His vivacity is inspiring, and his intellect clear and incisive. He is not put down by adverse circumstances, but attacks difficulties and overcomes them by persistency, or if vanquished in turn, bears ill-success with equanimity.

How much of character, of energy and of mental faculty depend upon the simple fact of good health is not generally appreciated. A sound mind cannot flourish in an unwholesome body; and to the complete and perfect exercise of such powers as have been given to men, the first and most essential requisite is unimpaired physical condition.

It does not exceed the truth to say that Governor Noyes is one of the foremost political orators in the West; and those who have been moved by the power of his pathos until their eyes became misty—who have been excited to boisterous laughter by the overflowing humor of his happy nature or exalted by his eloquence—are not perhaps aware how much of the subtle influence is owing to the twenty head of cattle, the maple cord-wood, and that early life which gave to an active mind an entirely healthful body.

At fourteen young Noyes was apprenticed as a printer in the office of the *Morning Star*, the organ of the Free Will Baptist denomination, published at Dover, New Hampshire, and boarded in the family of the editor, Wm. Burr, a kind-hearted and good man, where he remained for four years. By the necessary indentures the future governor of Ohio was a "bound boy," whose term of service was to last until he reached the age of twenty-one. Mr. Burr was well pleased with his youthful charge, who was smart and active, and did his work intelligently and well, and was surprised one day when the boy went to his room, and with a form of statement at once precise and emphatic said, "Mr. Burr, I want to quit your office." The good editor inquired the reason, and was informed by the lad that he had no cause for dissatisfaction or complaint, that he had been always treated with the consideration that a father might show to a son, "but I feel that there is something more in me than a journeyman printer"; he added, "I want to go home and go to school." The old gentleman pondered a moment, and then said, "Yes, Edward, you can go; and if ever I can be of assistance to you, call upon me freely." So they parted. Mr. Burr lived long enough to see his bound boy successful in life, but not long enough to see him as he afterwards became—a leading man in Ohio.

Young Noyes prepared for college at the academy in Kingston, New Hampshire, under the tutelage of Professor Joseph Eastman; entered Dartmouth College in 1853, graduating in 1857, one of the foremost scholars in his class. Even then were recognized in him brilliant possibilities for the future. He was at that time considered the best speaker in his class; and whenever he had occasion to appear upon the rostrum he always commanded the attention of his fellows to a degree that foreshadowed the power of after years. Upon commencement day he was requested by the Faculty to deliver a poem, and it is suggestive that the theme assigned him was "Eloquence."

In the Winter of his senior year Noyes commenced the study of law in the

office of Stickney & Tuck, at Exeter, New Hampshire. This was Amos Tuck, for many years a member of Congress, and a man of considerable note in those days. Before leaving the halls of his Alma Mater the collegiate had imbibed from such men as Amos Tuck, John P. Hale, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner and John G. Whittier, the intimate friend and townsman of his father, those ideas which made him an old school Liberty man, a Free Soiler, an Independent Democrat and a Republican—following the party that opposed slavery through all its changes of name and vicissitudes of fortune. In 1856, at the request of the State Central Executive Committee of New Hampshire, he stomped the state for John C. Fremont, much to the disgust, as one of his class-mates tells us, of the theological professor of old Dartmouth.

In 1857 Governor Noyes went to Ohio, rather by accident than otherwise, to visit a college classmate, never for a moment dreaming that it was to be his future home. Some people call it luck; others, more thoughtful, might ascribe it to Providence; but whatever the fact, the young New Englander was not long in discovering that the West was the field for self-reliant energy. It is not an exaggeration to say that his career thus far in the State of Ohio has been exceptionally brilliant. He went there a poor boy, without a dollar in his pocket, or at his command, a perfect stranger outside the family in whose household he visited, yet within fourteen years he was governor of that great commonwealth, and perhaps as widely and favorably known as any of her distinguished public men now on the stage of action.

The visit to Cincinnati was altogether a pleasant one, and the new-comer was welcomed to a hospitable society. Being one of those who easily make friends, his circle of acquaintance was soon enlarged, and not lacking in qualities of address that impress themselves favorably upon others, those who knew him soon liked him. As he pondered upon the proposition of returning to his native hills, he could not avoid an involuntary contrast between the staid, sober, plodding ways of his old home, and the dash, energy, and vivacious pluck of the West. Without yet any definite plan of action, he resumed the study of law in the office of Tilden, Rairden & Curwen, attending the lectures of the Cincinnati Law School, in the Winter of 1857-58.

In Mr. M. E. Curwen, then Professor in the Law School, and a lawyer of high standing and character, Mr. Noyes found a faithful friend and most conscientious mentor. To this preceptor, whose wise judgment and perfect integrity of life may now be spoken of, as it is worthy to record the virtues of the dead, the pupil acknowledges a debt of gratitude for the advice and friendly conduct which induced him to make Cincinnati his home.

An office was opened in Cincinnati in 1858. Business began to come, and came quite rapidly, and the way to success seemed opening, when the tocsin of war sounded in 1861. Those who had studied the political history of the country with any reasonable degree of appreciation, foresaw that the struggle was to be for life or death, and the young lawyer did not believe that the impending contest was such as could be determined by the three months' volunteers. He turned his thoughts towards the army. He knew nothing about war, but in this he was not different from the thousands and thousands of others who, in the end composed the victorious cohorts, whose heavy tread shook from its throne the

fearful power that had ruled the Republic from the beginning, and now sought to ruin it.

Perhaps, as he was considering the gravity of the occasion, some vision of military glory may have flitted across his brain. It was natural to years that were few, and ambition that was strong, but he knew that the picture had its reverse side, and deliberately weighing the future, he concluded that whatever might happen, there was a duty owing which could not be postponed or shirked.

On the 8th of July, 1861, a notice was published in the Cincinnati papers calling upon officers representing company organizations, and desiring to enlist for the war, to report at the law office of E. F. Noyes — then Stephenson & Noyes — without delay. On the 20th of August a full regiment, the 39th Ohio Infantry, took the field, with John Groesbeck as colonel, A. W. Gilbert as lieutenant colonel, and Edward F. Noyes as major. It was believed by these officers that the most brilliant campaign of the war would be in opening up the Mississippi River to the commerce of the West, and in breaking through the center of the Rebellion. So, by request, this regiment, with the 27th Ohio Infantry, was transferred from the eastern to the western army, and sent to Missouri, where General John C. Fremont was in command. After marching fifteen hundred miles in the State of Missouri, dispersing guerilla bands under Sterling Price and Martin Green, the regiment, early in 1862, joined the expedition of Major General John Pope, forming part of the old Army of the Mississippi. Under this distinguished commander, Major Noyes took part with his regiment in the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10, and was then detailed to General Pope's staff, where he remained until that officer was transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia.

Colonels Groesbeck and Gilbert having left the service, and General Pope having gone to Virginia, Noyes was commissioned colonel and took command of his regiment in October, 1862. He took active part in the battles of Iuka and Corinth under General Rosecrans, and under General G. M. Dodge in all the operations against the commands of General Forest and other rebel generals in the Tuscumbia Valley. In 1864, the Thirty-ninth Ohio Infantry formed a part of the First Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, and in the army of General Sherman took part in the famous Atlanta campaign. On the fourth of July, 1864, Colonel Noyes, while leading an assault upon the enemy's works at Ruff's Mills, Nicojack Creek, Georgia, was severely wounded, and suffered the amputation of a limb upon the field. Five weeks later he endured a second operation at Cincinnati, having in the mean time been brought from Marietta, Georgia, to Louisville in a cattle car, and from Louisville to Cincinnati by boat. This second amputation nearly cost him his life, but a vigorous constitution and a frame hardened by healthy labor and temperate habits, carried him through the great suffering he endured. In October, 1864, while still on crutches, he reported for duty to Major-General Joseph Hooker, and was assigned to the command of Camp Dennison. While in the discharge of his military duty there, and without solicitation on his part, he was elected to the important office of City Solicitor for Cincinnati, to accept which position he resigned his commission in the army.

Having been recommended, before he was wounded, for promotion to the full rank of brigadier-general, he was breveted after the loss of his limb.

Of General Noyes as a soldier, General J. W. Sprague says: "I observed the conduct and bearing of Colonel Noyes at Iuka, Corinth, New Madrid, Resaca, Dallas, and all the affairs in which his regiment was engaged during the campaign against Atlanta, up to the time of his being disabled by wounds. He was ever and always distinguished for his gallantry, zeal and constant devotion to his command." General D. S. Stanley says: "He was an intrepid, bright and untiring officer, having an aptness for military life." General Pope speaks of him as "conspicuous for gallantry, military ability and zeal; an educated gentleman and an accomplished soldier, eminently qualified for promotion, which he has fairly earned by long and distinguished service in the field."

Rosecrans commends him "for bravery, efficiency and intelligence," and General G. M. Dodge, in whose command he was for nearly two years and up to the time of his being wounded, says, in a very complimentary letter, he knows "of none among all the gallant officers of his command, more brave, earnest and patriotic."

General Sherman endorsed a recommendation for promotion by brevet as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS, MIL. DIV., Aug. 23, 1865.

"I take special pleasure in endorsing this recommendation that Colonel Noyes be breveted brigadier-general, to date from July 4th, 1864. I was close by when Colonel Noyes was shot. We were pressing Johnston's army back from Marietta to the Chattahoochie, when he made a stand at Smyrna Camp-ground, and I ordered his position to be attacked. It was done successfully at some loss, and Colonel Noyes lost his leg. He fully merits this honorable title.

(Signed)

"W. T. SHERMAN,

"Maj. Gen'l Com'd'g."

Before General Noyes' term as City Solicitor had expired, he was elected Probate Judge of Hamilton County, one of the most lucrative offices at that time in Ohio. He served the usual term of three years, and in the Fall of 1871 resumed the practice of law. For a second time his prospects for success in the profession were flattering, when he was tendered the nomination for governor by the Republican party. Although loth to abandon his law office, he did not feel at liberty to decline an honor tendered with entire unanimity. After a brilliant campaign, he was elected by over twenty thousand majority. Two years later, having been again nominated by acclamation, he was defeated by Governor Allen by a majority of about 800 in a vote of 448,000. After this he received the unanimous vote of his party in the Legislature for the place of United States Senator.

The administration of Governor Noyes was eminently conservative and non-partisan, his treatment of political opponents generous, and his published speeches breathe the spirit of conciliation. He was among the first of our public men to advocate general amnesty for southern rebels, while at the same time he demanded civil and political rights for the colored race.

Early in 1863 Colonel Noyes received leave of absence from the army for two weeks, and was married at Kingston, New Hampshire, Feb. 15 of that year, to Margaret Wilson Proctor, of that place.

Governor Noyes is now practicing law in the City of Cincinnati.

HON. WILLIAM ALLEN.

[See page 713.]

William Allen, the present Governor of Ohio, was born in Edenton, Chowan County, North Carolina, in the year 1807. He was, by the death of both father and mother, left an orphan in his infancy. His parents were poor. In his boyhood days there were no common schools in North Carolina, nor in Virginia, whither he early removed; and he never attended any school of any kind, except a private infant school for a short time, until he came, at the age of sixteen, to Chillicothe, Ohio. He, however, early managed to acquire the rudiments of learning; and that was the golden age of public speaking, and the era of oratory and orators in this country. He was enthused and carried away with a passion for listening to public addresses upon every occasion and upon any subject, marking the manner and treasuring up the words of the various speakers he listened to — and he would go far to get the opportunity to hear. He soon secured a prize, to him more precious than silver and gold — a pocket copy of Walker's Dictionary, which he consulted for the pronunciation and meaning of every word that he heard and did not understand. This companion always accompanied him to public meetings, all of which he sought and attended as a deeply interested hearer.

Several of the years of his boyhood life were spent at Lynchburg, Virginia, where he supported himself working as a saddler's apprentice. When he was sixteen years old, he collected together his worldly goods, tied them in a handkerchief, and set out on foot, walking every step of the way from Lynchburg, Virginia, to Chillicothe, Ohio, where he found his sister, Mrs. Pleasant Thurman, the mother of Hon. Allen G. Thurman, who was then a small boy whom he had never seen before.

After taking up his residence at Chillicothe, which has ever since been his home, young Allen was by his sister placed in the old Chillicothe Academy, where he received his only real instruction from a teacher. She herself selected and supervised his general reading. In this he considers that he derived the greatest advantage. The books she placed in his hands were the works of the best and most advanced writers and thinkers, by the aid of which his thoughts were impelled in the right direction, and his mental development became true and comprehensive.

Struggling on and maintaining himself as best he could, Allen entered as law student the office of Edward King, father of Hon. Rufus King (President of the late Ohio Constitutional Convention), and the most gifted son of the great Rufus King, of Revolutionary memory and fame. When he came to the bar, and while he continued to practice, forensic power — the ability and art of addressing a jury successfully — was indispensable to the lawyer's success. This Allen possessed and assiduously cultivated, rather than the learning of cases and technical rules and pure legal habits of thought and statement, which make a counselor influential with the court.

Political activity, a wide-spread reputation as a legal power in the judicial forum before a jury, and a fine military figure and bearing, joined to a voice of marvelous force and excellence, fixed him in the public eye as one deserving of

political promotion. He had not long to wait. His congressional district was strongly Whig. William Key Bond and Richard Douglas so hotly contested for the position of congressman in that party that a "split" was produced, to heal which Governor Duncan McArthur was induced to decline a gubernatorial reelection and become the candidate -- they both withdrawing in his favor. Against him William Allen was put in nomination by the Democracy, to make what was deemed a hopeless race. With a determination to succeed, such as he manifested in the late gubernatorial canvass, he spoke everywhere most ably and effectively, mapped out every road and by-road in the district, and visited nearly every voter at his home, thus insuring the full vote of his party at the polls and the accession of many converts. During this campaign, he met and overcame in debate William Sumter Murphy, the grandson of the Revolutionary General Sumter, and at that time recognized as the first orator in Ohio, who had been put forward as another Democratic candidate to divide with Allen the Democratic vote. The power he displayed in this canvass was fully exemplified in Allen at a later period, when he accepted the challenge of the Whigs to debate with Thomas Ewing. In the very first debate, Allen, in the opinion of the audience, had much the best of it, and so firm did this conviction become, that Ewing was withdrawn after the second joint discussion.

At the end of that memorable contest for a seat in Congress, William Allen was declared elected by *one* vote, when he had scarce attained the constitutional age to occupy it. Five hundred men are yet living who claim the honor of having, by lucky accident, cast that vote. Although the youngest member, he at once took rank among the foremost men in the House of the Twenty-third Congress, and took a leading part in its most important discussions.

An election for United States Senator was soon to occur, and the two parties struggled for a majority in the General Assembly. Ross County was Whig, but the Democrats nominated a strong man for representative. Allen labored for his success, and he was elected by *one* vote, which gave the Democrats a small majority in the Legislature. There were a number of candidates for senator. An eighth of January supper, with speeches, came off, at which all the candidates were present and delivered addresses. That of William Allen took the Assembly by storm, and he was nominated and elected over Thomas Ewing, who was in the Senate at the time. He reached Washington City on the evening of the 3d of March, 1837, to witness the inauguration of President Van Buren, and to take his seat in the Senate the next day. Late at night, he went to the White House, where he was cordially welcomed, and congratulated by Andrew Jackson, the retiring President, who was his friend and admirer. Before the end of his first term, he was reelected by a very handsome majority; and he remained in the United States Senate until the 4th of March, 1849, being then at his retirement one of the youngest members of that body.

During the twelve eventful years that he represented the State of Ohio in the Senate of the United States, he took a prominent and leading part in all the discussions upon the great questions that Congress had to deal with. Most of the time, and until he voluntarily retired, he was Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, being entitled to that position on account of his eminent abilities. He had just reached the meridian of his splendid powers; tall, of a

majestic and commanding figure, with a magnificent voice, an opulence of diction seldom equaled, a vigorous and bold imagination, with much fervor of feeling, and graceful and dignified action withal, he combined all the qualities of a great orator in that memorable era when the Senate was full of great orators—in the day of its greatest intellectual magnificence. And in all the years he was there he never uttered a word or gave a vote that he would now recall or change.

While William Allen was a member of the Senate, he married Mrs. Effie McArthur Coons, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of General Duncan McArthur—his early, true, and only love. She chose him from among a host of distinguished suitors from several States. She inherited the old homestead and farm, where Allen, having added many acres to the latter, still—with his daughter, Mrs. Scott, her husband, and their children and his grand-children—resides. Prior to her first marriage, she and Allen were devoted to each other; and while her father, Governor McArthur, was not personally unfriendly to him, yet their opposition in politics and strong positive qualities caused him to think that their marriage would cause them to antagonize and ultimately to produce discord between them, and he, therefore, disapproved of their union.

Mrs. Allen died shortly after the birth of their daughter and only child, Mrs. Scott. In health and in sickness, William Allen was a most devoted, affectionate and exemplary husband; and after the death of his wife, he rode on horseback, with the remains, from Washington to Chillicothe. He has never thought of marrying again, and it is almost certain that if he had not married her, his only love, he never would have married at all.

Governor Allen has always possessed unyielding integrity, and has ever strongly set his face against corruption and extravagance in every form. When he entered public life, he had the Postmaster General certify in miles the shortest mail route between Chillicothe and Washington City; and he always drew pay for mileage according to that certificate. He refused constructive mileage; and after his retirement from the Senate, the Whig Congressman from his district offered to procure and forward to him \$6,000 due him on that score; but he would receive none of it. William Allen and John A. Dix alone refused it.

No man was ever more true and faithful in his friendships than William Allen; and few public men have gone as far as he to maintain a straightforward consistency in this respect. He virtually declined the Presidency of the United States rather than seem to be untrue and unfaithful to an illustrious statesman whom he loved and supported.

Since his retirement from public life at Washington, he has greatly improved by study. He is a more profound man than he was at any time during his career in the Senate. He is a great historian, is deeply versed in philosophy and the sciences, and is better acquainted with rare books than almost any scholar one can meet. His home is the home of hospitality, and to visit him there is to receive a hearty welcome and a rare intellectual treat. His farm is not surpassed by any other farm in the magnificent Valley of the Scioto; and as a thrifty and successful farmer, no man in the State is his superior. Younger by several years than the great statesmen and generals who to-day shape and

control the destiny of the Old World, *his* most illustrious public services will undoubtedly crown the years that are to come of his noble and useful life.

In August, 1873, William Allen consented to take the Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio. He became satisfied that it was a duty he owed his party, and the people without distinction of party; and when it became a public duty, he promptly accepted the situation, and came forth from his retirement to make what everybody (but himself and the writer and compiler of this sketch) deemed a hopeless race. He made an able and effective canvass, and was elected by nearly one thousand majority, being the only candidate on his ticket who was successful.

His inauguration occurred on the 12th of January, 1874, in the presence of the largest assemblage of people that was ever before at the Capital of Ohio. His inaugural address was everywhere regarded as a magnificent State paper. The New York *Tribune* pronounced it "a very model of a public document for compactness and brevity, devoted to a single topic—the necessity for reducing taxes and enforcing the most rigid economy in all matters of State expenditures." Upon this point the Governor said: "I do not mean that vague and mere verbal economy which public men are so ready to profess with regard to public expenditures; I mean that earnest and inexorable economy which proclaims its existence by accomplished facts."

His appointments, and all the other acts of his administration, so far, give general satisfaction, and are commended by the people without distinction of party. His inauguration was the herald of a new era—"the era of good feeling" in Ohio. Colonel John W. Forney, in his *Philadelphia Press*, but states a universally recognized truth, when he says: "Governor Allen, of Ohio, is winning golden opinions from all parties by the excellence of his administration of the affairs of the State."

The general and spontaneous uprising of the people to do honor to this illustrious statesman is a hopeful indication for the republic. He is the embodiment and representative of purity, honesty, and fidelity in public affairs, as in private life. The invitations that daily pour in upon him from all parts of the country, to be present at public and private assemblages of the people, to deliver addresses and orations before them, are among the grand manifestations of his great popularity; and wherever he goes, he is enthusiastically received with expressions of popular homage, and is attended by magnificent ovations.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MISCELLANEOUS BIOGRAPHIES.

JOHN SHERMAN, MORRISON R. WAITE, WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN.

[See page 721.]

The ancestors of Mr. John Sherman were among the earliest settlers of Massachusetts. In 1665, but about thirty-five years after the little shivering band of pilgrims landed upon Plymouth Rock, Samuel Sherman, then the head of the family, moved from the settlements scattered through the forests which darkened the shores of Massachusetts, far back into the almost unexplored regions of the West, where the silent and solitary waters of the Connecticut flowed. The journey then occupied a fortnight, as the little band of emigrants toiled through the tangled and pathless wilderness.

Mr. Sherman took up his residence near the spot where the Housatonic River empties its waters into Long Island Sound. The region then belonged to the Indians, and the place now called Stratford was then known as Caphcag. Here, amidst the sublime gloom of the wilderness, he passed the remainder of his days.

The family in England was one of note. The following is the heraldic description of its coat-of-arms: Sherman, or a lion rampant; sa. betw. three oak leaves vert.; on the shoulder, an amulet, for diff. *Crest*—A sea lion sejant, per pale or an arguettee de poix, finned of the first; on the shoulder, a crescent for diff. *Motto*—"Conquer death by virtue."

Mr. Samuel Sherman took a deep interest in the settlement of the town of Woodbury, Connecticut. He is represented as the most distinguished man connected with the enterprise. He owned a large tract of land there, which at his death was divided between his sons, Matthew and John. The latter attained much distinction, and became one of the most influential men in the state.

General William Tecumseh Sherman, who conducted the army of the Union through the most brilliant campaign of the great war of the rebellion, and whose name will ever be pronounced with veneration by the citizens of the United States, is a brother of John Sherman, a brief history of whose life we are now giving. While William was so effectually serving his country amidst all the perils of the

field of battle, John was rendering not less efficient service in the Senate of the United States.

General William T. Sherman, at a New England dinner, gave the following playful account of his ancestry: "I learned from books alone that in 1634, fourteen years after the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, three persons by the name of Sherman reached the Boston coast—the Rev. John Sherman, his cousin John Sherman, who was styled the captain, and his brother Samuel Sherman. The Rev. John Sherman and the other cousin settled at Watertown, Massachusetts, and it is related of the Rev. John Sherman that he preached a sermon under a tree there.

"Samuel Sherman, a young man, about fourteen years of age and adventurous, emigrated to Connecticut. Samuel was the ancestor of my branch of the family, and settled at Stratford, Conn.; and lived there fifty years after reaching his home. He married and had children, and his second son, John Sherman, adopted the legal profession. That John Sherman had another son John, who had a son Daniel Sherman, a man of note in his day, a contemporary of Roger Sherman, and a member of the Council of Safety and the Legislative Assembly. His youngest child Taylor Sherman, settled at Norwalk, Connecticut, was Judge of the Probate Court, and was one of those who lost property by Arnold's descent upon the coast of Connecticut.

"He also was one of those who inherited part of the land which the State of Connecticut donated in the Western Reserve, and was one of those who went to the West to arrange a treaty with the Indians. In 1808 he returned to Connecticut. He went out again in 1808 and made a partition of the Fire lands. His son, my father, then a young man of twenty years, married Mary Hoyt, at Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1810, and their families still live there. My father went to Lancaster, Ohio, followed by my mother and her child on horseback. That child was my brother Judge Charles Sherman, of Ohio. I was the sixth child.

"Our father died and left us all very bare. But friends came up and assisted us, and we all reached maturity, and we all married, and the number of children we had I really cannot keep on counting. The Shermans are a numerous family. And I may safely assert that they all obeyed the Divine commandment,—they went forth, increased and multiplied, and I hope they have done their share towards replenishing the earth."

John Sherman was born at Lancaster, the 10th of May, 1823. Upon the death of his father, eleven orphan children were left to be reared and educated by the grief-stricken mother. Until John was fourteen years of age he enjoyed the advantages of the common school and the academy at Lancaster. He then, at that early age, commenced the duties of an active life as junior rodman in an engineer corps, surveying lands on the Maskingum Improvement, under Colonel Curtis.

In this employment he continued, with ever-increasing developments of manhood and native strength of mind, for about two years. In the year 1840, he commenced the study of law in the office of his elder brother, Judge Sherman, of Mansfield. In the Autumn of 1844 he was admitted to the bar, and entered into partnership with his brother Charles, who was then engaged in an exten-

sive and lucrative practice. Here, in Mansfield, for ten years he devoted himself with untiring diligence to the labors of his profession. During this time he was continually rising in public esteem as a man of integrity and ability. Unambitious of political distinction he devoted but little attention to politics, though quite earnestly attached to the principles of the Whig party.

The portion of the state in which Mr. Sherman resided was strongly Democratic. But, notwithstanding this, he had so secured the confidence of the community that he was elected to represent his district in the United States Congress. Regardless of popularity, he had persistently avowed his abhorrence of slavery and his opposition to the perfidious repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

The course which many of the leaders of the Democratic party seemed in favor of pursuing, by yielding to the claims of the slaveholders, alienated many from the party, and secured quite a political revolution. Mr. Sherman was the candidate of those who desired that Freedom should be inscribed upon our National banner. The majority of the intelligent men who peopled his district, regardless of the shackles of party, rallied around Freedom's banner, and thus Mr. Sherman was elected. Both of the old parties melted away before the indignant opposition of the people to the proposition to make slavery the corner-stone of our Republic.

This event opened to Mr. Sherman a new career, and changed the whole current of his life. The next year, 1855, he was President of the first Republican State Convention, which nominated Salmon P. Chase, one of the most devoted sons of freedom, as Governor of Ohio. When Congress met in December, of that year, there was a protracted and intensely exciting conflict between the friends of freedom and the partisans of slavery, in the choice of a Speaker for the House of Representatives. Mr. Sherman ardently supported General Banks, freedom's candidate.

Outrages had been perpetrated, in Kansas and Nebraska, which roused the indignation of the North. Mr. Sherman was appointed a member of a committee formed to investigate those outrages. Three months were employed in Kansas in taking testimony, amidst all the fierce forays, burnings and murders of what proved to be but the incipient stage of our civil war. He wrote the report presented by the Committee. It was so admirably composed in its boldness, its candor, its enlarged patriotism, that it at once conferred upon Mr. Sherman national reputation.

During three successive Congresses, those of 1856, 1858 and 1860, Mr. Sherman was re-elected almost without opposition. He actively participated in the debates, and served faithfully on many important committees. In the Thirty-sixth Congress, whose session commenced in December, 1858, there was a very fierce controversy over the election of a Speaker. There were three parties in the House, the Republican, the Democratic, and the so-called American. The Democrats had a large minority. The Americans, about thirty in number, held the balance of power. For nine weeks this almost unprecedented struggle continued. During this time Congress presented a scene of the most intense excitement, with occasional disgraceful outbreaks of violence.

Mr. Sherman was the candidate of the Republican party. Mr. Helper, of



A.G. THURMAN
U. S. Senator.

North Carolina, had written a book earnestly commending the substitution of freedom for slavery in the state. Mr. Sherman had recommended this book. This excited the ire of the pro-slavery party. He was nominated for Speaker by the friends of freedom. The only charge brought against him by the pro-slavery party was that he had recommended Helper's book. None of those who affiliated with the pro-slavery party dared vote for him.

On many successive ballots Mr. Sherman was within three votes of an election. The lines were so distinctly drawn that it at length became manifest that he could not be elected. There was also imminent danger that a coalition would be formed between the Democratic and the American parties, which would place an advocate of national slavery in the chair. This, at the time, would have been regarded by all the friends of freedom as a great disaster.

Mr. Sherman ascertained that three members, who would not vote for him, were willing to vote for Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey. He, therefore, urged that Mr. Pennington should be nominated in his stead. This was done, and Mr. Pennington was elected. During this Congress, Mr. Sherman acted as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. This introduced him to the financial branch of legislation. To this most important and difficult department of political economy Mr. Sherman has since devoted his untiring energies. It has become the chief employment of his official life.

In March, 1861, upon the appointment of Governor Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, and his consequent resignation of his seat in the United States Senate, Mr. Sherman was elected to represent Ohio for the full term of six years. He took his seat at the extra session in March. It then became evident that the Southern States would carry out their threats to attempt the dissolution of the Union. There was a lingering hesitation, even in the Republican party, to submit the question to the awful arbitrament of war.

But Mr. Sherman, from the first, held firmly to the sentiment that the Union must be preserved, peaceably if we could, forcibly if we must. He urged immediate preparation for war. He supported every measure to give the army strength and security. He was placed on the Committee of Finance, with Senator Fessenden, of Maine, as Chairman. He took a leading part in all the financial legislation during the war, and has so continued to act until the present time, 1874.

In the year 1864 Mr. Fessenden was Secretary of the Treasury, and Mr. Sherman, Chairman of the Committee. Since the year 1866 he has continuously occupied that post. In this most important office, which very few in our nation are qualified to fill, he has largely participated in forming and passing every measure of finance, banking and currency that has become the law.

On the slavery question he ever occupied what may be called a conservative position. He regarded the abolition of slavery and its inevitable results, the full citizenship of the emancipated, as a necessary incident and consequence of the war, to be asserted and maintained as rapidly as public policy would allow, but not to be pressed so as to jeopard the main issue — the preservation of the Union. In that respect he was in cordial sympathy with President Lincoln.

Mr. Sherman was re-elected to the Senate in 1866 and in 1872. His present term expires in 1879. If he survives his term, this will make a period of con-

secutive service in Congress of twenty-four years. There is not a legislative body on this globe which contains a larger proportion of truly noble men,—men of the purest character and the most exalted attainments,—than the Senate of the United States. But among them all there is no name which is now pronounced, or probably ever will be pronounced, with more veneration than that of John Sherman.

CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE.

[See page 735.]

Morrison Remick Waite was born in Lyme, Connecticut, on the 29th of Nov., 1816. His father, Henry Matson Waite, occupied the distinguished post of Chief Justice of Connecticut. With such parentage, his early advantages of education were of a high order.

In the year 1837 he graduated at Yale College. He commenced the study of law in his father's office. Intending to make the West his home, he closed his studies in Maumee City, in the extreme northwestern portion of Ohio. Here he entered upon the practice of the law in partnership with Mr. Samuel M. Young. In 1850 the firm removed to the flourishing City of Toledo, where soon after Mr. Waite entered into partnership with a younger brother, which has continued to the present time, 1874. The following discriminating sketch of his character is abbreviated from an article in *Zion's Herald*, written by one who had taken great pains to obtain accurate information respecting his character and career:

Mr. Waite has quietly and unostentatiously pursued his professional labors, growing in influence and power both as a lawyer and as a citizen. He has been generally regarded in the law circles of Ohio for some years as the leading counselor and advocate in the northwestern part of that state, and as one of the ablest lawyers in that section of the Union. His practice has been very large and lucrative, and has brought with it an ample and honestly-acquired fortune. He has steadily refused to embark in any of the numerous speculative enterprises of recent years, no matter how alluring they might be, which have generally resulted in enriching a few men at the expense of the many.

He is a man of kind heart and genial nature, of fine social qualities, and is reasonably free in the dispensation of his bounties. He has not only kept himself free from personal and social vices, but he is also a man of religious principles and associations.

It is conceded by all who know him that he is a man of strict probity and integrity of character, of decided convictions, and of courteous and conciliatory manners. It is also conceded that he is a man of strong and solid abilities, and of more than average acquirements as compared with other members of the legal profession in the class to which he belongs. It is, moreover, claimed by his friends that he is profoundly versed in several of the most important branches of the law, and that he is a constant and thorough student. It is also stated by one who has opportunities of ascertaining the facts in the case, that Judge Waite is well informed in history, literature, philosophy, and the sciences.

and that he is a close student of the social, political, and financial questions of the day.

In politics he was a Whig until the formation of the present Republican party, with which he has uniformly voted. At the same time he is quite free from mere partisan feelings. He has never held any political office, excepting as a member of the State Legislature in the years 1849 and 1850, although often urged to permit the use of his name as a candidate for the Federal Legislature and for other offices. In 1862 he consented, at the request of a large and influential portion of his party, to run for Congress against James M. Ashley, the regular nominee of his party in his district. The votes cast were nearly equally divided between the two Republican and the one Democratic candidates—Mr. Waite receiving in Toledo 2,500 votes, which was 1,500 in excess of the usual vote of his party in that city. It has always been claimed that he was defeated by dishonorable means on the part of Ashley's friends.

Mr. Waite has several times received the tender of a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Ohio, but he has preferred hitherto to remain at the bar. His popularity, gained by the qualities of mind and habits of life which he has illustrated among his acquaintances, is shown not only by the number of votes he received in his canvass for Congress, but in his election by the unanimous votes of the electors of Toledo as a member of the late Constitutional Convention of Ohio, and of which he was the President.

As is generally known, Mr. Waite was appointed in 1871 one of the counsel to prepare the case of the United States and present the same before the Court of Arbitration at Geneva, as provided for in the Treaty of Washington.

It is undoubtedly true that the chief burden of the case, on the part of the United States, fell upon Mr. Cushing; but if any one will take pains to examine the reports of the case, and of the arguments as recently published by the Appletons, as well as those arguments submitted orally as those submitted in writing, and make inquiries of persons qualified to give an opinion, he will be satisfied that Mr. Waite contributed very materially to the success of the case of the United States, and to the peaceful settlement of long outstanding and bitterly contested questions of the greatest moment.

Among his associates Judge Waite has the reputation of possessing a vigorous intellect, which readily grasps the facts and law of a case. He has a sound and well-balanced judgment, and a large share of practical common sense. He is blessed with robust health, is industrious in his habits, and possesses an equable temper. These qualities will find ample scope and play in his new sphere. There is additional ground for satisfaction in believing that as his appointment to the Chief Justiceship was not prompted by motives of party, or political policy, he entered his office untrammelled by close political alliances, and free from the biases and prejudices engendered and fostered by party spirit and party contests.

Judge Waite was married to Miss Amelia C. Warner, of Lyme, Conn., September 21, 1840, and they have a family of four children living, one having died in infancy.

It is a trite saying that no man is responsible for his ancestors. Is it not quite as true that to a great extent a man's ancestors are responsible for him?

It is true that, save in exceptional instances, we estimate men by the rank, age, wealth, or influence of their families ; by what may be called the incidents of their birth and condition in life. The only true tests of character and merit are, however, to be found in the man himself—in what he does and says and is. Nevertheless, the inquiry in regard to any one who comes to the front, and assumes the discharge of important public trusts—what are the traits and qualities which he may be justly said to have inherited from his fathers—is not an unworthy or unprofitable one. Let us briefly interrogate the records in regard to Judge Waite's ancestors.

Thus it may be seen that our new Chief Justice comes of good stock. "Blood is thicker than water," and good blood is better than bad. It will be seen, also, that he has inherited an instinct for the profession of the law, and for judicial and administrative functions. This is certain, that he has never failed in any position he has taken, and it may reasonably be expected that with experience he will fill the office of Chief Justice with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the people.

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

[See page 829.]

Our deplorable civil war developed no higher military ability, in any officer, than that displayed by General William Tecumseh Sherman. It is probably that it will be the decision of military critics, capable of forming an intelligent opinion, that the most brilliant campaign of the war, that which exhibited the highest qualities of intellectual power, of statesmanship and of strategy was the wonderful march from Atlanta to the sea. Physical courage is a very common-place quality. There was never a more gallant soldier to head a charge than the unintellectual Murat. But in General Sherman's campaign there were developed truly Napoleonic powers, qualities which would adorn the highest positions in civil as well as military life. A sketch of his life ought not therefore to be omitted in the historical annals of Ohio.

William Tecumseh Sherman was an elder brother of Ohio's illustrious senator, John Sherman. He was born at Lancaster, Ohio, on the 8th of February, 1820. When but nine years of age his father, a man of much distinction, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, died. The widowed mother was left with eleven young children, and with but little property. The father justly admired the character of the renowned Indian Chieftain Tecumseh and attached his name to the new-born infant.

The Shermans were held in the highest respect. The members of the bar knowing how light must be the purse left with Mrs. Sherman decided to educate some of the children of their beloved and revered brother in the legal profession.

Hon. Thomas Ewing, then in the prime of his powers, after some inquiries selected William as the child of his adoption. For seven years the bright and energetic boy was kept in school at Lancaster. His frank, generous, amiable disposition won the love of all who knew him.

When seventeen years of age Mr. Ewing secured a cadetship at West Point for his young protégé. In June 1836, William entered that renowned military

school, and remained there, with but one furlough of two months, until his graduation in 1840. He stood as sixth in his class, and entered the artillery corps. A strong attachment had very naturally arisen between William T. Sherman and Miss Ellen, a daughter of Mr. Ewing. A lively correspondence was kept up between the two, during their years of separation. Many portions of this correspondence have been published. His tastes inclined him very strongly to a military life. Just before his graduation he wrote to Miss Ewing:

"The nearer we come to graduation day, the higher opinion I conceive of the duties and life of an officer of the United States army, and the more confirmed is the wish of spending my life in the service of my country."

In some respect the campaign, which resulted in the election of General Harrison, disgusted his friends and must have disgusted the general himself. The intelligent voters of the United States were called upon to place in the presidential chair a man, really of high merit and noble qualifications for the office, upon the ground that the leather string of his door-latch was always out and that he could give his guests a drink of hard cider. The innate good sense of young Sherman led him to despise such arguments. He wrote to Miss Ewing:

"You no doubt are certain that General Harrison will be our next president. I do not think that there is the least hope of such a change, since his friends have thought proper to envelop his name with log cabins, gingerbread, hard cider and such humbugging, the sole object of which is plainly to deceive and mislead his ignorant and prejudiced though honest fellow citizens, whilst his qualifications, his honesty, his merit and services are merely alluded to."

He had at that age the usual qualities of a frank, impetuous, and very decided young man. He was at the farthest remove from what was called a "lady's man." The frivolities of fashionable life had no charms for him. He loved solitude, books, and earnest employments, which would task his energies. Most of the young graduates at West Point dreaded exceedingly banishment to a military post, far away in the wilderness, where wolves and panthers roamed, and Indians still more wild. But the poetic nature of young Sherman craved adventures in the midst of those solitudes. Just before graduating, he wrote to a friend:

"I propose and intend to go into the infantry, be stationed in the Far West, out of the reach of what is termed civilization, and there remain as long as possible."

He was appointed first lieutenant, and was sent to Florida, mostly on garrison duty, though he participated in several expeditions against the Indians. It was a weary life one was compelled to lead in that frontier post, where every fiber of the body seemed enervated by the sultry clime. There were but few books to be had, and they were soon exhausted. Vigorous study seemed impossible. Lieutenant Sherman endeavored to beguile the hours by surrounding himself with pets. A soldier who can find joy in "tending innumerable chickens, tame pigeons, white rabbits, a little fawn, crows, a crane, and a full blooded Indian pony," must have a warm heart.

In 1842 Lieutenant Sherman was removed, with his company, to Fort Morgan, at the entrance to Mobile Bay, and soon after was transferred to Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor. Here he could not resist the hospitality of the

Charlestonians; and though his choice amusements were hunting and fishing, he passed many agreeable hours in cultivated social circles, which his presence ever adorned.

He was next appointed on a board of officers to examine the claims of Georgia and Alabama, for horses furnished the army in the Seminole war. He availed himself of this opportunity to study, with the utmost diligence, the face of the country in a military point of view. Little did he then imagine that he was to lead an army through those wide-spread territories, and that the information he was then so carefully storing up, of the topography and resources of the South, would prove of inestimable practical advantage to him in the course of a few years.

We see this same remarkable development of character upon his return to Fort Moultrie. There is, in this respect, much in General Sherman's career which reminds the student of history of the intellectual activity of Napoleon I. He wrote from Fort Moultrie:

"Since my return I have not been running about in the city or the island as heretofore, but have endeavored to interest myself in Blackstone. I have read all four volumes; Starkie on Evidence, and other books, semi-legal and semi-historical. I would be obliged if you would give me a list of such books as you were required to read, not including your local or state law. I intend to read the second and third volumes of Blackstone again; also Kent's Commentaries, which seem, as far as I am capable of judging, to be the basis of the common law practice.

"This course of study I have adopted from feeling the want of it in the duties to which I was lately assigned. I have no idea of making the law a profession. But as an officer of the army, it is my duty and interest to be prepared for any situation that fortune or luck may offer. It is for this alone I prepare, and not for professional practice."

After serving for a short time at the Augusta arsenal, and attending a court-martial at Wilmington, when the Mexican war broke out he was sent to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on recruiting service. Soon we find him on ship-board, sailing around Cape Horn, for California. There he became aid-de-camp to General Persifer F. Smith, and assistant adjutant-general to Stephen W. Kearney. These duties he discharged so faithfully as to secure the warm commendation of his superior officers.

In the year 1850 he returned to the States, and was married to Miss Ewing, at the residence of her father. These happy nuptials were graced by the presence of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and Zachary Taylor. Soon after his marriage he was breveted captain for meritorious services, and was sent first to Missouri and then to New Orleans.

There can be hardly any employment more wearisome to an energetic young man than garrison duty in time of peace. The pay is small, and the daily routine exceedingly irksome. Promotion was very slow. Captain Sherman had now been thirteen years in the army. Acting for a time as commissary, he had been thrown among business men. The practical abilities he had displayed induced some wealthy gentlemen of St. Louis, who wished to establish a banking house at San Francisco, to offer him the position of manager.

He resigned his commission in the army, and at the close of the year 1853, repaired to the Pacific coast, doubtless intending to make that his residence for the remainder of his life. But man proposes; God disposes. In this new sphere of business he gained the respect of the whole community, and established a character of unswerving integrity. For five years he devoted himself to his banking duties, and in 1857 removed to New York, where he again established himself as a banker.

His family connections were numerous and influential. Some of his brothers-in-law had established themselves in Kansas. Captain Sherman yielding to their solicitations, repaired to this new and thriving realm, where he opened a law office, for which duties his previous studies had well prepared him. His brother Ewings were his law partners, and they divided the labors of the office between them. The firm attained much eminence, and exerted a powerful influence in moulding the destinies of the state.

The practice of the law in a frontier town, with all its petty and painful details, was not congenial labor for so impetuous and enterprising a spirit as General Sherman possessed. Louisiana was then establishing a military academy. Captain Sherman had spent many years in the South. He was well known, and his superior abilities were recognized. He was offered the position of superintendent, with an annual salary of five thousand dollars. A better choice probably could not have been made.

In 1859 he entered upon these new duties. The spirit of rebellion was beginning to manifest itself with ever-increasing strength. Captain Sherman was found to be so very efficient and successful in conducting the affairs of the new institution, that the utmost efforts were made to win his adhesion to the cause of secession. His invariable reply was:

"It is the duty of the soldier to fight for, never against, the flag to which he has sworn allegiance."

Events moved rapidly. Treason and secession grew rampant. When it became manifest that Louisiana would join in the atrocious rebellion, Captain Sherman wrote the following noble letter to the governor:

"Sir:—As I occupy a *quasi* military position under this state, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such a position when Louisiana was a state in the Union, and when the motto of the seminary, inserted in marble over the door, was:

"By the liberality of the General Government of the United States. The Union; *Esto Perpetua*, let it be perpetual."

"Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old Constitution as long as a fragment of it survives; and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word. I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as superintendent the moment the state determines to secede; for on no earthly account will I do any act, or think any thought, hostile to or in defiance of the old Government of the United States."

Captain Sherman returned to St. Louis. Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President. Hon. John Sherman, the younger brother of Captain Sherman, was in the Senate of the United States. Captain Sherman hastened to Washington.

He knew the South and its resources. He knew the maniacal fury with which the southerners had drawn the sword, and that they would not sheathe it until they were compelled to do so by the most direful of war's energies. He did everything in his power to rouse the Government to a conviction of the terrible struggle upon which it had entered.

His warnings, then deemed extravagant, have since been proved to be dictated by sober judgment. The North and the South were alike deceived. The southerners thought the northerners all cowards, because they despised street brawls and eschewed the duel. They imagined that a few chivalric southrons would chase northern armies as lions pursue the sheep.

The northerners supposed that the South could make but a feeble fight; that, alarmed by the menaces of a servile insurrection, they would soon throw down their arms and cry for mercy. This was almost the invariable opinion of intelligent men in the North. Captain Sherman happened to know better. As he was urging upon President Lincoln the necessity for the most prompt and vigorous measures, that sagacious man replied:

"We shall not need many men like you, Captain Sherman, to bring this conflict to an end. The affair will soon blow over."

A call was issued for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve for three months. The announcement of this measure to the Secession Congress at Montgomery created roars of laughter. Captain Sherman exclaimed, in sober sadness:

"What folly! You are sleeping on a volcano. You need to organize the whole military power of the North for this desperate struggle. You do not understand this people. Why, if we should have a reverse beyond the Potomac, the very women of Washington would cut the throats of our wounded soldiers with their case-knives."

He was deemed insane. The fact was that he was almost the only sane man in the nation. *We* were the insane ones, who imagined that seventy-five thousand volunteers would close the war in a three months' campaign. Though not a little disheartened by the languid movements, he accepted a commission as Colonel of the Thirteenth Regular Infantry. Well instructed military officers were then greatly needed to organize the shapeless masses of the infantry. Colonel Sherman reported to General Scott, and was intrusted with the command of a fort near Washington. His regiment was called into action in the disastrous defeat at Bull Run. In this dreadful panic his regiment, notwithstanding the coolness and efforts of its commander, was swept away in extreme confusion by the surging billows of the fugitives.

General Robert Anderson was placed in command of the Department of Kentucky. He knew Colonel Sherman, and, appreciating his high military abilities, asked that he might serve under him. As General Anderson in consequence of ill health retired, Colonel Sherman by seniority was placed in supreme command. The responsibility was terrible. The lives of thousands might be sacrificed by an injudicious movement. Modestly the young general remonstrated against assuming responsibilities so immense. He entreated General Anderson and the President not to place him in so conspicuous a position. At the same time he expressed his readiness to enter upon any perils and any severity of labor.

It was then generally supposed that an army of ten or twelve thousand men was amply sufficient to hold Kentucky in check. The state contained a population of over a million. Two hundred thousand were able-bodied men. They were mostly violent secessionists, and skilled in the use of the rifle. The adjoining Confederate States of Virginia, Tennessee and Arkansas could pour in many thousands at a few days' warning, to aid their rebel brethren in Kentucky. General Sherman saw all this with clear vision.

The Secretary of War visited Louisville. "How many men," he inquired, "does your department need?"

"Sixty thousand," was the prompt reply, "to drive the enemy out of Kentucky, and two hundred thousand to finish the war in this section."

Again he was deemed insane. But when a few months afterward a million and a half of men marshaled under the stars and stripes, all candid men were ready to admit that there was at least some method in General Sherman's madness.

It must indeed have been distressing to General Sherman to accept a command with the full assurance that he had by no means the requisite force to meet its responsibilities. The War Department, surprised at the large demand of the general, relieved him of his command and sent him to Benton Barracks, in Missouri, to drill recruits.

But such ability and energy as General Sherman possessed could not be repressed. When General Grant moved upon Fort Donelson, General Sherman was stationed at Paducah to forward supplies. When the expedition was sent up the Tennessee, General Sherman was placed in command of one of the divisions. Here his military abilities shone with great luster and gave him daily increasing reputation.

When General Grant assumed the command in the place of General Smith, he found General Sherman, his former companion at West Point, in the advance at the unaccountable and fatal encampment at Pittsburgh Landing. We have no space here to describe this sanguinary and awful conflict. Whoever was accountable for the faults displayed on that occasion, it is generally admitted that his coolness and courage did much to check the panic and retrieve the distress of that melancholy day. He had three horses shot under him, and was wounded in the hand. General Halleck, who was by no means accustomed to use the language of unmerited panegyric, wrote:

"General Sherman saved the fortunes of the day on the 6th, and contributed largely to the glorious victory of the 7th."

General Halleck now assumed the command, exercising caution even exceeding the rashness which had previously been displayed. General Sherman was assigned to the most important positions. Twice he met the enemy with an admirable disposition of his forces, and his victory was complete.

After the evacuation of Corinth, General Sherman was ordered westward to Memphis. Irritated by the conduct of the secessionists in that region, who were perpetrating nameless guerilla outrages, firing murderously upon passing steamboats, and as spies keeping the enemy informed of every movement, he issued orders, as he set out on his march towards Vicksburg, which have been denounced as unnecessarily severe. Perhaps they were so. Perhaps a more thorough

acquaintance with the annoyances the general had encountered in the very heart of the rebellion, from both men and women, whose malignity knew no bounds, would in some degree modify that opinion.

General Sherman reached Vicksburg on Christmas eve, at the head of forty-two thousand men. The record of this eventful siege would require a volume instead of the few paragraphs which can be allotted to it here. It is enough, to say that the measures won the cordial approval of General Grant. In the herculean attempt to burst into the Yazoo through the entanglement of the bayous Admiral Porter testified that "no other general could have done better, or as well as Sherman."

I would not detract one iota from General Grant's well-earned fame when we state that General Sherman suggested the plan of running the batteries and marching up from the south, so as to attack the works at Vicksburg in the rear. As an honest biographer, I am bound to say that General Sherman did not, at that time, enjoy the confidence of the intelligent people of the North. Many stories were told, greatly to his disadvantage, representing him as expressing himself with very undue emphasis as friendly to slavery and hostile to emancipation. I have no heart to repeat those stories, to the injury of one who merits a nation's gratitude. But historical verity compels me to allude to them. To conceal Grant's movement, it was necessary to make a feint against Haines' Bluff, which of course could not be a successful attack. The magnanimous General Grant said to his friend Sherman :

"I hate to ask you to do it ; because the fever of the North will accuse you of being rebellious again."

The measure was skillfully performed, and the end accomplished. And now almost every day brought its battle ; and General Sherman was continually in the hottest of the fight. General Grant, in his official report, bore the most emphatic testimony to the military ability displayed by General Sherman in his demonstration upon Haines' Bluff, in his subsequent rapid march to join the army, in his management at Jackson, and in "his almost unequalled march from Jackson to Bridgeport, and passage of the Black River."

General Sherman's commanding powers as a soldier secured for him immediate promotion as brigadier-general in the regular army. Ohio had then one hundred and twenty-six regiments in the field, which was nominally a force of one hundred and twenty-six thousand men. But the ravages of the war had been such that fifty thousand new recruits were wanted to fill up those regiments. On the 11th of October General Sherman left Memphis to march as rapidly as possible to Chattanooga, to the relief of General Rosecrans.

The march through the heart of the enemy's country was very difficult. It was not till the middle of October that Sherman reached Chattanooga. The great battle was soon fought. To the victory General Sherman contributed an essential part. Soon after this General Grant, in reward for his signal services, was raised to the high dignity of the lieutenant-generalship. Magnanimously he wrote to his beloved companion in arms :

"Dear Sherman — I want to express my thanks to you and McPherson as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me, you know.

How far your execution of whatever has been given you to do entitles you to the reward I am receiving you cannot know as well as I."

In Sherman's reply he said, in words which do alike honor to his intelligence, his modesty, and his high patriotic principles, "You do yourself injustice and us too much honor, in assigning to us too large a share of the merits which have led to your high advancement. You are now Washington's successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation. But if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself, simple, honest, and unpretending, you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends and the homage of millions of human beings who will award you a large share in securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability."

Sherman received the appointment of chief commander of the department between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi River. He met Grant at Nashville, where, quietly seated at a table with a map before them, in long consultations they planned the ensuing campaign. He was now intrusted with independent command, having a vast force at his disposal. Plans were decided upon which would task the energies of the highest military genius. The following sketch of remarks made by Sherman will give the reader some idea of the grandeur of the plans in contemplation.

"At a signal given by you Schofield will drop down to Hiwassee and march on Johnston's right. Thomas, with forty-five thousand men, will move straight on Johnston wherever he may be, and fight him to the best advantage. McPherson, with thirty thousand of the best men in America, will cross the Tennessee at Decatur and feel for Thomas. Should Johnston fall behind the Chattahoochie I would feign to the right, but pass to the left, and act on Atlanta. This is about as far ahead as I feel disposed to look."

The three armies which General Sherman had under his command numbered one hundred thousand men. General Johnston was, perhaps with the exception of General Lee, the ablest commander of the Confederacy. Early in April the renowned campaign of General Sherman to Atlanta, Savannah and Raleigh was commenced. With sixty thousand men he made a march of over a thousand miles, through the heart of Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, until his victorious columns were blended with the triumphal army of General Grant in the possession of Richmond, and the hideous rebellion was quelled.

This wonderful campaign of Sherman was, beyond all question, the most brilliant achievement of the war. It was brilliant, but it was awful. No tongue can tell the woes which resulted from that dreadful march. The rebels always fought from behind carefully prepared ramparts. These formidable works, bristling with artillery and musketry, the patriot troops were compelled to storm. Though the rebels were ever beaten, and driven to other intrenchments in the rear, the Union victories were purchased at a fearful sacrifice of life. Each death sent a wail of grief to some distant home. In these dreadful battles the patriots lost on the first forty miles of their march, nearly five thousand men. The rebels lost perhaps half as many more. Thus the groans, which rose from the mangled and the dying on these fields of blood, were echoed back from between eight and nine thousand woe-stricken families. Many children were made orphans; many maidens lost their lovers; many mothers were widowed and doomed to life-long want.

But onward advanced the impetuous columns of Sherman, sweeping all opposition before them. In one short battle on the 27th of May, three thousand patriot soldiers were torn to pieces by the terrible enginery of war, while the rebels, behind good breastworks, lost but four hundred and fifty. At length, through a long series of bloody battles, Atlanta was reached and captured. Seventy-two days had been occupied in advancing one hundred miles. In one of the battles before that strongly intrenched city General Sherman struck down five thousand rebel soldiers while his own loss was but six hundred. But these five thousand men were our fellow-countrymen, with parents, and many with wives and children, whose tears have not yet ceased to flow.

General Sherman's care of his soldiers and tender regard for the feelings of his officers won for him the warmest affection of his whole army. He intended to make Atlanta the base of his infinitely important future operations, which were kept a profound secret even from his subordinate officers. He deemed it needful that the whole of Atlanta should be converted into a military fortress, and that no rebel families should be left there to consume his provisions, spy out his plans and communicate them to the enemy. He therefore issued an order that all the inhabitants should leave the place. Those who professed to adhere to the Union, were to be carefully transported to the North, within the Union lines, there to be tenderly fed and housed at the expense of the government. Those who adhered to the rebellion were ordered to go to the south, within the rebel lines, where the Confederate Government was bound to take care of them. The Mayor of Atlanta, remonstrating against this order, addressed the following pathetic appeal to General Sherman:

"It involves in the aggregate consequences appalling and heart-rendering. Many poor women are in an advanced state of pregnancy. Others have young children, and their husbands are either in the army, prisoners or dead. Some say 'I have such an one sick at home. Who will wait on them when I am gone?' Others say 'What are we to do? We have no houses to go to, and no means to buy, build or rent any. No parents, relatives or friends to go to.'

"The country, south of this, is already crowded with refugees, and without houses to accommodate the people. Many are now starving in churches and other out buildings. This being so, how is it possible for the people here, mostly women and children, to find any shelter? How can they live through the Winter in the woods?"

In General Sherman's reply he said, "I give full credit to your statement of the distress that will be occasioned, and yet shall not revoke my order, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for the future struggles in which millions, yea hundreds of millions, outside of Atlanta have a deep interest.

"The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will. War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it. And those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against the terrible hardships of war.

"When peace comes, you may call upon me for anything. Then will I share

with you the last crust, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter. Now you must go and take with you the old and feeble. Feed them and nurse them, and build for them, in more quiet places, proper habitations to shield them against the weather, until the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old homes of Atlanta."

"War is cruelty. You cannot refine it." This sentiment was certainly true in the sense in which General Sherman used it. You cannot throw bomb shells affectionately, and make cavalry charges in a gentle and loving spirit, and bombard cities without endangering the limbs of mothers and maidens. It was not very modest for the Secessionists to call upon our government to protect the families of those soldiers who were fighting for the destruction of the Union. It was right for General Sherman to demand that the Confederate government, which was even then starving tens of thousands of northern prisoners of war at Andersonville, to support the families of those men whom that government had enlisted for the entire overthrow of our nationality.

We cannot follow General Sherman in his heroic march to Savannah. On the 22d of December, 1865, he telegraphed President Lincoln :

"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the City of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns, and plenty of ammunition, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

On the 15th of January he recommenced his march through South Carolina to Raleigh, in North Carolina. About the middle of March he entered Raleigh, the victor in innumerable battles, and having severely punished and greatly weakened the enemy, his magnificent campaign was ended. The foe could no longer oppose him, and he had reached a point from which he held unobstructed communication with the army of General Grant. On the 12th of April, as these triumphant columns were approaching Raleigh, the joyful shout ran along the lines, "Lee has surrendered his whole army to Grant." Sherman issued the following order, which was read to the assembled staff officers and commanders of brigades:

"The general commanding announces to the army that he has official notice, from General Grant, that General Lee surrendered to him his entire army on the 9th instant, at Appomattox Court House.

"Glory be to God and our country; and all honor to our comrades in arms towards whom we are marching. A little more labor, a little more toil on our part, and the great race is won, and our Government stands regenerated after its four years of bloody war."

Two days after this, on the evening of the 14th, General Johnston sent in a flag of truce, with proposals for surrender. At that time there was great diversity of opinion, or rather there was no established opinion, respecting the proper mode of reconstructing the Rebel States, and thus reorganizing the Union. General Sherman made proposals to Johnston, to be submitted to the President, which he supposed to be in accordance with the views of the Government. He was mistaken. The Government rejected them, and so did the nation at large. But no one can doubt the purity of General Sherman's motives, in his earnest desire to reunite the North and South in the bonds of a lasting peace. General

Sherman, being informed of the rejection, at Washington, of the memorandum of agreement, notified General Johnston of the fact, and demanded surrender upon the same terms granted to General Lee. Johnston's condition was hopeless, and the surrender was made.

The renown of General Sherman was now such that very many urged his claims as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. When that high office was conferred upon General Grant, the position of Lieut. General, which he was thus called upon to vacate was, by universal assent, conferred upon General Sherman. From that day to this his popularity has been on the increase, and none will deny that he merits the gratitude of a nation which he has so efficiently and faithfully served.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE TOLEDO WAR AND THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

ORIGIN OF THE DIFFICULTY BETWEEN OHIO AND MICHIGAN—
THE IMPRACTICABLE LINE—MENACES OF CIVIL WAR—THE
AMICABLE SETTLEMENT—OHIO IN 1860—ITS WONDERFUL
INCREASE IN POPULATION—WEALTH AND PRODUCTIONS—
THE OBJECT OF THE REBELLION—THE WOES IT HAS CAUSED
—THE HONOR DUE THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION—PA-
TRITISM OF THE PEOPLE OF OHIO—JOHN MORGAN'S RAID—
HEROIC RESISTANCE—THE ENTIRE DISCOMFITURE AND DE-
STRUCTION OF THE REBELS—PARTING WORDS.

A DIFFICULTY arose between the inhabitants of the State of Ohio and those of the then Territory of Michigan which calls for brief notice. The Ordinance of the United States Congress of 1789 providing for a government for the Northwest Territory, defined the northern boundaries of the present States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, by the line dividing the United States from the British Possessions. There was also a proviso included that Congress might hereafter form one or two states in the territory north of a line drawn east and west from the extreme southerly bend of Lake Michigan.

When in 1802 the people of Ohio were authorized to form a state constitution the northern boundary was defined by Congress, as formed "by an east and west line drawn through the southerly extremity of Lake Michigan, running east, after intersecting the due north line from the mouth of the Great Miami (the Maumee), until it shall intersect Lake Erie or the territorial line, and thence with the same through Lake Erie to the Pennsylvania line."

The Maumee River was then called the Great Miami or Miami of the Lake. In 1808 the Territory of Michigan was organized. The boundaries were defined as including "the territory which lies north of a line drawn east from the southerly bend of Lake Michigan, until it shall intersect Lake Erie, and east of a line drawn from the said southerly bend through the middle of said lake to its northern extremity, and thence due north to the northern boundary of the United States."

It was subsequently found that such a line was impossible. A line running due east from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, instead of striking Lake Erie, would pass nearly eight miles south of its shores, dividing the Counties of Cuyahoga, Geauga and Ashtabula. Thus there was disputed territory running the whole length of the north line of the State of Ohio. It was about eight miles in width in the east, and five miles in the west. This land included much of the Connecticut Reserve. It was very valuable farming land. It commanded much of the commerce of the vast lakes. But what rendered it particularly important was, that it contained the excellent harbor on the Maumee where the beautiful City of Toledo now stands. The place was then called Swan Creek.

As the country of Ohio became rapidly settled, and internal improvements of great magnitude were contemplated, and especially a canal to traverse the whole breadth of the State, from Cincinnati to the navigable waters of the Maumee, the inhabitants of Ohio deemed the possession of this territory of vital importance. There can be no question that Congress *intended* that the northern boundary of Ohio should extend to the shores of the lake. There can be as little question that the boundary which Congress, with its then limited geographical knowledge, *distinctly defined*, did not extend to those shores, or rather was an impossible one.

The Territory of Michigan was also rapidly filling up with an intelligent, vigorous and enterprising population. That magnificent peninsula extended far away into the icy north, up to the forty-fifth degree of latitude. Her far-seeing statesmen were alive to the importance of a commercial center in her most southern and sunny region.

The few inhabitants in the then wilderness of Swan Creek were very anxious that their little town should be made the termination

of the Maumee Canal. They therefore petitioned Governor Lucas to extend the laws of Ohio over them. The authorities of Michigan had previously exercised jurisdiction there. In accordance with the suggestion of the governor, the Legislature of Ohio, on the twenty-third of February, 1835, passed a law extending the dominion of the state over that region.

But only a few days before this the Territorial Legislature of Michigan, alarmed by the threatening aspect of affairs, had passed, on the twelfth of February, "An act to prevent the organization of a foreign jurisdiction within the limits of the Territory of Michigan." By this act any person who should exercise any official functions within the limits of the Territory of Michigan, unless commissioned by the Government of the United States or of the Territory of Michigan, was liable to a penalty of a fine of one thousand dollars and five years' imprisonment at hard labor.

The inhabitants of the disputed territory were somewhat divided in opinion, and all were greatly perplexed in deciding what laws they should obey. On the thirty-first of March, Governor Lucas, accompanied by his staff and boundary commissioners, arrived at Perrysburg, supported by a military force of six hundred men fully armed and equipped. This strong body took up its encampment at old Fort Miami. Governor Mason of Michigan hastened to Fort Swan, but a few miles below Perrysburg, with a force of about a thousand men. A bloody conflict seemed inevitable. Governor Mason, being in possession, in this trial was defendant. Governor Lucas was plaintiff.

Just at the critical moment two commissioners arrived from Washington to endeavor to arrest hostilities. They with difficulty succeeded in persuading the antagonistic parties to allow the inhabitants of the disputed territory to obey either jurisdiction they might please until the next Congress could meet and settle the question. Andrew Jackson, who was then President of the United States, wrote to Benjamin F. Butler, of New York, the attorney-general, for his official opinion in regard to the President's power over the two parties. He replied that the President had no power to annul a law of the territorial legislature, and that the act of the Legislature of Ohio in extending jurisdiction over a part of the Territory of Michigan was a serious violation of the laws of the United States, authorizing executive interposition. His decision was decidedly in favor of Michigan.

The antagonistic parties still continued facing each other, and many scenes, both tragic and comic, ensued. At the next session of Congress the question was taken up, and after being thoroughly discussed was decided in favor of Ohio. Michigan in the meantime had applied for admission as a state. She was told that her request could be granted only upon condition of her recognizing the boundary established by Congress. She received, however, as an equivalent for the narrow strip she had claimed along her southern border, the large peninsula between Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, now found to be so rich in mineral ores. Thus this important question was settled without resorting to the folly of killing and burning.

And now let us turn to the wonderful efficiency of Ohio in the terrible war of the rebellion. As has been seen, at the commencement of this century the region now organized as Ohio was a vast wilderness of gigantic forests and pathless morasses, over and through which the painted savage pursued his game. Scarcely the solitary hut of a white man could be found through all the wide extended realm. Nearly the whole surface was covered with the gloom of an almost impenetrable forest. Look at Ohio after the lapse of three-score years. In the year 1860 Ohio contained nearly a million and a half of inhabitants. And it is safe to say that a more intelligent, enterprising and religious population could nowhere be found. Her stately cities, her beautiful rural villages, her palatial mansions and her cottage homes, commanded the admiration of all tourists. The state had already become the third in wealth and rank in the Union. More than half of its luxuriant surface was under cultivation.

One-half of the male inhabitants of the state were agriculturists, busy, energetic men, under whose sinewy arms the desert was blossoming like the rose. Two hundred and seventy-seven thousand owned farms averaging nearly one hundred acres each. The cultivation was so thorough, and the fertility of the soil so abundant that the state produced annually four times the amount of food, animal and vegetable, which was required for the support of its inhabitants. In the year 1860 Ohio, besides feeding abundantly her own million and a half of hungry mouths, exported about two million barrels of flour, two and a half million bushels of wheat, three million bushels of other grains, and five hundred thousand barrels of pork. The value of these exports thus earned by the



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agricultural labors of the people amounted to fifty-six and a half million dollars.

The manufacturers were not less busy, or less profitably employed. The products of their skilled labor reached the sum of one hundred and twenty-two million dollars. In Cincinnati, where but three-score years before wolves were howling through an almost unbroken forest, or a half naked Indian appeared, treading the narrow trail to exchange the skin of a deer or the fur of a beaver for a quart of whisky or a pound of powder, one of the most beautiful cities on the globe had arisen, containing a population of two hundred thousand souls. In that city alone, in that one year, clothing was manufactured to the amount of sixteen million dollars.

The assessed value of the taxable property of the inhabitants was a thousand million dollars. Eminently wise legislation had provided free schools for all the children, that they might be trained to the intelligent exercise of American citizenship. To feed the cravings of the reading multitude for information, twenty-four newspapers were published in the state, many of them having wide circulation. There were sixty-five weekly journals, and fifty-four monthly. The aggregate circulation of these was thirty-two million copies. The amount of information thus sent to all the varied dwellings of the realm cannot be computed. The church edifices contained sittings enough for the entire population of the state.

It is with reluctance that I speak of that cruel, fratricidal war of the late rebellion, when American was arrayed against American, and brother against brother, on fields of blood. The woes that war engendered no tongue can tell, no imagination can conceive. Thousands of impoverished families of widows and orphans will be in penury until they die. Thousands of homes are desolated, where true joy can never come again. And yet had rebellion triumphed, had our national banner been trailed in the dust, had this glorious Union been dismembered by the foul assault which was waged against it, the hopes of humanity for free government, would have sunk in a dismal night. Terrible as is the price which has been paid for the integrity of our Union, the result attained is worth it all. Many years must elapse ere another attempt will be made to overthrow this government, which surely, when contemplated in all its aspects, is the best on the globe.

Upon the overthrow of the throne of Charles X., when Paris and France were menaced with *anarchy*, that most terrible of all calamities, La Fayette presented Louis Philippe to the vast throngs of the metropolis from the balcony of the Hotel de Ville. As the illustrious champion of universal freedom held the hand of the new candidate for the throne, he said to him :

"You know that I am a republican, and that I regard the Constitution of the United States as the most perfect which has ever existed."

"I think as you do," replied Louis Philippe. "It is impossible to pass two years in the United States, as I have done, and not to be of that opinion. But do you think that, in the present state of France, a republican government can be maintained here?"

"No," said La Fayette; "that which is necessary for France now is a throne surrounded by republican institutions; all must be republican."

"That is precisely my opinion," rejoined the monarch, who was just putting on his crown.

When we consider the speakers and the occasion, we must regard this as the highest compliment ever paid to the Constitution of the United States. Our country would be lost to all sense of gratitude should it ever cease to regard with the very highest sentiments of affection and honor those heroic soldiers of our land who rescued from dire rebellion, at the peril and expense of their blood, that glorious flag in whose folds the interests of all humanity are enshrined.

The almost infant State of Ohio sent into the field for the defense of the national life three hundred and ten thousand men. The three most illustrious Generals of the war, William T. Sherman, Ulysses S. Grant and Philip H. Sheridan, were natives of Ohio, and received their first appointments from that state. O. S. Mitchel, alike renowned as an astronomer, a patriotic orator and a soldier, was a citizen of Cincinnati. Rosecrans, McDowell and Gilmore, each of whom rendered very efficient service in the great conflict, were sons of Ohio.

E. M. Stanton, whose wonderful executive capacity as head of the War Department, has given him renown throughout all the world, and S. P. Chase, whose wonderful administration of the finances, as Secretary of the Treasury, carried the government safely through expenditures such as no government ever encoun-

tered before, were both from Ohio. "It was not your generals," said a leading rebel, "who defeated us; it was your Treasury."

In the gloomiest hours of the dreadful strife, when thousands of the bravest hearts were sinking in despair, Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, as Chairman of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, revived again and again the drooping energies of the nation by his glowing words of cheer. And Thomas C. Schenck, Major General of Volunteers, maimed by the wounds which he had received on the field of battle, passed to the House of Representatives, and as Chairman there of the Military Committee, served his country still more efficiently than he could have done with his sword.

The militia of Ohio rescued Western Virginia from the rebels. The militia of Ohio utterly destroyed the most formidable cavalry raid which the rebels undertook during the war. And when the fate of the nation seemed suspended on the results of a single campaign, Ohio, at scarcely more than a day's notice, sent forty regiments into the field. The fathers and mothers of Ohio, with intense emotion, sent their sons forward to the conflict. They saw them often, through the incompetency of their officers, languishing in inaction, or led to needless slaughter. Still they continued without a murmur to present their precious gifts to the nation. Almost every home mourned a loved one lost. Thousands of the noblest young men of Ohio were buried on distant battle-fields. Weeping and lamentation could everywhere be heard. But religious zeal inspired them. The war was a holy war. Upon its issues depended the question whether this broad continent should be devoted to religion, education, and freedom, or whether it should be dismembered and broken into antagonistic fragments, where anarchy and ignorance should hold high carnival.

One of the most memorable events of the war was the entire destruction of Morgan's band of raiders within the limits of Ohio. John Morgan, a Kentuckian, who had obtained much renown for his reckless daring, was abundantly endowed with both the virtues and vices of men of his class,—free livers, gamblers, with no God but one to swear by, and no religion. The rebel government entrusted him with an army of twenty-five hundred men and four pieces of artillery, for a secret and rapid raid, burning and plundering through northern Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio.

These well-mounted and thoroughly-armed dragoons left Sparta, Tennessee, on the 27th of June, 1863. Some of the horses were thin in flesh, but they said that they should soon get fresh steeds in the fat pastures of Indiana and Ohio. The command was divided into two brigades. One was led by General Morgan, and the other by Colonel Johnston. With flying banners the rebel host marched directly north, and entering Kentucky, crossed the Cumberland River near Burkesville.

But a rumor of the contemplated raid had reached the governmental authorities. On the same day, June 27, the second and seventh Ohio cavalry, and the forty-fifth mounted infantry, with a howitzer-battery, under command of Colonel Woolford, left Somerset, Kentucky, to watch the movement of the raiders, and head them off if possible. A clear, bracing air, which it was a luxury to breathe, invigorated the patriot troops. A cloudless sky over-arched them and a gentle breeze caressed the glorious banner which was borne aloft at the head of the column.

Their route, through a beautiful but sparsely settled country led them to Jamestown, near the Cumberland, about thirty miles in a northerly direction from Burkesville, where the raiders crossed the river. And here let me state the great difficulty and often the impossibility of obtaining perfectly accurate accounts of the minute details of such an expedition. The official reports often vary materially. In an account of this raid some years ago, for *Harper's Magazine*, under the title of "Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," I received many letters from officers engaged in the work of arresting them. There was often a very marked contradiction in the representations which these letters gave. All agreed in the accuracy with which the general movement was described, but in the unimportant particulars there was diversity. I here give an account of the raid, availing myself of all the criticism which that article called forth.

At Jamestown the patriot troops halted for further orders. On the 2d of July General Carter, then in command of the Union forces at Somerset, was startled by the sound of clattering hoofs in front of his tent. To hasten to the door was the work of an instant. There stood a horse panting and reeking with foam. His rider was a woman. Her habit was torn and bespattered with mud, her veil gone, and her hair, disheveled by the wind, floated to her waist.

"Can I see General Carter?" she exclaimed. "I am in haste; every moment is precious."

"I am General Carter," he replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Listen," she said; "John Morgan, with two brigades, has crossed the Cumberland near Burkesville and is now marching on Columbia."

"How do you know?"

"Oh believe me," she earnestly exclaimed. "My home is in East Tennessee. A Union scout came to our house early yesterday morning and told me. My husband is in the army. I have no boys. So I took my horse and come to tell you myself."

The news brought by this noble woman led to an armed reconnaissance, which was sent out under Captain Carter, in the direction of Columbia. With only a small force he advanced toward the enemy. He, however, soon met a much larger force, by which he was quite overwhelmed. Captain Carter fell, mortally wounded. Reinforcements came to the succor of the overpowered patriots, and, though they struggled with great bravery, they were so entirely outnumbered that retreat became inevitable. Whole volleys of musketry responded to their few rifle shots, and a park of artillery opened its murderous fire upon their thin ranks. Still, without serious loss, they retreated with rapid march to join their patriot friends who were stationed at Jamestown. Courier after courier was dispatched to General Carter imploring help. The report of the lady being thus confirmed, the pursuit of John Morgan and his band of desperadoes was now commenced with great vigor.

The rebel general had the advantage of the patriot forces by two days' march. Morgan infused his own tireless energies into his men. Not allowing his troops to lose an hour, even for plunder, he pushed rapidly forward toward Green River, one of the important tributaries of the Ohio, which flows through the heart of the State of Kentucky. The rebel raiders, in their sweep through the state, were largely augmented by reckless adventurers, who, without any moral or political principles, were eager to join in any expedition which promised wild adventure and plunder. The cool, wary, crafty rebel chieftain, Basil Duke, aided the impetuous Morgan in the reckless enterprise. It was said that Duke furnished the thinking brain, and Morgan the impetuous

hand, which guided and nerved this lawless band, as it swept a tornado path of destruction through three states.

Colonel Orlando H. Moore was in command of two hundred patriot troops stationed at Tebb's Bend, on Green River. This was the only force to retard the advance of the rebels upon New Market. On the 2d of July scouts brought in the report that Morgan's band was advancing in full force upon the Bend. Undaunted by the vast superiority of the rebels in numbers, Colonel Moore, as soon as he received the news, mounted his horse and rode over the surrounding country to select his own battle field. About two miles from his encampment he found a spot which suited him. The site chosen for the morrow's battle was truly beautiful. It was a lawn of level ground, carpeted with velvety turf and thick with trees, which, without the slightest impediment of underbrush, were waving in all the luxuriance of June foliage—a spot which the silvery river

" Forsakes his course to fold as with an arm."

All night long the men relieved each other in the arduous work with spade and pick in throwing up intrenchments. Rifle-pits were dug. A barricade of felled trees was made to check cavalry charges. Breastworks were thrown up, to stand between the bosoms of the patriots and the bullets of the rebel foe. On the night of the 3d the gallant two hundred took possession of these hurriedly-constructed works, to beat back a small army of more than as many thousands.

" Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
irs but to do and die."

With not one word of murmuring, and with no one straggler, these heroic men planted themselves behind their frail redoubts to wait the oncoming surge of battle. All were prepared to meet, and with God's aid were determined to repel, the charge from the foe, however numerous that foe might prove to be. There was but little sleep in that patriot encampment that night. The men, grasping their arms, lay down in the trenches, and thought of home, wife, children and friends. Memory was busy with the days which had fled, while stern yet anxious thought dwelt upon the future of to-morrow. The next day was the Fourth of July. That thought alone helped to make them heroes. Who could tell how

many then and there would be called to put on the martyr's crown?

With the first rays of the morning sun came the first balls from the rifles of Morgan's sharp-shooters. Soon a shell came, with its hideous shriek, plump into the little redoubt, wounding two men. With this hint of what they might expect if obstinate, Morgan sent a flag of truce with Major Elliot, demanding an immediate surrender of the entire force under Moore's command. Colonel Moore replied: "Present my compliments to General Morgan, and say to him that this being the Fourth of July, I can not entertain the proposition." Then turning to his men, he said: "Now rise up, take good aim, and pick off those gunners."

At those words the patriots opened a calm, deliberate, and deadly fire. The numerous trees and the intrenchments they had thrown up afforded them very efficient protection. Gradually the little redoubt became nearly encircled by the rebels. Still no one thought of yielding. Colonel Moore was everywhere, encouraging and inspiring his men with his own enthusiastic patriotism. The heroic band still loaded and fired with fatal precision, though

"Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered."

No hand trembled. No heart faltered. For God and the flag they fought and bled. The battle raged with unabated fury on both sides for four hours. At last the enemy retreated, leaving his dead on the field. The rebel army, thus checked and discomfited, relinquished the prey they had hoped to grasp, and by a circuit avoiding New Market, continued their plundering raid.

The conquerors, exultant over their achievement, with new zest celebrated the Fourth of July. They were entitled to unusual joy, for they had contributed another triumph to the memorable day.

Meanwhile the patriot pursuers pressed on. At Bradfordville they received the first reliable news of the raiders. Morgan had been so delayed by the unexpected resistance he encountered at Tebbs' Bend, that he reached Lebanon only thirty hours in advance of the avenging patriots on his track. At Lebanon there chanced to be a small band of United States troops. Around these the militia of the region were speedily rallied. They presented a brave

but unavailing resistance to the raiders, who greatly outnumbered them.

As the patriots retreated before the foe, three hundred of them were taken prisoners. The rebels goaded these unhappy captives at the point of their sabers to run at the double-quick to Springfield, a distance of twelve miles. If any lagged through exhaustion, he was forced on by saber-thrusts and menaces of death. One unfortunate young man found it impossible to keep up with his merciless captors. The wretches knocked him on the head as a warning to the rest, and left him in the middle of the road to be trampled into a shapeless mass by the hoofs of the thousands of horses which composed their column.

When they arrived at Springfield the prisoners were paroled, after having been first robbed of every dollar. Their hats and coats were also taken from them and transferred to the persons of the ragged rebels. On the 6th of July the patriot troops reached Bardstown only twenty-four hours after Morgan had left that place. Here General Hobson joined the national troops, which were under Colonel Woolford. He brought with him four brigades of Kentucky cavalry and two pieces of artillery. General Hobson, by virtue of his superior rank, now took command. The patriot troops, greatly exhausted by the impetuous pursuit, encamped for the night near Sheperdsville. The horses were about used up. They had been under the saddle for several days and nights, with scarcely an hour for rest.

A night of repose was very refreshing to the wearied men and horses. But at the first bugle call in the morning every man sprang to his saddle, and again they pressed eagerly forward in the pursuit. Scouts reported Morgan on his way to Brandenburg, where he intended to cross the Ohio River into Indiana. His plan, as declared by spies, was to pass through the rich southern counties of Indiana and Ohio, ravaging as he swiftly rode, and thus circling round into Virginia, where he hoped to join Lee, and with him to make a raid upon Washington.

The patriot pursuers, both officers and men, resolved to indulge in no rest until this scheme was rendered abortive by the capture of the rebel chief. The marauding band reached the Ohio River successfully and exultantly. They seized upon two steamers, with which they crossed the stream. The torch was then applied to the steamers, and they were burned to the water's edge. Just

as the Union army reached the river they saw the last of Morgan's cavalry galloping out of sight. The whole of the 9th of July was occupied in crossing the river. At night the troops went into camp to get strength for the long and arduous toil still before them.

After entering Indiana the rebels soon gave marked indications of the policy they intended to pursue in their invasion of the Free States. Wherever they appeared horses were impressed; shops entered and robbed; laces and ribbons were stored away in capacious pockets for lady-loves at home; mills were burned, unless instantly ransomed by the payment of a thousand dollars. And any man who ventured to offer resistance or remonstrance was sternly shot down upon the spot. The demons of theft, murder, arson, brooded over the guerrilla band, and urged them to every conceivable excess.

At the little town of Vernon, Indiana, the rebels found their path effectually blockaded. Colonel J. H. Burkham resolved to make a stand there and give fight to the foe. The force in the town consisted of only about one hundred citizens. The Home Guard had been sent away some days before in pursuit of Morgan when he was at Salem. About three hundred patriot troops, under Colonel J. H. Burkham, were guarding the two very long and high bridges just outside of the town.

Brigadier General Love was at Seymour, about sixteen miles west of Vernon, with about two thousand militia. Immediately upon hearing of Morgan's whereabouts, he hastened to Vernon. Being the superior officer he assumed command.

In the meantime, while these hurried movements were taking place, Morgan arrived with his raiders, and sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the town. "Come and take it," was the intrepid reply. The women and children were removed to a place of safety. Every effort was made to defend the place to the last extremity. A company of sharp-shooters had already come in from North Vernon, about two miles distant. At daylight, General Lew Wallace was reported as near at hand, with about three thousand five hundred men; as the senior officer, the command passed to him.

Morgan now concluded that the better part of valor was discretion. Deciding not to risk an encounter, his men turned aside from the town, and putting spurs to their horses rode rapidly on.

The militia of course could not pursue them. But the mounted Union troops, scarcely a score of miles in their rear, pressed forward with the utmost eagerness in the exciting race. On, on Morgan's men rode, through the lower counties of Indiana, wantonly plundering articles which only encumbered them, and strewing their path with the wreck of articles thrown away.

The rebels had greatly the advantage over their pursuers. In every town they passed through they seized all the fresh horses, leaving their jaded steeds behind or shooting them. Many of the bridges they burned, so that the patriots had either to ford or swim the streams or build new bridges.

On the night of the 13th of July General Hobson ordered his troops into brief encampment at Harrison, on the boundary line between Indiana and Ohio. His horses and men were alike worn down. For four days and nights they had toiled along with scarcely an hour allowed for repose. That night all slept soundly. The rebels were encamped scarcely fifteen miles in advance of them, near the suburbs of Cincinnati. Incredible as the statement may appear, it is positively asserted that Morgan, in disguise, entered the city, and in company with a traitor friend there, attended a ball given by one of the ladies of the place.

The rebels rested but a few hours in the vicinity of the Queen City of the West. They were not strong enough to venture into its streets. Onward they rushed, plundering stores and dwellings, burning bridges, and destroying railroads. Thus they left their desolating track through the rich counties of Southern Ohio.

When near the little settlement of Jaspar Mills, in Fayette County, the citizens collected, and cutting down trees built a barricade in the road. Morgan came up and contemptuously opened fire upon the little band, expecting to scatter them as dogs disperse the flock. But these determined men fought bravely, and for four hours held the raiders at bay. In the meantime the pursuers were rapidly gaining upon them.

It is difficult for any one sitting by his own quiet fireside to form any conception of the anxiety and terror which pervaded the rural homes of Ohio, as clattering horsemen dashed through the streets, exclaiming, "Morgan's raiders are at hand, and you are directly in their path." Physicians, lawyers, clergymen, all joined in repelling the invaders wherever there was any reasonable chance of making any effectual resistance. At this point the rebels were

compelled, after the loss of several hours, to abandon their contemplated route through the town, and by a circuitous road to press on their way.

Crossing the Scioto River the rebels reached Jackson, in Jackson County. When near that place the farmers threw up a barricade, and again, by this timely check, the raiders lost two hours. The flight and the chase now became intensely exciting. The country in this region is quite level, intersected by many small streams, but all fordable at this season of the year. These rivulets added much to the beauty of the landscape, while they presented but little obstruction to the march. The weather throughout the whole pursuit had been delightful. A cloudless sky, an invigorating breeze, with plenty of food for man and forage for horses, animated the spirits of both parties.

The patriots had now drawn so near their flying foes that they could almost hear the clatter of their horses' hoofs. It was evidently the plan of Morgan to advance directly through Chester, on Shade River, to the Ohio. Not far from Chester, on the banks of the Ohio River, was the island of Buffington. At this point the river was fordable, and here Morgan intended to cross the Ohio into Kentucky, where he would find sympathy and support.

But the raiders were now evidently in a state of great alarm. General Hobson was close upon their rear. General Judah, who had left Portsmouth, at the mouth of the Scioto, with a fresh band of horsemen, was vigilantly keeping between the rebels and the river to cut off all retreat in that way. Almost abreast, in parallel roads, but a few miles apart, the two hostile bands rushed along their race-course to see who should first reach the ford. With Morgan it had become a matter of life or death.

Morgan, anxious only to escape, was very desirous to avoid a battle. The patriot officers, knowing that the rebel force was not in one compact mass, but scattered in a long line of many miles, were endeavoring to drive them all together, that they might at one blow capture the whole band. There were frequent skirmishes with the militia, who were pressing closely upon the flanks of the invaders. Every day several of the invaders were wounded and occasionally one was killed. Many of the rebels from sheer exhaustion were unable to keep up with the march, and straggling behind, were picked up by the patriots. They represented the rebels as in excellent spirits; that they were confident that they

would continue their raid successfully until they crossed the Ohio and took refuge in Virginia. There they hoped to be joined by a large force under General Lee, and to make a brilliant march upon Washington.

The hotly-pursued and weary band reached Portland, about thirty miles from Pomeroy, late in the night of Saturday, July 18. It was "a night of solid darkness." A small barricade had been hastily thrown up at the ford, which was defended by only two or three hundred infantry. Morgan could easily have brushed them away, and could have continued unopposed across the stream, shallow in the summer drought. But fortunately he did not know how feeble the defenders were; he could not reconnoiter in that Egyptian darkness. And it was too hazardous, under those circumstances, to venture upon a night attack. Thus two or three hours, so precious to him, were lost.

The people of Marietta, quite an important town a few miles further up the river, heard of the march of Morgan toward Buffington. The town was thrown into intense excitement. Merchants and clerks, gentlemen and laborers, were all eager to bear a hand in the chastisement of the audacious raiders. Captain Wood, of the Eighteenth Regulars, had been stationed at Marietta, as a recruiting officer. He was persuaded by the eager citizens to take the command and lead them to the fray. At one hour's notice these heroic men started from their homes for the field of deadly battle and of blood. Their only uniform was the halo of patriotism with which each one was enveloped. Their arms were such as they could most readily grasp.

The party from Marietta reached Buffington on Saturday afternoon. Rumors of Morgan's near approach increased every moment. Captain Wood found here a steamer aground, loaded with flour and with but two men on board. The rest of the crew had left. The steamer and its cargo would have been a precious prize for the rebels. Captain Wood seized the steamer, threw enough flour over to lighten her, got up the steam, and ran her out of the range of Morgan's guns.

The river road, by which Morgan came, runs very close along the banks of the stream. On this same road General Hobson's command were in close and eager pursuit, but a few hours behind. About two miles back from the shore there is a long, low range of hills over which there is a road leading to the river near the

island. About three hundred yards above this road there was a private road, leading into some large corn-fields, and separated from the public mountain road only by a large wheat-field.

The rebels encamped in the corn-field on their arrival at this point opposite the island. After a few hours of rest they were all ready to accept the wager of battle with the Union troops, who they knew were pursuing them. The rebels had planted their artillery on a swell of land which commanded the road over the hills along which General Judah's troops were advancing. During the night this patriot force had been pressing forward as with tireless sinews. About dawn Sabbath morning they came abreast of the corn-field where the rebels were encamped. A heavy river fog intercepted the view. The men could scarcely see a rod before them. The patriot troops were first made aware of the presence of the enemy by the whistling of Minié and pistol balls over their heads. The road was narrow, with fences on both sides, and an impenetrable vapor veiled everything from view.

The Union troops, undismayed by the sudden assault, returned shot for shot. But when Morgan opened fire with his artillery, the bursting shells threatened great slaughter, and General Judah ordered the bugle to sound a retreat. Just as the trumpet peal gave its unwelcome voice the sun declared himself on the side of liberty and suddenly dispersed the fog. The patriot troops were thus enabled to get the artillery of their command into line. The banner of our country was unfurled to catch the fresh morning breeze as it came down the Ohio, and to gleam in the first rays of sunshine which came bursting through the clouds.

Exhilarated by the enthusiasm of the moment, the order to retreat was recalled, and instead of it the bugle sounded the inspiring order to "charge the enemy." With loud cheers the patriots rushed upon the solid battalions of the foe. The fight was desperate. Many prisoners were taken on both sides. In the furious charge made by the patriots death reaped a large harvest from the rebel ranks.

At this moment the advance brigades of General Hobson's pursuing columns, comprising the Second and Ninth Ohio Cavalry, under Colonel, subsequently Major-General, A. V. Kautz, and the Eighth and Ninth Michigan Cavalry, and one section of the Eleventh Michigan Battery, under Colonel Saunders, attacked Morgan's forces on the right flank and in the rear, throwing the

foe into great confusion. At this moment General Judah rallied his forces and joined with Colonels Kautz and Saunders in charging the enemy.

At this time Captain John C. Grafton, of General Judah's staff, was taken prisoner. His captor, a rebel cavalryman, with the savagery which often characterized the rebels, leveled his pistol to shoot him after his captive had surrendered and dismounted. To spring upon the perfidious wretch, tear him from his horse and dispatch him with a pistol-shot, was the work of but a moment. The assassin now lay dead at his feet, and Captain Grafton was but on foot, and almost alone in the midst of the enemy. Glancing around through the smoke and the tumult of battle, his practiced eye spied a place where the rebel force was weak. With the sword of a fallen foe in his hand he fought his way through the shattered line, reached the shore of the Ohio, and hailing the gunboat *Moose*, which had come up from Portsmouth, was received on board. Then, by his knowledge of the position of the rebels, he assisted the executive officers in directing the fire of the steamer's guns, and thus aided essentially in the victory which was gained.

As soon as the news of Morgan's advance to Buffington Island had reached Portsmouth, the *Moose*, under Lieutenant-Commander Fitch, was towed up stream by the *Imperial*, and arrived just in time to take Captain Grafton on board, and to render its efficient aid in the brilliant victory.

At the moment when General Judah's command charged the enemy in front from the road, Lieutenant O'Neil, of the Fifth Indiana Cavalry, with only fifty men, came down by a lane behind the corn-field and gallantly charged two regiments of the enemy. On, on without a pause the heroic little band spurred their horses into the thickest ranks of the foe. Under iron hoofs they trampled the stars and bars of the rebel rangers. With every stroke of their sabers and every shot from their pistols death claimed a victim. Blood crimsoned the ground. Horses in the death-agony emitted their appalling shriek. The stillness of the Sabbath was broken by groans and prayers, and curses and cheers. Shell after shell came screaming into the rebel ranks, guided on their deadly mission by the cool unerring skill of Captain Grafton.

About this time the steamer *Alleghany Belle* arrived at the battle-ground. Her single gun inflicted exemplary chastisement

upon the rebels. The hero of this gun was Nathaniel Pepper, a boy only eighteen years of age, the son of Captain Pepper, of the Alice Dean. This boy, his face flushed with excitement and his lips firmly set in manly resolve, and his eyes beaming with patriotic fire, sent death to the rebels with every shot he fired.

The battle, so fierce, and in which the rebels were entirely outnumbered, was of short duration. About eight o'clock in the morning it was all over. The raiders, completely routed, fled in utter confusion. Some, in their bewilderment, ran directly along the road where General Hobson's troops were advancing.

The rebels left all their artillery on the field, which, with the spoils of the camp, fell into the hands of the victors. Books, stationery, cutlery, women's garments, hoops, hats, caps and bonnets were strewn in confusion through the rebel camp, together with many jaded, half-starved mules and horses scarcely worth capturing.

The patriot Colonel G. S. Wormer, of the Eighth Michigan Cavalry, in his official report says: "During the long, tedious march of five hundred and seventy-three miles, which took sixteen days, and that with short rations, they [his command] have endured it, as Michigan soldiers through this war have done, without complaint. With cheerfulness and alacrity have my orders been responded to by both officers and men. I was obliged to leave several along the line of march, either sick or worn out, some on account of their horses giving out, with no fresh ones to be procured at the time. Our arms, the Spencer rifle, proved, as before, a terror to the rebels. They thought us in much stronger force than we were, when each man could pour seven shots into them so rapidly. This is the first instance during the war, I think, where the proportion of killed was greater than the wounded. As far as reports come in, at least three killed to one wounded, and this fact is owing to the terrible execution of our rifles."

About one thousand privates, one hundred minor officers, and Basil Duke, were included in the number of prisoners. John Morgan, with five or six hundred of his band, escaped. After resting for a few hours to refresh the exhausted patriot troops and their horses, the pursuit was again vigorously resumed. A few moments after the feeble resistance of the rebels had disappeared, in their clattering flight, the patriot General Shackleford arrived

with his command. His brigade was comparatively fresh. They therefore started immediately in pursuit of the fugitive guerrilla chief. Morgan fled rapidly from the scene of his disaster, and, unincumbered with baggage of any kind, turned his horses' heads inland, intending, so spies reported, to make a detour through Muskingum and Guernsey Counties, then back to the river, crossing at whatever point he could back into Virginia.

As the rebel band neared Athens County, the farmers grew intensely excited with patriotic fervor, and resolved that if they could arm but two hundred men they would fight the lawless freebooter. Every road along which the gang were to pass was obstructed as much as possible by the farmers felling trees and destroying bridges. At every impromptu barricade the rebels were stopped at least for an hour. Aged men and young boys rallied for the work. Women ministered with eager hands to the wants of the patriots. Refreshments were always ready, and no man fainted for want of food or encouragement.

Morgan rode as rapidly as possible through Morgan County, with General Shackleford close at his heels. On the 24th of July the Union forces chased Morgan fifty miles, when the guerrilla chief, finding Colonel Runkle, with the Forty-fifth Ohio Regiment on one side, and General Shackleford on the other, turned again, like the stag at bay, desperately to give fight. For one hour a fierce battle raged. The rebels, however, steadily worsted and hotly pressed, retreated to a very high bluff, near McConnellsville, on the Muskingum.

General Shackleford sent a flag of truce, demanding the unconditional surrender of Morgan and his command. A personal interview was held between General Shackleford and the rebel Colonel Coleman. The rebels asked an hour for deliberation. General Shackleford granted them forty-five minutes. There were but three alternatives now left for the marauders. They must either fight their way through a triumphant and superior force, plunge down a precipice to meet almost inevitable disorder, rout and ruin, or surrender themselves unconditionally. Colonel Coleman surrendered the command. It was then found that the crafty Morgan had employed the forty-five minutes in stealing away, through a by-path, with about two hundred of his men. The prisoners taken by General Shackleford were sent to Zanesville, and the pursuit was instantly resumed.

Quite a number of stragglers joined Morgan, and in the course of three days his retreating band reached Salineville, a small hamlet not far from Wellesville, on the extreme southern border of Columbiana County.

At Salineville news of the advance of the reckless raiders created a perfect panic. Women and children were sent into the country for protection. Houses and stores were locked and barred, and brave men prepared to fight. A regiment of Pennsylvania infantry was posted upon some rising ground which commanded the road approaching the town, and along which road Morgan must pass. In a few moments after these arrangements were concluded, the rebels on their jaded horses made their appearance. They halted and gazed appalled upon the formidable preparations which had been made to receive them. Conscious of their inability to pass such a barrier, they turned their horses' heads in another direction. But suddenly, before they could advance a single step, Major Way, leading two hundred and fifty men, from the Ninth Michigan Cavalry, with gleaming sabers dashed in among them, cutting right and left.

The rebels, exhausted in all their physical energies, and with hopes discouraged by their long and unsuccessful march, in a general panic lost all presence of mind, threw down their arms and wildly cried for mercy. Morgan was in a buggy drawn by two white horses. He lashed them furiously, hoping to escape, but Major Way, on his fleet horse, overhauled him and seized the reins. Morgan sprang out of the buggy on the opposite side, and catching a riderless horse, spurred him to his utmost speed. A few of his men followed him. In the buggy were found Morgan's rations, consisting of a loaf of bread, two hard-boiled eggs and a bottle of whisky.

The desperate rebel chief meeting three citizens of Salineville on the road compelled them, with pistols at their heads, to act as guides, and continued his frantic flight toward New Lisbon. Forced service is very unreliable. One of the conscripted guides seized a favorable moment to plunge into one of the by-paths and escape. Riding back, he disclosed to General Shackleford the route the guerrillas had taken. The general made his dispositions very carefully to prevent the possible escape of his foe. A few companies of militia were ordered to advance from Lisbon on the north. A small force from Wellsville guarded the roads

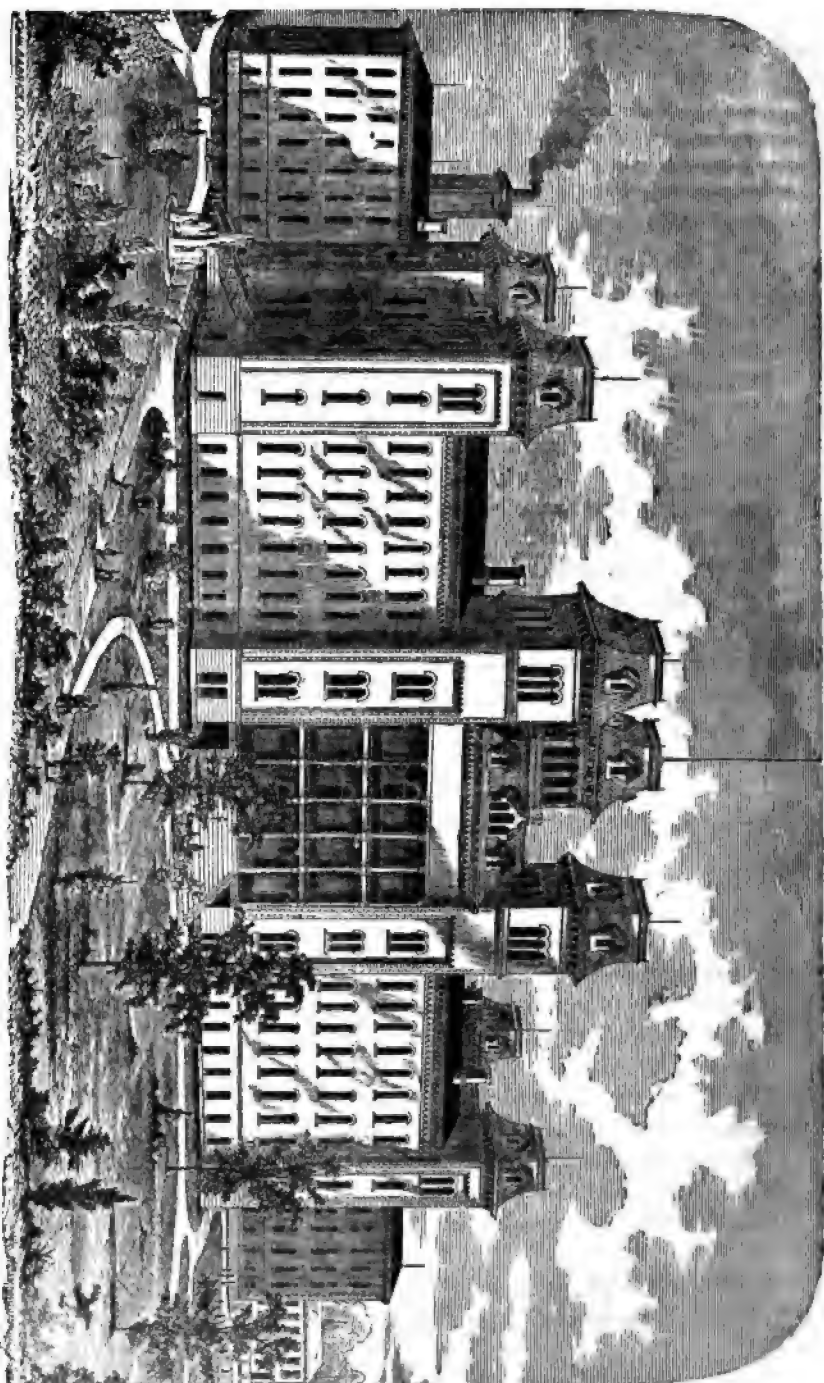
on the east. General Shackleford with his command followed in the rear of the fugitives.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of July 26, Morgan found himself in the vicinity of West Point, a little village about half-way between New Lisbon and Wellesville. The rebels here realized that they were entirely surrounded. There was no possibility of escape. To fight was only death for all. Under these circumstances Morgan, with the remainder of his gang, unconditionally surrendered. The reckless chief seemed to regard his bloody raid, along whose path he had strewed the bodies of his lifeless men, merely in the light of a spirited joke. He seemed quite unconcerned and jovial, notwithstanding the death, dispersion, or captivity of his whole band of two thousand five hundred men. For several days the hills and forests around were filled with armed men, searching for and picking up the fugitives.

These poor deluded victims of the rebellion seemed very much dejected. Most of them were ragged, dirty, and in the extreme of exhaustion. They were generally attired in the citizens' garments which they had stolen on their raid; but these, by hard usage, were mostly bespattered with mud and torn to shreds. General Shackleford's command had good reason to be very exultant over their victory. By day and by night they had followed the guerrilla band. With little rest and many hardships the pursuit had continued from day to day till it was thus crowned, at last, with the most signal and glorious success.

Morgan and his officers, by command of General Halleck, were consigned to the Ohio Penitentiary. This was in retaliation for the cruel treatment which the rebels were inflicting upon Colonel Straight and his officers, who, on a somewhat similar raid, had been captured within the limits of the Confederacy. After about three months' imprisonment, Morgan and six of his companions made their escape by cutting through the floor of their prison with table knives. They tunneled a path into the outer yard, and scaled the walls by means of ropes made from their bed clothes. An investigation led to an official announcement that the escape was facilitated by a misunderstanding between the military authorities in Columbus and the civil authorities of the penitentiary.

Morgan took the night train to Cincinnati, left the cars just outside the city, made his way across the river, and soon secured a



INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AT COLUMBUS.

retreat within the Confederate lines. His utter discomfiture in Ohio caused him the loss of his popularity. Naturally vain and arrogant, he was involved in continual dissensions with his brother officers. Finally his inglorious life came to an end, as he was shot while fleeing through a kitchen garden, in a petty skirmish in one of the obscure villages of East Tennessee.

The following statistics of Ohio, taken from the census of 1870, the intelligent reader will peruse with interest. The state then contained a population of 2,665,260. Of these 63,213 were colored, and 372,493 were of foreign birth.

The state contained 11,952 schools, 10,266 teachers and 645,639 pupils. There were in the state, white and colored, 92,720 who could not read. There were expended, for educational purposes, 10,244,635 dollars annually.

There were 17,790 public libraries, containing 3,687,845 volumes.

In the state there were published 395 newspapers, with an aggregate yearly circulation of 98,548,814.

There were 6,488 organized churches, with 6,284 church edifices, affording sittings for 2,085,586 persons. Of these church organizations there were :

Baptists	555	Church property valued at.....	\$2,533,000
Christian	66	" " "	24,377
Congregational.....	193	" " "	1,385,585
Jewish	91	" " "	218,770
Methodist	2,161	" " "	6,540,910
Moravian	4	" " "	14,000
Regular Presbyterian, 628		" " "	3,580,756
Other Presbyterians. 164		" " "	564,970
Roman Catholic.....	295	" " "	3,959,970
Second Advent.....	1	" " "	1,000
Spiritualist	4	" " "	4,100
Unitarian	8	" " "	60,000
Universalist	78	" " "	175,950

The state contained 6,383 paupers, and there were 1,405 in the prisons. The population amounted to nearly 67 to the square mile. Massachusetts contains about 187 to the square mile. When Ohio shall be settled as densely as Massachusetts now is, her population will exceed eight millions.

Of the population of Ohio, 397,024 are engaged in agriculture, 168,308 are in professional services and clerks, 234,581 are engaged in trade, and 356,240 in mechanics and manufactures.

The financial condition of the state, as reported in 1869, was very encouraging. The receipts that year were \$6,176,955. The expenditures were \$5,498,864. The public debt was reduced \$782,826. There then remained an outstanding debt of a little more than eleven million dollars. This was rapidly disappearing under a sinking fund of \$1,500,000 annually. The average rate of taxation throughout the State was \$17.78 on each \$1,000. The Auditor of the Treasury in 1865 wrote :

"With a rigid adherence to economy, the proper amendment of the tax law and the steady and intelligent enforcement of a just and equal taxation, the public debt will disappear in seven years, and the state levy sink down to one mill on the dollar. Then, with the rate of interest properly adjusted, capital will flow into the state, manufactories spring up, and population and wealth augment in a ratio hitherto scarcely dreamed of."

The productions of the state have assumed an aspect of grandeur. A late report gives :

Bushels of Wheat.....	5,824,784
" Rye.....	622,333
" Oats.....	21,856,564
" Corn.....	80,386,321
Potatoes.....	6,725,577
Pounds of Butter.....	36,344,608
Tobacco.....	22,188,693
Bushels of Coal mined.....	42,130,021
Pounds of Maple Sugar.....	5,657,440
Gallons of Wine.....	153,159
Bushels of Buckwheat.....	1,292,415
" Barley.....	1,353,956
Tons of Hay.....	1,839,500
Bushels of Clover Seed.....	62,200
" Flax Seed.....	462,463
Pounds of Cheese.....	22,197,929

There were 7,631,388 sheep; and 183,993 dogs. It is worthy of notice that these dogs, in the course of the year, killed or maimed 44,303 of these sheep. There were 680,930 horses; 1,413,935 neat cattle; 29,930 mules, and 2,060,476 swine. The total number of miles of railroads in the state amounted to the astonishing sum of 3,892. Institutions of high order were established for the insane, for idiotic children, for the blind, and for the deaf and dumb.

Such is the Ohio of the present day. What it is destined to become who can tell?

I now bring this history of wild adventure and wondrous achievement to a close. There can not be found upon this globe a more attractive realm than the magnificent valley of the Beautiful River, of which Ohio forms so conspicuous a part. In salubrity of clime, transparency of skies and fertility of soil, it is unsurpassed. Placed midway between the tropical and frigid zones, the summer's heat and the winter's cold are alike agreeably tempered. The State of Ohio is capable of sustaining a population of ten million souls, supplying them abundantly not only the necessities but with the luxuries of life.

Three-quarters of a century ago the interminable forest waved here in all its gloom. Now a population of nearly two millions is at work, with no foe to interrupt their labors. Magnificent cities, beautiful villages, palatial mansions and lovely cottage homes are rising as by magic on all the wide and glorious expanse. There is no reason why another three-quarters of a century should not cause this majestic state in all of its peaceful valleys and over all its luxuriant plains to bloom like a garden, and to afford its favored people as happy homes as can be found beneath the skies.

I have dedicated this history to the young men of Ohio. It will be read by many of you long after its author has passed away to the spirit land. Will you permit me to address to you a few parting words with the freedom with which a father would bid a final adieu to his sons.

I am entering the evening of life; you are just entering upon its morning. I have seen life in all its aspects, from the wigwam of the savage to the castles of nobles and to the palaces of kings. I have seen multitudes rise from boyhood to reputation and happiness, to be a blessing to themselves, their families and the community, and I have seen multitudes, Oh, how many, sink into the abyss of shame, ruin and untimely death.

The only hope of our country is to be found in obedience to the precepts of Christianity. Every candid man will admit that true piety promotes industry, and industry brings the comforts which wealth can secure. A degraded family is a pest in any community. It exhales, as it were, a poisoned atmosphere, spreading around impoverishment and ruin.

One may rear ever so beautiful a house, and decorate its grounds

with all the charms of shrubbery and flowers, but let hovels, where filth, and degradation and thieving do congregate, rise up around it, and the property is of little value. A few wretched families, with swarms of unwashed, profane and pilfering children, can sink the value of property for many acres around.

Let a drinking saloon, with its dancing hall, where ragged and bloated inebriates reel in and out, where night is rendered hideous by the brawls of drunken men and drunken women, rise in the heart of the most lovely village in Ohio, by the side of your happy homes, and what is that home worth? You can not live there. Who will buy it? No one but some wretch who wishes to convert it into another manufactory of crime, shame and woe.

Every community must make its choice between Christianity, with its preached gospel, its quiet Sabbaths, its Sunday school, and all those institutions, intellectual and moral, which cluster around the Church,—and irreligion, with its inebriation, its gambling, its brutal ignorance, and its defiance of the laws of both God and man.

The religion of Jesus Christ is the only possible remedy for the ills of this wicked world. Christianity, through the industry and frugality which it promotes, rears pleasant homes, covers them with paint, builds the tasteful fence for the front yard, decorates the garden, plants the rose-bush, buys the books which cheer the evenings, and rears sons and daughters intelligent and virtuous, who go forth, in their turn, to construct similar homes.

It is thus that Christianity is the primal element in all prosperity. Examine the subject and you will see that it is the corner-stone upon which the welfare of every community must stand. Every man who has any property within the sound of the bell of a Christian Church is pecuniarily interested, and that, in proportion to the value of his property, to give support to that religion which recognizes God as our common Father, and all men as brothers.

And let it not be forgotten that there can be no permanent happiness, even in this life, without a well-grounded hope that we are prepared for our flight to the spirit land. Here, in this wilderness of time, in the midst of the storms by which we are driven and often shattered, no abiding repose is possible, but in the assurance that our peace is made with God. One fact is certain. There have been thousands who, on a dying bed, have mourned

with anguish that they have not lived in accordance with the teachings of Christianity.

But, on the other hand, there never has been an individual found who, in that dread hour, has regretted that he has tried to live the life of the Christian. Millions, more than can be numbered, have, on a dying bed, found all gloom dispelled, while peace and often rapturous joy have reigned in the soul. It is the Christian alone who can say, while fainting in death :

"I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course ; I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

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